

I L  
PASTOR FIDO:  
THE  
Faithful Shepherd.

With an ADDITION of divers other

POEMS:

Concluding with a short

DISCOURSE

OF

The Long Civil Wars of ROME.

---

By the Right Honourable,  
Sir RICHARD FANSHAWE, Knight.

---

*Patriarque vel inconsultus haberi, Horat.*

---

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in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1676.







TO THE  
HOPE and LUSTRE  
Of Three Kingdoms,

CHARLES,  
Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, &c.

SIR,



Our Gracious Reception of Pa-  
stor Fido, when he was first  
Presented to You by Your Ser-  
vant, shewing that Your Highness doth

not

vil

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

not despise the meanest Shepherd, if Faithful; is that which gives him boldness at this time, not only to come again, but also (being ambitious to advance his Kindred with Himself) to bring his Brothers (the Additional Poems) to partake the same Honour.

They are by Him as the elder and better Courtier, coming out of the School of GUARINI, pre-instructed to approach Your Royal Highness, if not without Rusticity, yet without Irreverence: And, to take up and minister such Discourses in Your Presence & as (for the Subject-matter thereof, though in no other respect) may be in some way fit for a Prince of Your high Birth and Hopes to entertain vacant Hours with; at least, that may not with any Courtly

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

lity offend at once both Your Dignity  
and Your Vertue. In fine, SIR, (such  
as they are) he casts both them, and  
himself, with all humbleness at Your  
Princely Feet. As doth also

Your Highness

Most Faithful, and ever Dutiful,

and Obedient Servant,

Richard Fanshawe.

---

To

The Epistle Dedicatory

thy offend at once both your Dignity  
and your Vantage. I am sure, (such  
as they are) he will have them, and  
humblest, with all humbleness, at your  
Princes feet, in debt also

Your Highness

Most Excellent and most Gracious

and Excellent

Richard Fanshawe.

To



would of it self be an abundant Reward for having served you.

In the mean time I hold my self bound to pay your *Highbness* some Tribute of my Hours of Vacancy, presenting to your Princely View for the present this *Italian Pastoral*, into which the no less wise than witty *Guarini* (having grown unprofitably grey in *Travel*, *Universities*, and *Courts*, as out of the fifth Act, where he personates himself under the Name of old *Carino*, may be collected) infused whatsoever of excellent, so eminent *Schools* could teach so apt a *Scholar*. His scope therein being to make a *Dernier effort*, (as the *French* call it) or General Muster of the whole Forces of his Wit, before his Princely Master, (the then Duke of *Savoy*)

and



and withal to insinuate and bring into  
that Awful Presence, in their Mask-  
ing Clothes (as I may say) such  
Principles of Vertue and Knowledge,  
*Moral, Political, and Theological*, as  
(peradventure) in their own Grave  
Habits, out of the Mouths of Severer  
Instructors, would not have found so  
easie Admittance to a Prince in the  
heat of his Youth, heightned with  
the Pomp and Flatteries that attend on  
Greatness, and with the Glorious Tri-  
umphs and Felicities of his Royal  
*Nuptials* then Celebrating: though  
this was the same *Charles Emmanuel*,  
who proved afterwards in his Riper  
Years, by his Councils and by his  
Prowess, the *Bulmark* indeed of *Italy*,  
against the Puissance of the Great  
*HENRY* of *France* himself, your  
A 2 High-

*Highness* most Renowned Grandfather.

Your *Highness* may have seen at *Paris* a Picture (it is in the Cabinet of the Great *Chancellor* there) so admirably design'd, that, presenting to the Common Beholders a Multitude of Little Faces, (the Famous Ancestors of that Noble Man) at the same time, to him that looks through a *Perspective*, (kept there for that purpose) there appears only a single Portraict in great of the *Chancellor* himself; the Painter thereby intimating, that in him alone are contracted the Vertues of all his Progenitors: or perchance by a more subtle Philosophy demonstrating how the *Body Politick* is composed of many *Natural Ones*; and how each of these intire in it self, and consisting

c A

of

of Head, Eyes, Hands, and the like, 7  
is a Head, an Eye, or a Hand in the  
other: as also, that Mens *Privates*  
cannot be preserved, if the *Publick* be  
destroyed, no more than those little  
Pictures could remain in being, if the  
great one were defaced: which great  
one likewise was first and chiefest in  
the Painters design, and that for which  
all the rest were made.

Just so our Author (exposing to  
*Ordinary View* an Enterlude of Shep-  
herds, their Loves, and other little  
Concernments, with the Stroke of a  
lighter Pencil) presents through the  
*Perspective* of the *Chorus*, another and  
more suitable Object to his *Royal Spe-*  
*ctators*. He shews to *them* the Image  
of a *Gasping State*, (once the most  
Flourishing in the World) A Wild

Boar (*the Sword*) Depopulating the  
Country: the *Pestilence* Unpeopleing  
their *Towns*: their Gods themselves in  
the *Merciless Humane Sacrifices* exact-  
ing Bloody Contribution from *both*:  
and the *Priests* (*a third Estate of Mi-  
sery*) bearing the burthen of *all* in the  
*Chorus*, where they deplore their *own*  
and the *common* Calamity. Yet in  
the *Catastrophe*, *the Boar is slain*; the  
*Pestilence* (but this was before upon  
that Miserable Composition with their  
Gods) *ceased*; *the Priests* above all  
others *exulting* with Pious Joy: and  
all this Miraculous Change occasion-  
ed by the presaged Nuptials of two  
of Divine (that is, Royal) Extra-  
ction; meaning those at that time of  
the *Duke of Savoy* with the *Infanta*  
of *Spain*, from which Fortunate Con-  
junction,

junction, he Prophesies a Final Pe-  
riod to the Troubles that had for-  
merly distracted that State: so much  
depends upon the Marriages of Prin-  
ces.

I am not ignorant (SIR) that  
this famous *Dramatick Poem* must  
have lost much of the Life and  
Quickness, by being poured out of  
one Vessel (that is, one Language)  
into another, besides what difference  
may be in the Capacity and Mettle of  
the Vessels themselves, (the *Italian*  
being transcendently both Copious  
and Harmonious) and besides the  
unsteadiness of the Hand that pours  
it; And that a *Translation* at the  
best is but the *Mock-Rainbow* in  
the Clouds, faintly imitating the  
True One: into which *Apollo* him-

self had a full and immediate influ-  
ence.

Yet because it seems to me (be-  
holding it at the best Light) a Land-  
skip of these Kingdoms, (your Royal  
Patrimony) as well in the former  
Flourishing, as the present Distracti-  
ons thereof, I thought it not import-  
per for your Princely Notice at this  
time, thereby to occasion your High-  
ness, even in your Recreations, to re-  
flect upon the sad Original, not with-  
out hope to see it yet speedily made a  
perfect *Paradise* throughout, and al-  
so your self a great Instrument of it.  
Whether by some happy Royal Mar-  
riage, (as in this *Pastoral* land the case  
of *Spain*, to which it alludes) thereby  
uniting a miserably divided People in  
a Publick Joy, or by such other ways  
and



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and means as it may have pleased the  
Divine Providence to ordain for an  
End of our Wo; I leave to that Pro-  
vidence to determine.

OF  
THE  
TESTAMENT

It is our Privilege, our Liberty, our Right  
to be free from such a burden, and to be  
at liberty to choose our own way.  
But we are not to be free from the command  
of God, which is the law of our nature.  
We are to be free from the law of man,  
but we are not to be free from the law of God.  
We are to be free from the law of the world,  
but we are not to be free from the law of the  
Lord. We are to be free from the law of the  
flesh, but we are not to be free from the law  
of the Spirit. We are to be free from the law  
of the devil, but we are not to be free from  
the law of the Father. We are to be free from  
the law of the world, the flesh, and the devil,  
but we are not to be free from the law of  
the Father. We are to be free from the law  
of the world, the flesh, and the devil, but  
we are not to be free from the law of the  
Father. We are to be free from the law of  
the world, the flesh, and the devil, but we  
are not to be free from the law of the Father.

Thm



To the  
**AUTHOR**

Of this

**Translation.**

**S**uch is our Pride, our Folly, or our Fate,  
That few but such as cannot Write, Translate.  
But what in them is want of Wit, or Voice,  
In thee is either Modesty or Choice.

Whiles this restor'd Work at thy command  
Casts off the blemish of an Artless hand.  
Secure of Fame, thou justly dost esteem  
Less honour to create, than to redeem.  
Nor ought a Genius less than his that writ,  
Attempt Translation; for transplanted Wit,  
All the defects of Air and Soil doth share,  
And colder Brains like colder Climates are;  
In vain they toil, since nothing can beget  
A vital Spirit, but a vital heat.

That

That servile path thou nobly dost decline,  
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.  
Those are the labour'd births of slavish Brains,  
Not the effects of Poetry, but pains.  
Cheap Vulgar Arts, whose narrowness affords  
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words,  
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,  
To make Translations, and Translators too.  
They but preserve the Ashes, Thou the Flame,  
True to his sense, but truer to his fame,  
Foording his current, where thou find'st it low  
Let'st in thine own to make it rise and flow.  
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace  
It lost by change of Times, or Tongues, or Place.  
Nor fetter'd to his Numbers, and his Times,  
Betray'st his Musick to unhappy Rimes,  
Nor are the Nerves of his compacted Strength  
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unsinewed length:  
Yet after all (lest we should think it thine)  
Thy Spirit to his Circle dost confine.  
New Names, new Dressings, and the Modern cast,  
Some Scenes, some Persons alter'd, had out-sac'd  
The World, it were thy work; for we have known  
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their  
own.

That

That curious Hand which to the life can trace  
The Airs, the Lines, and Features of a Face,  
Moy with a free and bolder Stroke express  
A varied posture, or a flatter'ing Dress;  
He could have made those like, who made the rest,  
But that he knew his own design was best.

JOHN DENHAM.

---

An

**An INDEX of the several Things  
contained in this BOOK.**

**PASTOR FIDO.**

<b>T</b> wo Copies of Verses to the Prince, upon several occasions.	201, 203
An Ode upon His Majesties Proclamation, Anno 1630. for the Gentry to reside in their several Countrys.	209
{ Latine.	216
The Escorial in { English.	217
The Sovereign: His Majesties { Latine.	228
Great Ship in { English.	229
Maius Lucanizans.	236
Tell me, Lucretia, &c. A Copy of Verses by Mr. T. C.	238
Put into Latine.	239
Farewel fair Saint, &c. by the same Mr. T. C.	252
Put into Latine.	253
A Canto of the Progress of Learning.	254
A Ruby set about with Diamonds.	262

# The INDEX.

<i>A Friends Wedding.</i>	263
<i>The Rich Fool.</i>	264
<i>On Hope.</i>	265
<i>Constancy.</i>	266
<i>The Fall.</i>	ibid.
<i>A Rose.</i>	267
<i>A Picture.</i>	ibid.
<i>Sonnets translated out of Spanish.</i>	268
<i>The Loves of Dido and Æneas, Virgils Fourth Book.</i>	273
<i>A happy Life out of Martial, in Latine and English.</i>	290, 291
<i>Earl of Straffords Tryal.</i>	292
<i>The Civil Wars of Rome.</i>	294

*The*

# The Scene ARCADIA.

## The SPEAKERS.

**S**ilvio, Son to *Montano*, and contracted to *Amarillis*.  
*Linus*, An old Man, Servant to *Montano*.  
*Mirtillo*, In love with *Amarillis*.  
*Ergasto*, Friend to *Mirtillo*.  
*Corisca*, A wanton Nymph, in love with *Mirtillo*.  
*Montano*, The chief Priest, Father to *Silvio*.  
*Titiro*, Father to *Amarillis*.  
*Dameta*, An old Man, Servant to *Montano*.  
*Satyr*, An old godish Fellow, in love with *Corisca*.  
*Dorinda*, In love with *Silvio*.  
*Lupino*, A Goat-herd, Servant to *Dorinda*.  
*Amarillis*, Daughter to *Titiro*.  
*Nicandro*, Chief Minister to the Priest.  
*Caridon*, In love with *Corisca*.  
*Carino*, An old Man, supposed Father to *Mirtillo*.  
*Uranio*, An old Man, Friend to *Carino*.  
*Messenger*.  
*Tirreno*, A blind Prophet.

Chorus of { *Shepherds*.  
              { *Huntsmen*.  
              { *Nymphs*.  
              { *Peasants*.



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## IL PASTOR FIDO.

THE

## PROLOGUE.

Spoken by *Alfeo*, a River of *Arcadia*.

**I**F from old *Fame*, and peradventure not  
 Believ'd at all by you, or else forgot,  
 O'th' *Amorous Brook* ye heard the wonder ever,  
 Which to pursue the coy and flying *River*  
 Of his beloved *Arethusa*, ran  
 (O force of Love!) piercing the Ocean,  
 And the Earth's hidden bowels, to that *Isla*,  
 Where underneath the huge *Etnean Pile*,  
 Upon his back the kicking *Giant* lies,  
 Spitting despightful flames at hostile *Skies*,  
 And leaves it doubtful to the *World* that's under,  
 If Heav'n at him, or he at Heaven thunder:  
 That *Brook* am I. Though what you have been told  
 Ye may, your eyes ye cannot doubt. Behold!  
 Leaving my loved *Nymph*, and thridding back  
 That well-known way where I had made a track  
 Through the great *Waters*, I in person rise,  
 And view (with tears of gladness in mine eyes)  
 That ancient and that venerable *Earth*,  
 From whose cold Entrails I receiv'd my birth,

B

Not

## The Prologue.

Not thrall'd and plundered (as of late) but free,  
And beautiful as it was wont to be.

O my dear Mother! O Arcadia, known

By me thy son, though so long absent! own  
Thy dear, and (being improv'd by travel) now  
Thy great Alfeo, and as fam'd as thou.

These be the Streets once so renown'd, these be

The Woods where the old russet Honesty

Did live and dye: unto this only Nook

O'th' Iron World, when she her flight had took

From sinful men, the Golden Age retir'd.

Here (that which elsewhere is in vain desir'd)

Freedom unstrain'd, and from suspicion free,

Flourish'd in peace and sweet security.

An unarm'd people had for their defence

A Wall of Vertue, and of Innocence,

Stronger than that whose living Stones were laid

About great Thebes, whilst he that built it plaid.

For when tumultuous War flam'd most in Greece,

And other her more Warlike Provinces,

Arcadia arm'd, to this blest part alone,

This Sanctuary, there was never known

The least Alarm, the least sound to come,

Or of a friends, or of an enemies Drum,

And so much Corinth, Thebes, Mycene hop'd

To triumph o're their foes, as they were oppos'd

By this good people, and their care were held,

Who were the care of Heaven, whom Heaven upheld.

A blessed mutual Bulwark they did prove,

Those to these here, and these to those above:

Those

## The Prologue.

3

Those fought with Weapons, and these fought with Pray'r,  
Nor though each here a Shepherds habit ware,  
And bore the name; yet either in his meen,  
Or exercises, was the Shepherd seen.

But some would place themselves as Spies, to pry  
Into the Stars and Elements, (the high  
Secrets of Heav'n and Nature) others here  
Were wholly giv'n to chase the fearful Deer;  
Others, whom glory had inflamed more,  
T' encounter with a Bear, or tusked Boar.  
Some swift in running, some were terrible  
At Barriers, some in wrastling did excel;  
One threw a Dart, another drew a flight,  
Both hit with cunning the intended white:  
Some one thing, some another did affect,  
(Each as his mind and fancy did direct)  
The sacred Muses most, Virgins of yore  
In high esteem, though now despis'd and poor.

But how transported hither where the Po  
Falls into Dora, is Arcadia now?  
This is the Cloyster surely, this the Cave  
Of ancient Erycina, and that brave  
Aspiring Temple, yonder is the same  
Was consecrated to great Cynthia's Name:  
How then remov'd? What new-come Power can so  
Transplant a Land, and all the People? O  
Royal Infanta, but a Child in age,  
Yet ev'n already as a Matron sage!  
The vertue of your Name, power of your Blood,  
Great Catharina (now 'tis understood)

B 2

Wrought

Wrought this ; from that great House descended, which  
 New Kingdoms daily, and new Worlds enrich.  
 Those great effects which we as wonders view,  
 Are natural and usual things with you.  
 As by that Sun which from the East doth rise,  
 So many excellent Varieties,  
 Are brought into the World, Herbs, Flowers and Trees,  
 So many Beasts, Fowl, Fish, in Earth, Air, Seas :  
 So by the living Sun of your bright Eyes,  
 (Which in the now-more worshipping West did rise)  
 New Provinces from every Clime about,  
 New Realms, new Laurels, and new Trophies sprout.  
 Low as my bottom then I bow to you,  
 Majestick Daughter of that Monarch, who  
 Enjoys an Empire, so August, so great,  
 That Phoebus in it doth both rise and set :  
 And Wife of him, to whose Breast, Hand and Wit,  
 Heaven did the Walls of Italy commit.  
 But Alpian Rocks are needed now no more,  
 Bulwarks, nor horrid Cliffs to stand before  
 Fair Italy, securer in your Guard,  
 Than in those Hills which have her entrance barr'd.  
 That Bulwark so invincible in War,  
 You make soft Peace's Temple, where from far  
 Men come to worship her. Long Live as one,  
 Ye Royal Pair ; this fair Conjunction  
 Presages Christendom again shall boast  
 Those many Eastern Scepters she hath lost.  
 This is a Field worthy of none but You,  
 (Magnanimous CHARLES) and a Field trodden to

## The Prologue.

5

*By your brave Ancestors. This Land is great,  
Great are your Names, great Blood in you is met;  
Great your Designs, your Minds, and your Aspects,  
Great Off-spring too, and Deeds the World expects.*

*But whilst I prophesie, and Fate prepares  
Circles of Gold to crown your Silver Hairs,  
Disdain not (mighty Souls) this Flowry Wreath,  
Gather'd on Pindus by those Maids that breathe  
Life in Dead Men. Poor Off'ring (I confess)  
Tet such as, if Devotion it expresse,  
Even Heaven it self disdains not: And if from  
Your smiling Heaven a fav'ring Gale shall come,  
This Lute, which from its gentle warbling strings,  
Sending still Musick to your Ears, now sings  
Soft Loves, and pleasing Hymeneal Rites,  
Shall turn a Trumpet to proclaim your Fights.*

---

B 3

Actus

[illegible]

By the way, I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting along. I hope you are well and happy. I am still here, and doing as best I can. The weather is quite nice now, after the winter we had. I wish you could see it. I will write again soon.

Your friend,  
John Doe

and A

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# Actus Primus.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Silvio, Linco, with Huntsmen.*

*Silvio, Linco.*

**G**O you that lodg'd the Monster; as y<sup>e</sup> are wont  
Amongst the neighb'ring Sheepcoats; raise  
the Hunt.

Rowse eyes and hearts with your shrill voice & horns;  
If ever in *Arcadia* there were born  
A Shepherd, who did follow *Cynthia's* Court,  
As a true lover of her rural sport,  
Within whose Quarry-scorning mind had place  
The pleasure or the glory of the Chase,  
Now let him shew that courage and that love,  
By following me, where in a little Grove,  
To Valour a large Field doth open lye,  
That dreadful Boar, I mean, that Prodigy  
Of Nature and the Woods, that huge, that fell,  
And noted'st Tyrant that did ever dwell,  
And reign in *Erimanthus*; the Fields Mower,  
The Mowers terror: Go you then before,



And do not only with your early Horn (*sounding.*  
Anticipate, but wake the drowfie morn. — *Exeunt Hunts.*

We, *Linco*, will to prayers, this perilous Chase  
(Heav'n being our guide) we may more boldly trace.

"That work which is begun well, is half done,

"And without Prayer no work is well begun.

*Lin.* Thy worshipping the Gods I well commend,  
But not thy troubling them who do attend  
The Gods: The Priests as yet are all asleep,  
To whom day springs yet later, where the steep  
Surrounding Hills a short Horizon make.

*Sil.* To thee whose heart is hardly yet awake,  
The whole world sleeps. *Lin.* O *Silvio*, *Silvio*,  
Why did frank Nature upon thee bestow  
Blossoms of beauty in thy prime, so sweet  
And fair, for thee to trample under feet?

Had I thy fresh and blooming cheek, Adieu  
I'd say to beasts, and nobler game pursue.

The Summer I would spend in feasts and mirth  
In the cool shade, the Winter by the hearth.

*Sil.* How's this? Thou art not *Linco* sure, for he  
Such counsel never us'd to give to me.

*Lin.* "Counsel must change as the occasion doth;  
If I were *Silvio*, so I'd do insooth.

*Sil.* And I, if I were *Linco*, would do so;  
But as I am, I'll do like *Silvio*.

*Lin.* Fond Youth, for a wild Beast so far to roam,  
Whom thou must hunt with danger: when at home  
One's safely lodg'd! *Sil.* Dost thou speak seriously?  
How near is it? *Lin.* As thou art now to me.

*Sil.*

*Sil.* Th' art mad. *Lin.* Thou art. *Sil.* In what wood doth  
*Lin.* *Silvio's* the wood, and cruelty the beast. (he rest?)

*Sil.* Mad I was sure! *Lin.* To have a Nymph so fair,  
 (Rather a Goddess of perfections rare)

Fresher and sweeter than a Rose new blown,  
 Softer and whiter than an old Swans down,

For whom their lives not at this day a Swain  
 So proud 'mongst us, but sighs, and sighs in vain:

To have, I say, this matchless Paragon  
 By gods and men reserv'd for thee; nay, throwa

Into thine arms without one sigh or tear,  
 And thou (unworthy) to disvalue her?

Art thou not then a beast? a savage one?  
 Rather a senseless clod, a stock, a stone?

*Sil.* "If not to be in love be cruelty,  
 "Then cruelty's a virtue: Nor do I

Repent, but boast, I lodge him in my breast,  
 By whom I've conquer'd Love, the greater beast.

*Lin.* How couldst thou conquer (silly Idiot)  
 Whom thou ne'er try'dst? *Sil.* In that I try'd him not.

*Lin.* O hadst thou try'd him, *Silvio*, and once found  
 In mutual Lovers what true joys abound,

I know thou'ldst say, O Love, the sweetest guest,  
 Why hast thou been an Alien to this breast?

Love, leave the Woods, leave following beasts, send Boy,  
 And follow Love. *Sil.* *Linco*, I take more joy

In one beast caught by my *Melampo* far,  
 Than in the love of all the Nymphs that are,

Keep they those joys unto themselves alone,  
 That find a soul in them; for I find none.

*Lin.*

*Lin.* No soul in love (the worlds great soul) But too  
 Too soon (believe't) thou'lt find he is all soul:  
 (Perchance too late;) for "he'll be sure before  
 "We die; to make us all once feel his power.  
 And (take my word) "worst torment none can prove  
 "Then in old limbs the youthful itch of love:  
 "All tampering then will but exasperate  
 "The sore. If Love a young man wound, he straight  
 "Balms him again, hope holds up sorrows head,  
 "And smiles revive him, if frowns strike him dead  
 "But if an aged man those flames endure,  
 "Whose own defects his own repulse procure,  
 "Then, then the wound is unsupportable  
 "And mortal; then the anguish is a Hell:  
 "Then if he pity seeks, it is a curse  
 "To go without it, and to gain't a worse.  
 "Ah! hasten not before th' appointed day  
 "The curse of days; for if when thou art gray,  
 "Thou learn to love, 'twill breed a double sense,  
 "Of thy youths pride, and ages impotence.  
*Leave, leave the Woods, leave following Beasts, fond Boy*  
*And follow love. Sil.* As if there were no joy,  
 But these Chimera's in a Lovers head,  
 Of strange *Elizium*, by his Feaver bred!  
*Lin.* Tell me if in this jolly Month of *May*,  
 When Earth is clad in all her best array,  
 In stead of bladed fields, brooks uncontroll'd  
 Green woods and painted meads, thou shouldst behold  
 Bald fields and meads, brooks bound with Ice, the Pine  
 The Beech, the Ash, the Oak, the Elm, the Vine,  
 And

And Poplar, like inverted Sceletones,  
Stand desolate, railing their naked bones;  
Wouldst thou not say, Nature is out of tune,  
The World is sick, and like to die in June?  
Now the same horror which thou wouldst receive  
From such a monstrous novelty, conceive  
At thine own self, "The all-disposing Heav'n,  
"To ev'ry Age hath proper Humours giv'n:  
"And as in old men love absurdly shows;  
"So young men enemies to love oppose  
"Nature and Heav'n. Look *Silvio* round about,  
Examine the whole Universe throughout:  
All that is fair or good, here, or above,  
Or is a Lover, or the work of Love.  
Th' all-seeing Heav'n, the fruitful Earth's a Lover,  
The Sea with love is ready to boyl over.  
Seest thou yon Star of such excell'g hew,  
The Suns Postillion? That's a lover too:  
Nor is exempted from her own Son's laws,  
But feels that passion which her beauties cause.  
Perchance this very hour too she did part  
From her stoln sweets, and Him that keeps her heart,  
Mark what a wanton eye she has! In woods  
Rough Bears, the crook-backt Dolphin loves in floods,  
And sluggish Whales; That little Bird which sings  
So sweetly, and so nimbly plays the wings,  
Flying from Tree to Tree, from Grove to Grove,  
If he could speak, would say, *I am in love*.  
But his heart says it, and his tongue doth say't  
In language understood by his dear Mate:

And

And *Silvio*, heark how from that wilderness  
 His dear Mate answers, *And, I love no less.*  
 The Cows lowe in the Valley; and what's this,  
 But an inviting unto amorous blis?  
 The Lyons roar in solitary Groves,  
 Not for their prey, but for their absent Loves.  
 All things that are, but *Silvio*, are in love,  
 The burthen's that: Here, round us, and above,  
 No soul but *Silvio* is a foe to joy.

*Leave, leave the Woods, leave following beasts, fond Boy  
 And follow Love.* *Sil.* Had I my tender years

Committed to the care of thy gray hairs,  
 That thou shouldst thus effeminate my heart  
 With love? Know'st thou who I am? who thou art

*Lin.* Thou art a man, (or shouldst be one) and  
 Another; what I teach Humanity.

And if thou scorn that name, (which is my pride)  
 Take heed, in stead of being deif'd,

Thou turn not beast. *Sil.* That monster-taming King  
 From whom my lofty Pedegree I bring,  
 Had never grown so valiant, nor so fam'd,  
 If first the Monster Love he had not tam'd.

*Lin.* See, foolish Youth, how idly thou talk'st now  
 Had great *Alcides* been no Lover, how  
 Hadst thou been born? Rather, if he orecame  
 Monsters and men, to Love impute the same.

Know'st thou not yet, that to comply with fair  
*Amphales* humour, he not only ware  
 (In stead of the fierce Lyons rugged skin)

Womens soft Robes, but taught those hands to spin,

And

And hold a feeble Distaff, which did bear  
 The knotty Club? His Interludes these were  
 Between his Acts; and when his ribs were beat  
 With dear-bought Conquests, he would then retreat  
 Into her lap, (the Bay of sweet delight)  
 As in Love's port to be new-built for fight.

"His sighs from his past toyls sweet breathings were,

"And spirits strengthning him new toyls to bear.

"For as the Iron, of it self too rough,

"And of a harsh unmalleable stuff,

"Softened with fire, and gentler metal, strength

"From weakness gathers, and becomes at length

"Fit for the noblest use: so hearts untam'd,

"(Which their own stiffness often breaks) inflam'd

"With generous Love, and with his sweets allay'd,

"Are clearer, apter for great Actions made.

If th'art ambitious then to imitate

Great *Hercules*, and not degenerate

From thy high strain, since Woods thou dost affect,

*Follow the Woods, but do not Love neglect;*

I mean so lawful and so worthy Love

As that of *Amarillus*. I approve

(So far from blaming that as cruelty)

Thy shunning of *Dorinda*: For in thee

Who stand'st upon thy Blood, 'twere double shame

To scorch thy breast with an unlawful flame,

For injuring thy Spouse. *Sil.* What say'st thou man?

She is not yet my Spouse. *Lin.* Was there not then

A promise solemnly receiv'd and given?

Take heed, proud Boy, how thou provok'st Heav'n.

*Sil.*

*Sil.* "Man's freedom is heav'n's gift, which doth not  
 "Us at our word when forced Vows we make. (take

*Lin.* I, but (unless our hopes and judgments fail)  
 Heav'n made this Match, and promis'd to entail  
 A thousand blessings on't. *Sil.* 'Tis like that there  
 Is nothing else to do; a proper care  
 To vex the calm rest of the gods above!

*Linco.* I like not this, nor t'other Love,  
 I was a Huntsman, not a Lover bred;  
 Thou who art all for love, go back to bed,

*Lin.* Thou sprung from Heav'n, harsh boy? nor of  
 Can I suppose thee, nor of humane Line. (divine  
*Alejo's* poison thy cold limbs did fashion;  
 Sweet *Venus* had no hand in thy creation.

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Mirtillo, Ergasto.*

*Mirt.* **O** *Amarillis*, Authress of my flame,  
 (Within my mouth how sweet now is thy  
 But in my heart how bitter!) *Amarillis*, (name,  
 Fairer and whiter than the whitest Lilies,  
 But crueller than cruel Addars' far,  
 Which having stung (lest they should pity) bar  
 Their ears, and flie; If then by speaking I  
 Offend thee, I will hold my peace and dye.  
 I'll hold my peace, but what will that do good,  
 If Hills and Dales roar for me, and this Wood

Which



Which thy dear Name can ne're forget, from me  
So often heard, and carv'd on every Tree:  
The Winds shall sigh for me, the Fountains shed  
Abundant tears, grief mourn, and pity plead.  
Or couldst thou bribe whole Nature with a fee  
To silence, lastly Death shall speak for me:  
He'll thunder 't out, and to the World proclaim,  
I dy'd a Martyr in my True-Loves flame.

*Erg.* *Mirtillo*, "Love is a great pain at best,  
"But more by how much more it is suppress.  
"For as hot Steeds run faster at the check,  
"Than if you laid the reins upon their neck;  
"So love restrain'd augments, and fiercer grows,  
"In a close Prison, than when loose he goes.  
Why hidst thou thy flames cause so long from me,  
When the effect could not concealed be?  
*Mirtillo* burns: how often have I said?

But inward burns, and will not call for aid.

*Mirt.* Courteous *Ergasto*, out of my respect  
To her (alas) I did my self neglect:  
Nor would my festring passion yet unfold,  
But that necessity hath made me bold,  
I hear a buzzing rumour every where,  
(Which to my heart finds passage through my ear)  
That *Amarillis* shortly weds; nor dare  
Ask more, lest so I should my love declare,  
Or prove my fear too true. Full well I know,  
(Nor hath Love strook me blind) that in my low  
And slender fortunes, it were simple pride  
To hope a Nymph so shap't, so qualify'd,

So rais'd in wealth, in spirit, and in blood,  
 Above all these, so gentle, and so good,  
 Can ere be mine: No, I have tane the height  
 Of my unhappy Star, my fullen Fate  
 Made me for fewel only, born to smother  
 In fires, I cannot kindle in another.  
 Yet since Fate's pleas'd I should affect death more  
 Than life, at least I'd have her know before,  
 That she's beholding to me for my death,  
 And deign when I sigh out my latest breath,  
 To cast her fair eyes on me, and say *Dye*.  
 This reasonable boon obtain would I,  
 That ere she go to make another blest  
 In having her, she'd hear me speak at least,  
 But once, my dear *Ergasta*. Now if love  
 Or pity of me thy soft entrails move,  
 Procure me this, this physick only lend,  
 To make the passage easie to my end.

*Erg.* From one that loves, a just, from one that dies  
 A small request; yet a hard enterprize.  
 Wo be to her, should her stern Father hear  
 That to stoln pray'rs she ere had lent an ear!  
 Or if some baser pick-thank should disclose  
 It to the Priest her Father-in-law! Who knows  
 But out of these respects she may eschew  
 Thy company, and yet affect thee too?  
 "For women are more prone to love than men;  
 "But to conceal't have more discretion then:  
 And if 'twere true that she did love thee, what  
 Could she do less than shun thee for all that?

"Sh

"She that wants power to help listens in quiet;

"And flies with pity, when her stay breeds pain;

"And I have heard 'tis still the wisest course

"To quit that soon, which one must quit perforce.

*Mir.* O were this true, and could I think it so.

Sweet were my pain, and fortunate my woe.

But, dear *Ergasto*, (hide it not from me,

So help thee *Pan*) who may this Bridegroom be;

So lov'd of all the Stars? *Erg.* Dost thou not know

(I'm sure thou dost) that famous *Silvio*,

*Silvio* the rich, the gallant and the fair,

The Priest *Montano*'s only Son and Heir?

'Tis he. *Mir.* O happy youth, whose joy appears

So ripe for harvest in his spring of years!

Pardon me, gentle Swain, I envy not

Thy happiness, but mourn my own hard lot.

*Erg.* Indeed there is no reason to envy,

Rather to pity him. *Mir.* To pity? Why?

*Erg.* Because he loves her not. *Mir.* And hath he wit?

Hath he a heart? Is he not blind? — And yet

When I consider with what full aspect

Her starry eyes their influence direct

Into my breast, she cannot have a dart

Let in her quiver for another heart.

But why do they a gem so precious throw

To one that knows it not, and scorns it so?

*Erg.* Because the Heav'n's did through this Marriage

Unto *Arcadia* long ago presage

Deliverance. Hast not thou heard that here

Is paid to the great Goddess ev'ry year,

Of a Nymphs guiltless blood a cruel and  
Unconscionable tribute by this Land.

*Mirt.* 'Tis news to me's not let that strange appear  
Since I my self am but a stranger here,  
And since I came (by Fate's decree and Love's)  
Almost a constant Burgeſſ of the Groves,  
But what strange crime deſerv'd ſo ſharp a doom?  
How could ſuch monſtrous cruelty find room  
In a Celeſtial mind? *Ergo.* Of me ſthen know  
From the firſt head the torrent of our woe:  
A Story that would tear of pity wret  
From heart of Oak, much more from humane breaſt  
While yet the Prieſthood was not ty'd to age,  
A youthful Swain of Noble Parentage,  
Then *Dian's* Prieſty (*Aminta* was his name)  
The Nymph *Lacrina* did with love inflame,  
All Creatures of her Sex exceeded her  
As much in Beauty as in conſtancy,  
She long requir'd, not at leaſt to fight  
(If looks and eyes have tongues) ſhe did requite  
The pure affection of the Love-ſick Udal,  
And fed his hopes while he no Rival had,  
But when a Ruſtick Swain her favour ſought,  
(See now a perfect Woman!) in a thought,  
She left the former, with one ſigh was ſhook,  
With the faint batt'ry of one amorous look:  
Her hearts new gueſt now takes up all the room,  
Diſlodg'd *Aminta* ere he knew for whom.  
Hapleſs *Aminta*! who from that day forth  
Was ſo abhorr'd, held of ſo little worth,

By that ungrate whom he did still adore,  
That she should neither hear nor see him more.  
If this unkindness cut the wretch to th' heart,  
If he sigh'd, wept, and rav'd, to thee who art  
Acquainted with Love's pangs, I leave to guess.

*Mir.* O'twas a torment no man can express!

*Erg.* When then his tears and prayers he had cast  
After his heart, to *Dian* turn'd at last;  
If ever with pure heart, Goddess, (quoth he)  
And guileless hand I kindled flame to thee,  
Revenge my faith, which a perfidious Maid,  
Under safe conduct of her smiles betray'd.  
The Goddess (gentler than the Nymph was) hears  
The faithful Lovers and her Servant's tears  
And pray'rs: and pity kindling her just ire,  
By opposition did augment the fire,  
Her powerful bow into her hand she took,  
And in *Arcadia's* wretched bosom stuck  
Arrows of death and catching Pestilence  
Invisible, and therefore without fence,  
Without remorse they execute her rage,  
Without respect on every Sex and Age,  
Nor Antidotes nor Medicines here avail'd,  
Nor flying now; weak Art her Master fail'd:  
And oft, whilst he the remedy apply'd,  
Before the Patient the Physician dy'd.  
The only hope that's left is from the Sky,  
So to the nearest Oracle they fly,  
Which soon return'd an answer clear enough,  
But above measure terrible rough;

*That Cinthia was incens'd, but that the Land  
Might be reliev'd, if by Aminta's hand,  
That faithless Nymph Lucrina, or some one  
For her, of the Arcadian Nation,  
Were as an offering to Diana slain.*

So she, when long sh' had pray'd, long wept in vain,  
And long expected her new Lovers aid,  
To th' holy Altars like a Bride array'd,  
And with what pomp Religion could devise,  
Was led a miserable Sacrifice,  
Where at those feet from which hers fled so fast,  
(The feet of her Idolater) at last  
Bending her trembling knees, she did attend  
From the offended youth a cruel end.  
The sacred Knife he boldly did unsheathe,  
Rage and revenge his nostrils seem'd to breathe,  
His eyes to sparkle; turning then to her,  
Said with a sigh, (death's hollow messenger)  
Whom thou hast left *Lucrina*, and whom took,  
Learn by this blow: And with that word he strook  
Himself, and plung'd the knife in his own brest  
To th' hilt: In one both Sacrifice and Priest  
Fell bleeding at her feet, whilst she (amaz'd  
To see that dire unlookt-for object) gaz'd  
As one 'twixt life and death, nor yet did know  
If grief had stabb'd her, or the threatned blow.  
But when she found her tongue again, and knew  
Distinctly what was acted there, O true,  
(O brave *Aminta*, (bathing in a flood  
Of tears) she said! O Lover, understood

Too

Too late ! who by thy death dost give to me  
Both life and death. If in forsaking thee  
I sinn'd ; lo, I redeem that sin of mine,  
Wedding my soul eternally to thine.

This said, that knife fresh reeking with the gore  
Of the now lov'd in death, and purpled ore,  
She drew from his pale brest, and in her own  
Sheath'd it again ; then willingly sunk down  
Into *Aminta's* arms, who yet had breath,  
And felt perchance that lightning before death.  
Such was this pair of Lovers tragick fall,  
'Cause he kept too much faith, she none at all.

*Mir.* O hapless Swain, yet happy in his Love,  
Having so rich occasion to approve  
His spotless faith, and dying to revive  
That spark in her he could not being alive !  
But what became then of the poor diseas'd ?  
Did the plague cease ? was *Cynthia's* wrath appeas'd ?

*Erg.* It did relent, but was not quite put out :  
For the same month (the year being wheel'd about)  
It burst out with more fury, and did make  
A dire relapse : This forc'd us to betake  
Our selves unto the Oracle agen ;  
Which utter'd now a sadder doom ; *That then*  
*And yearly, we to Nights offended Queen*  
*A Maid or Wife should offer, past fifteen,*  
*And short of twenty ; by which means the rage*  
*Which swallow'd thousands, one death should assuage.*  
Moreover a hard Law, and weighing well  
The nature of that Sex, impossible ;



To keep; a law in bloody letters writ  
 On wretched women was impos'd by it;  
 That whatsoever Maid or Wife should prove  
 In any sort a Changling in her love,  
 Unless some friend would pay the penalty  
 In stead of her, should without mercy die.  
 This dire, this National Calamity,  
 The good old man hath hope to remedy  
 By means of this desired Match; because  
 The Oracle after some little pause,  
 Being ask'd again what end our wo should have,  
 To our demand this punctual answer gave;

*Your wo shall end when two of Race Divine  
 Love shall combine;*

*And for a faithless Nymphs apostate state,  
 A faithful Shepherd suppetrogate.*

Now there are left in all Arcadia,  
 Of heavenly Stock no other slips this day  
 But *Silvio* and *Amarillis*; She  
 From *Pan* descended, from *Alcid* He.  
 Nor had there ever (to our much regret)  
 Of those two Lines a Male and Female met;  
 As now there do: whence the believing Father,  
 Great hopes of good nor without cause doth gather,  
 For though the things foretold by th' Oracle,  
 Be not fulfill'd yet in each particle,  
 This is the fundamental point; the rest  
 Is still reserv'd in Fates own secret breast;  
 And of the Marriage one day shall ensue.  
 Mir. And all this do *Virgilio* to undo?

What a long swing is fetcht! what Armies band  
 Against one heart half murder'd to their hand!  
 Is't not enough that cruel Love's my foe,  
 Unless Fate too conspire my overthrow?

Erg. Alas, *Mirtillo*! grieving does no good;  
 "Tears quench not Love, but are his milk and food.  
 'T shall scape me hard, but ere the Sun doth set,  
 This cruel one shall hear thee, *Coutage* friend:  
 "These sighs refresh not (as thou dost suppose)  
 "Thy burning heart; but rather are like those  
 "Impetuous winds, which in a Town on fire,  
 "The bellows are to blow and fan it higher;  
 "Love's whirlwinds, bringing to poor Lovers ever,  
 "Black clouds of grief, which showers of tears deliver.

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Corisca.*

W H oever saw, what heart did ever prove  
 So strange, fond, impotent a passion? Love,  
 And cold Disdain (a miracle to me,  
 Two contraries should in one subject be  
 Both in extremes!) I know not how, each other  
 Destroy, and generate, enflame and smother.  
 When I behold *Mirtillo's* every grace,  
 From his neat foot to his bewitching face,  
 His unaffected carriage, sweet aspect,  
 Words, actions, looks, and manners, they eject

Such flames of love, that every passion  
 Besides seems to be conquer'd by this one.  
 But when I think how dotingly he prizes  
 Another woman, and for her despises  
 My almost peerless face, (although I say't)  
 On which a thousand eyes for ains do wair,  
 Then do I scorn, abhor, and loath him more,  
 Than ever I did value him before,  
 And scarce can think it possible that he  
 Had ever any interest in me.

O if my sweet *Mirtillo* were mine own,  
 So that I had him to my self alone!  
 (These are my thoughts sometimes) no mortal wight  
 More bliss could boast of than *Corisca* might!

And then I feel such kindly flames, so sweet  
 A vapour rise, that I could almost meet  
 His love half way; yea, follow him, adore  
 His very steps, and aid from him implore:  
 Nay, I do love him so, I could expire  
 His sacrifice in such a pleasing fire.

Then I'm my self again: And what (say I)  
 A proud disdainful boy! one that doth fly  
 From me, and love another! that can look  
 Upon this face of mine, and not be strook!  
 But guard himself so well as not to die  
 For love! Shall I, that should behold him lie  
 Trembling and weeping at these feet of mine,  
 (As many better men have done) incline  
 Trembling and weeping at his feet? O no!  
 And with this thought into such rage I grow

Against

Against my self, and him, that sounding straight  
 Unto my eyes, and fancy a retreat,  
*Mirtillo's* name worse than death I seem  
 To hate, and mine own self for loving him,  
 Whom I would see the miserablest Swain,  
 The most despised thing that doth remain  
 Upon the earth; and if I had my will,  
 With mine own hands I could the Villain kill.  
 Thus like two Seas encountring, Hate and Love,  
 Desire and Scorn in me dire battel move:  
 And I (the flame of thousand hearts, the rack  
 Of thousand souls) languish, and burn, and lack  
 That pity I deny'd to others. I  
 Who have in Cities oft been courted by  
 Gallants and wits, to whom great Lords have bent,  
 And yet withstood volleys of complement,  
 Squadrons of Lovers, jeer'd their idle fires,  
 And with false hopes deluded their desires;  
 And now enforc'd t' a rustick Swain to yield  
 In single fight t' a fellow that's unskil'd!  
 O thou most wretched of all womankind,  
*Corisca!* Where couldst thou diversion find  
 Hadst thou no other Lover? how assuage,  
 Or by what means deceive thy amorous rage?  
 Learn women all from me this housewifery,  
 Make you Conserve of Lovers to keep by:  
 Had I no Sweetheart but this fullen Boy,  
 Were I not well provided of a joy?  
 "To extream want how likely to be hurl'd  
 "Is that ill housewife, who in all the world

" But

"But one Love only, but one Servant hath?  
*Corisca* will be no such fool. "What's faith?  
 "What's constancy? Tales which the jealous feign  
 "To awe fond Girls: names as absurd as vain.  
 "Faith in a woman (if at least there be  
 Faith in a woman unreveal'd to me)  
 "Is not a vertue, nor a heavenly grace,  
 "But the sad penance of a ruin'd face,  
 "That's pleas'd with one, cause it can please no more.  
 "A handsom woman sought unto by store  
 "Of gallant youths, if pleas'd with one alone,  
 No woman is, or is a foolish one.  
 "What's beauty (tell me) if not view'd? or view'd,  
 "If not pursu'd? or if pursu'd, pursu'd  
 "By one alone? Where Lovers frequent are,  
 "It is a sign the party lov'd is rare,  
 "Glorious and bright. A womans honour is  
 "T' have many Servants: Courtly Dames know this,  
 Who live in Towns, and those most practise it,  
 Who have most wealth, most beauty, and most wit.  
 'Tis clownishness (say they) to reject any,  
 And folly too, since that's perform'd by many  
 One cannot do One Officer to wait,  
 A second to present, a third to prate,  
 A fourth for somewhat else; so it doth fall  
 Out oft, that favours bring general  
 No favours seem, or jealousy thus thrown  
 To whet them, all are easie kept than one.  
 This merry life is by great Ladies led  
 In Towns, and 'twas my fortune to be bred

With

With one of them ; by whose example first,  
 Next by her Rules, I in Loves art was nurt  
 Up from my childhood : she would often say,  
 " *Corisca*, thou must use another day  
 " Thy Lovers like thy garments, put on one,  
 " Have many, often shift, and wear out none.  
 " For daily conversation breeds distast,  
 " Distast contempt, and loathing at the last.  
 Then get the start, let not the servant say,  
 H'as turn'd his Mistress, not she him, away.  
 And I have kept her rules : I've choice, and strive  
 To please them all : to this my hand I give,  
 And wink on him ; the handsom'st I admit  
 Into my bosom ; but not one shall get  
 Into my heart : and yet I know not how  
 (Ay me !) *Mirillo's* crept too near it now :  
 He made me sigh, not sigh as heretofore  
 To give false fire, but true flames to deplore,  
 Robbing my limbs of rest, my eyes of sleep,  
 Ev'n I can watch till the gray morning peep,  
 (The discontented Lovers truce,) ev'n I  
 (Strange change !) to melancholy walks can fly,  
 And through the gloomy horrors of this Grove,  
 Trace the sweet footsteps of my hated Love.  
 What wilt thou do, *Corisca*? sue? my hate  
 Permits not this, nor stands it with my State.  
 Wilt thou then flie him? that would shew more brains,  
 But Love says, No, to that : What then remains?  
 First I will try allurements, and discover  
 The love to him, but will conceal the Lover ;

I'll use deceits, if that avail me not ;  
 And if those fail me too, my brain shall plot  
 A brave Revenge: *Mirilla* shall partake  
 Hate, if he spurn at Love ; and I will make  
 His *Amarillis* rue, that she was ere  
 A Rival unto me, to him so dear.  
 Last I will teach you both what 'tis to move  
 A woman to abhor where she did love.

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Titiro, Montano, Dametas.*

**Tit.** | Speak, *Montano*, what I know is true,  
 And speak to one who knows more than I do,  
 "Your Oracles are still obscurer far  
 "Than we imagine : and their answers are  
 "Like knives, which if they warily be caught  
 "By that safe part which for the hand was wrought,  
 "Are useful ; but if rashly they be tane  
 "By th' edge or point, one may be hurt or slain.  
 That *Amarillis* (as thou argu'st) should  
 By Heav'n be destin'd for the gen'ral good  
 And safety of *Arcadia*, who should rather  
 Desire and joy, than I who am her Father ?  
 But when I mark the words of th' Oracle,  
 Methinks with those the signs agree not well.  
 If love must join them, and the one doth flie,  
 How can that be ? How can the strings which tie

The



The True-loves knot be hatred and disdain?  
 'That cannot be oppos'd which Heav'n's ordain.

Since then we see such opposition here,  
 That Heav'n's did not ordain it, is most clear.

Had they been pleas'd that *Silvio* should have had  
 My *Amarillis*, they would him have made

A Lover, not a Huntsman. *Mont.* Dost not see,  
 He's young, not yet seventeen?

In time er'n he  
 Will feel the dart of love. *Tit.* A Dog hath got  
 His love: I know not why a Nymph should not.

*Mont.* "Youth's are inclined more to recreation."

*Tit.* "And is not love a nat'ral inclination?"

*Mont.* "Before the time 'tis an unnat'ral thing."

*Tit.* "Love is a blossom which adorns our Spring."

*Mont.* "Your forward blossoms seldom come to good."

*Tit.* "They seldom fail where frosts nip not the bud."

But came I hither to dispute with thee,

*Montano*? I nor can, nor fits it me.

Yet I'm a Father too of a most dear

And only Child; and (if love do not blear

My eyes) a worthy one; such (under favour)

That many woo'd me, and still do, to have her.

*Mont.* Were not this Marriage made in Heav'n by

'Tis made in Earth by Faith, to violate (Fate;

Which (*Titiro*) were rashly to prophane

The Godhead of great *Cynthia*, in whose Fane

The solemn Oath was taken. Now how ready

She is to wrath, and how incens'd already

Against this Country, thou art not to learn.

But I profess, as far as I discern,

And

And a Priest's mind rapt up above the Sky,  
 Into th' Eternal Counsels there can pry,  
 This knot by th' hand of Destiny was knir,  
 And all those signs which should accompan' it,  
 (Have thou but Faith) will fall out jump and rig,  
 In their due time. I'll tell thee more; this night  
 I in my dream a certain thing have view'd,  
 Which my old hopes hath more than ere renew'd.  
*Th.* Dreams are but dreams: but well, what didst thou  
*Mon.* Thou dost remember, I presume, (for who (view  
 Amongst us all is such a stupid wight  
 As to forget?) that lamentable night  
 When swelling *Ladon* (weary of his yoke)  
 The banks with his rebellious waters broke;  
 So that where Birds were wont to build their nests,  
 Usurping Fishes swam, and Men, and Beasts,  
 And Flocks, and Herds promiscuously tane  
 Th' impartial deluge swept into the Main  
 That very night (O bitter memory!)  
 I lost my heart, or rather that which I  
 More dearly priz'd, a Child, a tender one  
 In swathing bands, and then my only Son.  
 Both then and since (though he be dead) as dear  
 To me, as if my only Son he were:  
 The cruel torrent ravish'd him away  
 Before the people of the house, (who lay  
 In darkness, fear and sleep bur'd alive)  
 With any timely succour could arrive:  
 We could not find the empty Cradle neither,  
 But (as I guess) that and the Child together

Were

Were swallow'd by the flood. *Tis* What else can be  
 Suppos'd? I think I've heard (perchance from thee)  
 This loss of thine before, in very truth  
 A miserable one, and full of ruth:  
 And I may say, of thy two sons the Flood  
 Have swallow'd one, the other's lost i'th' Woods.

*Mont.* Perhaps kind Heav'n as in the surviving bro-  
 Will make me rich amends yet for the other. (Enter,  
 " 'Tis always good to hope. Now list me out:  
 'Twas at the dawning of the morn, about  
 That mungrel hour which gotten betwixt night  
 And day, is half an Ethiop and half white,  
 When having watcht out all the night almost  
 With various fancies of this Marriage toft,  
 Quite overcome at length with weariness,  
 A gentle slumber did mine eyes oppress,  
 Which with it such a lively vision brought,  
 That though I slept, I was awake. Methought,  
 On sam'd *Alfeo's* bank I angling late  
 Under a shady Beech, there came up straight  
 A grave old man, down to the middle bare,  
 His chin all dropping, and his grised hairs  
 Who with both hands, and countenance benigne,  
 Put a nak'd weeping infant into mine,  
 Saying, *Lo here thy Son, and take good heed*  
*Thou kill him not*; then div'd into the reed,  
 With that, black clouds obscur'd the Heavens round,  
 And threatening me with a dire tempest, frown'd  
 I to my bosom clapt the babe for fear,  
 And cry'd, Shall then one hour both give and bear  
 Away

Away my joy? Straight all the welkin turn'd  
 Serene, and thunderbolts to ashes burn'd,  
 Fell hissing in the River, with bows broken,  
 And shafts by thousands, signs which did betoken  
 Extinguish'd vengeance; then a shrill voice brake  
 From the riv'd Beech, which in his tongue thus spake  
*Belies Montano, and thy hope still nourish,*  
*Thy fair Arcadia once again shall flourish.*  
 So ever since in my eyes, mind, and brest,  
 The pleasing figure of this dream's impress,  
 Standing before me still in every place;  
 But above all the courteous meen and face  
 Of that old man (me thinks I see him yet)  
 Which made me coming now, when thee I met,  
 Directly to the Temple, there with pure  
 And holy Sacrifice my Dream's insure.

*Tit.* "Truly *Montano*, Dreams are Histories

- "Of what is past, rather than Prophecies
- "Of what's to come: meer fragments of some sight,
- "Or thought of the past day, which prints at night
- "A vain reflection of it self, like those
- "Which in a Cloud the Sun oppos'd shows.

- Mont.* "Not always with the senses sleeps the soul:
- "Rather when she is free from all controul
  - "Of censuring forms, which do the senses blind,
  - "Whilst they're asleep, more wakeful is the mind.

*Tit.* In short: how Heav'ns have destin'd to dispose  
 Of our two children, neither of us knows:  
 But this is clear to both of us, thine flies,  
 And against Nature's Law, doth Love's despise.

And

And mine (as 't proves) is ty'd; her self yet hath  
 No benefit of her engaged Faith;  
 Nor do I know whether she love or no;  
 That she makes others love full well I know;  
 And can I think it probable that she  
 Should others wound; and go her self still free?  
 Me thinks of late she's alter'd in her cheer,  
 Who us'd all mirth and jollity to appear;  
 "But to put Maids in mind of marrying,  
 "And then not marry them, is an ill thing.  
 "As in a curious Garden a fair Rose,  
 "Which (cloystred up in leaves) did late repose  
 "Under the sable Canopy of night  
 "Upon its mother-stalk, with the first light  
 "Raises its head, then opes its tender eye,  
 "Whence whisp'ring Bees suck Nectar as they fly;  
 "Then to the Sun which on its form doth gaze,  
 "Its purple and perfumed brest displays;  
 "But if it be not gather'd then, and stay  
 "Till it be kist by the Meridian Ray,  
 "Before the Sun to th' other world be fled,  
 "Upon its mourning stalk it hangs the head;  
 "So pale, so shrunk, so without life it shows,  
 "That one can hardly say, This was a Rose.  
 "So a young Virgin, whilst her Mothers care  
 "Shuts and preserves her from the blasting air,  
 "Shuts her own bosom too against desire:  
 "But if she find some amorous youth to eye her,  
 "And hears him sigh, she opes him straight her heart,  
 "And in her tender brest receives Love's dart.

D

"Then

"Then if by fear, or else by Maiden shame,  
 "She be with-held from showing of her flame,  
 " (Poor soul!) Concealment like a worm i' th' bud,  
 "Lies in her Dismask cheek sucking the blood:  
 "So all her beauty's gone; if that fire last,  
 "And all her Lovers when her beauty's past,

*Mont.* Take courage, *Titiro*; do not embase  
 Thy soul with mortal fears; but nobly place  
 Thy hopes above; "Heav'n favours a strong faith  
 "And a faint pray'r ne'er elomb that arduous path  
 "And if all men should pray to Heav'n at need,  
 "And pray with hope, much more should Heav'n's own  
 Our Childrens Pedigree it is Divine, (seed  
 "And Heav'n that shines on all, will surely shine  
 "On its own Progeny. Come, *Titiro*,  
 Together to the Temple let us go,  
 Together offer, thou a he-goat there  
 To *Pan*, and I to *Hercules* a Steer.  
 "The Gods who bless the herds, will bless no less  
 "Them, who the Gods do with those blessings bless  
 Trusty *Dametas* go, and quickly cull  
 From my fair herd the best and gentlest Bull,  
 And bring him to me to the Temple straight;  
 Come by the hill, the nearest way is that.

*Tit.* And good *Dametas*, from my herd bring on  
 Of the best goats. *Dam.* Both shall with speed be done  
 May the high Gods pleas'd in their goodness be  
 To bless (*Montano*) this thy Dream to thee,  
 Even to thy utmost wish: this memory  
 Of thy lost Son is a good augury.

SCENE

## SCENA QUINTA.

Satyr.

" **A**S frosts to Plants, to ripened Ears a storm,  
 " To flow'rs the mid-day Sun, to Seed the worm,  
 " To Stags the toyls, to Birds the lime-twig; so  
 " Is love to man an everlasting foe,  
 And he that call'd it fire, pierc'd wel into  
 Its treach'rous nature; for if fire thou view,  
 How bright and beautiful it is? Approacht,  
 How warm and comfortable? But then toucht,  
 O how it burns! The Monster-bearing Earth  
 Did never teem such a prodigious birth:  
 It cuts like Razors, like wild beasts devours,  
 And through a wood like winged lightning scours,  
 Where-e'er it fixes its imperious foot,  
 Cottage and Palace, all must yield unto't:  
 So Love, if thou behold it in a pair  
 Of starry eyes, in a bright tress of hair,  
 How temptingly it looks! what kindly flames  
 It breathes! what peace, what pardons it proclaims!  
 But in thy bosom if thou do it keep,  
 So that it gather strength, and gin to creep,  
 No Tygress in Hircanian mountains nurs't,  
 No Lybian Lioness is half so curst,  
 Nor frozen Snake fostred with humane breath,  
 His flames are hot as Hell, bonds, strong as death.



He is Wrath's hangman, Pity's enemy,  
And to conclude, Love void of love. But why  
Accuse I him? Is he the Author then  
Of all those pranks which mortal wights, not when  
They are in love, but out of their wits, do?  
Women, perfidious women, 'tis to you  
That I impute Love's rancour; all that's naught  
In him from you is by infection caught.  
He of himself is good, meek as the Dove  
That draws the Chariot of the Queen of Love:  
But you have made him wild; for though ye joy  
With your own hands to feed the winged Boy,  
Yet do you shut each pore so of your brest,  
That in your hearts he cannot build his nest,  
And all your care, pride, pleasure, ye do place  
In the meer outside of a simp'ring face.  
Nor is't your study how to pay true love,  
And wager whether shall more constant prove;  
To bind two souls in one, and of one heart  
To make the other but the counter-part;  
But how your silver hair with gold to hatch,  
Then purse it up into a net, to catch  
Poor souls withal, and like gold valence let  
Some curls hang dangling o'er your brows of jet.  
How much against my stomach doth it go  
To see you paint your cheeks, to cover so  
The faults of Time and Nature! How ye make  
Pale Feulemort a pure Vermilian take;  
Fill up the wrinkles, die black white, a spot  
With a spot hide, where 'tis, make't where 'tis not.

You

You tie a thred across, whereof one end  
Held in your teeth, the other is sustain'd  
By your left hand, whilst of the running knot,  
Your right hand makes a noose to ope and shut  
Like shaving tongs: This instrument you fit  
To your rough downy foreheads, and with it  
Shave all the down, and the wild hairs which shoot  
Above their fellows, pull up by the root;  
And all the while such torment you are in,  
That 'tis at once a penance and a sin.  
Nor is this all; your qualities are much  
After your faces, and your faith is such  
As are your works. For what is there in you  
That is not counterfeit and painted too?  
Do your lips ope? before ye speak ye lye;  
And if ye sigh, ye lye most damnably.  
False lights your eyes are, and false weights your ears;  
Your hearts false measures, and false pearl your tears:  
So talk, or look, or think, or laugh, or cry,  
Seem or seem not, walk, stand, or sit, ye lye.  
Nay, there's more yet, your couzening those  
Most who on you do most repose;  
Your loving most those who do least love you,  
And chusing to die rather than be true;  
These are the arts, these are the ways  
That make Love hateful in our days.  
All his faults then we may most justly lay  
On you; or rather on our selves: for they  
Sin that believe you. Then the fault's in me  
(Perjur'd *Corisca*) who did credit thee;

Come hither only for my bane (I think)  
 From *Argos* wicked streets, of vice the sink,  
 Yet th'art so sly, and play'st so well the Scour,  
 To keep thy deeds and thoughts from tracing out,  
 That 'mongst the chafest Dames thou jett'st it now,  
 With honesty stamp't on thy haughty brow:  
 What scorns have I receiv'd, what discontent  
 From this ungrateful woman! I repent,  
 Yea, blush I was so fond. Example take  
 By me, unskilful Lovers, how ye make  
 "An Idol of a face, and take't for granted,  
 "There's no such Devil as a Woman fainted.  
 "She thinks her wit and beauty without peer,  
 "And o'er her slavish soul doth domineer  
 "Like some great Goddess, councing thou wert born  
 "(As a thing mortal) only for her scorn;  
 "Takes all that praise as tribute of her merit,  
 "Which is the flattery of thy abject spirit.  
 Why so much serving? so much admirations?  
 Such sighs, such tears, such humble supplications?  
 These are the Woman's arms: Let us express  
 Ev'n in our Loves valour and manliness,  
 Time was when I (as lusty as I am)  
 Thought tears and sighs could womans heart enflame;  
 But now I find I err'd; for if she bears  
 A stony heart, in vain are sighs and tears.  
 We must strike fire out of her brest by dint  
 Of steel: what fool us'd bellows to a flint?  
 Leave, leave thy tears and sighs, if thou wouldst make  
 A conquest of thy Dame; and if thou bake

Indeed

Indeed with unextinguishable fire,  
 In thy hearts center smother thy desire  
 The best thou canst, and watch thy time to do  
 That which both Love and Nature prompt thee to:  
 "For Modesty's the Charrer of the Woman,  
 "Who will not have her privilege made common;  
 "Nor though she uses it her self with men,  
 "Would she have them to use it with her again;  
 "Being a vertue for the admiration  
 "Of them that court her, not their imitation.  
 This is the plain and natural way of Love,  
 Indeed the only one that I approve.  
 My coy *Corisca* shall not find of me  
 A bashful Lover (as I us'd to be)  
 But a bold Foe; and she shall feel I can  
 Assault her with the weapons of a man,  
 As well as with the womans arms. Twice now  
 I've caught this Eel, and yet I know not how  
 She hath slipt through my hands; but if she come  
 A third time near my Boat, I'll strike so home  
 Through both her gills, that I shall mar her flight.  
 Here she comes forth to Rellief ev'ry night,  
 And I like a good hound snuff round about  
 To find her track: If I do sent her out,  
 Have at her coat; O how I mean to be  
 Reveng'd upon her! I will make her see  
 That Love sometimes (though he appear stark blind)  
 Can from his eyes the handkerchief unbind;  
 And that no woman (though she may a while)  
 Can glory long in perjury and guile.

## Chorus.

**O** Powerful Law, which Heaven or Nature,  
 Writ in the heart of every Creature,  
 Whose amiable violence,  
 And pleasing rapture of the sense,  
 Doth byas all things to that good  
 Which we desire not understood.  
 Nor the exterior bark alone,  
 Subject to th' sense of every one,  
 Whose frail materials quickly waste  
 Resolve again into their dust;  
 But the hid seeds and inward cause,  
 Whose substance is eternal, moves and draws.

And if the ever-teeming world bring forth  
 So many things of admirable worth,  
 If whatsoever Heaven's great eyes,  
 The Sun and Moon, or his small spies  
 The Stars behold, doth own a soul  
 Whose active pow'r informs the whole;  
 If thence all humane seed have birth,  
 All Plants and Animals; if th' Earth  
 Be green, or on her wrinkled brow it snows,  
 From that immortal and pure Spring it flows.

Nor this alone: On mortal Crown  
 Whatever restless spheres revolve down;  
 Whence all our actions guided are  
 By a happy or unhappy Star;  
 Whence our frail lives their Qu receive,  
 This Stage to enter, and to leave.

What

Whatever thwarts, whatever stills  
 Our froward, and our childish wills  
 (Which seeming to be Fortune's Play,  
 To give and take our things away,  
 The world ascribes to her) hath All  
 From that high vertue its original.

Soul of the World: if it were thou didst say  
 Arcadia should have rest and peace one day,  
 And like a Snake renew her youth,  
 What man dares question so Divine a Truth?  
 If what the famous Oracle

Of two whom Fate should couple did foretel,  
 It spake but as thy mouth, if fixt it be  
 In the eternal depth of thy Decree,

And if the Tripods do not falsehoods vent,  
 Ah! who retards thy wills accomplishment?

Behold, a scornful Boy, a foe

To Love and Beauty: He (although  
 Extract from Heav'n) with Heav'n contends!

Behold another youth offends

In love as much, (in vain deserving  
 To be prefer'd for humble serving)

And with his flame thwarts thy Decree!

And the less hope he hath to see

His service and his true loves hire,

The clearer burns his faith and fire;

And he now for that beauty dies,

Which 't'other (whom 'tis kept for) doth despise,

Is Jove divided then about his doom?

Hath doubtful Fate Twins struggling in her womb?

X Or doth man's mountain-hope, unleveld yet,  
 New impious Giants in rebellion set  
 On both sides to assault the Tow'r of Jove,  
 By loving, and by shunning Love?  
 Have we such strength? and o'er the Pow'rs above  
 Shall two blind Pow'rs triumph, Disdain and Love?

But Thou high Mover of the Orb, that rid'st  
 The Stars and Fate, and with thy Wisdom guid'st  
 Their course, look down upon our tottering State,  
 And reconcile Disdain and Love with Fate.  
 That ice, this flame, thaw, quench with heavenly dew  
 Make one not flye, another not pursue.  
 Ah! let not two mens obstinacy stand  
 Betwixt thy promis'd Mercy and a Land.

And yet who knows? what we imagine is

+ Our greatest cross, may prove our greatest bliss.

"If on the Sun no humane eye can gaze,

"Who then can pierce into Jove's hidden ways?

Actus





# Actus Secundus.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Ergasto, Mirtillo.*

*Erg.* **O** What a walk have I had! At the Race,  
The mead, hill, river, fountain, wrastring-place  
I've been to seek thee: Heav'n be prais'd, at last,  
I've found thee here. *Mi.* What news requirs such haste?  
Bring'st thou me life or death? *Erg.* The last's a thing  
Which if I had for thee, I would not bring:  
The former, though I have not for thee yet,  
I hope to bring. But why art thou o'er-set  
With thy own sighs? If thou wouldst overcome  
Another, overcome thy self at home:  
Breathe, and revy't again—. But to proceed  
To that which made me seek thee with such speed;  
The matter's this: Know'st thou (who doth not  
*Orwino's* Sister? rather tall than low (know?)  
She is of stature, cherry-cheekt, her hair  
Inclin'd to red, and of a sprightly air.

*Mirt.* What is her name? *Erg.* *Corisca.* *Mir.* Yes, I do  
Know her, and have conversed with her too.

*Erg.* Know then that she (see the good luck on't!  
Hath been the means to work it I know not, (What  
Or

Or on whose score it comes) is grown of late  
With *Amarillis* very intimate.

Which I perceiving, a relation made  
Of thy affection unto her, and pray'd  
Both her assistance and her secrecy  
Therein, which she accorded readily.

*Mirt.* O blest a thousand thousand times and more  
Than all (*Mirtillo*) that e'er lov'd before,  
If this be true: But prethee, did she say  
Nothing at all unto thee of the way?

*Erg.* Nothing as yet, and I will tell thee why:  
*Corisca* said, she could not certainly  
Determine of the way till she might know  
Some circumstances of thy love, that so  
She might be better able to discern  
The inclination of the Nymph, and learn  
How to address her self, with subtilty,  
Or with intreaties; what 'twere best to try,  
Or what to leave: This was the cause made me  
To come so hastily in search of thee.  
Therefore from first to last thou shalt do well  
Thy Love's whole story unto me to tell.

*Mirt.* I'll do it. But know, Friend, to stir again  
The bitter memory of Love in vain,  
Is like the tossing of a torch about  
Ones head i'th' air, thinking to shake it out,  
When agitation kindles it, and makes  
The flame cling faster to the melting wax.  
Or like the tugging of a deep-fixt dart,  
By which the wound's made greater, and the smart.

Most true it is, I shall a tale relate,  
Which will demonstrate the unsure estate  
Of Lovers hopes, and that howe'er the root  
Of Love be sweet, it bears a bitter fruit.

In that fair season when Day's wheels out-run  
The Night's ('twas just a twelvemonth since) this Sun  
Of Beauty, this fair Pilgrim came to bring  
With her approach as 'twere a second Spring  
To my then only rich and happy nest,  
*Elis* and *Pisa* with her presence blest;  
Brought by her Mother in those solemn days,  
When Sacrifices and Olympick Plays  
Through all the world so famous are kept there,  
In honour of the mighty Thunderer,  
Shows worthy sure of those fair eyes; But those  
Fair eyes themselves were far the worthier shows.  
Whence I, who till that instant never knew  
What flames of Love did mean, at the first view  
Of those bright lamps, yielded, and never fought  
One stroke against her; for I felt (me thought)  
Two fiery balls fly whizzing through my Liver,  
And Beauty (a bold thief) cry'd, *Stand, Deliver*  
Thy heart, *Mirtillo*. *Erg*. O Love's piercing steel,  
Which they alone can understand that feel!

*Mir*. But now to see what cunning Love suggests  
Ev'n to the youngest and the simplest breasts!  
I made a dear young Sister of mine own  
(Who was my cruel Nymphs Companion  
Whilst she in *Elis* and in *Pisa* staid)  
Acquainted with my pain. This silly Maid

Was

Was all the Council Love allotted me  
 For managing my amorous bus'ness: She  
 With her own garments decks me in great order,  
 And imps my short hair with a borrow'd border,  
 Then binds it all with flow'rs, hanging a Bow  
 And Quiver by my side, and last doth show  
 How I should frame my words and count'nance, when  
 No footsteps of a beard did then appear.  
 The hour approached, she conducted me  
 Where my Nymph us'd to play; and there found  
 Some Noble Megarensian Maids, whom Blood  
 And Love linkt to her, as I understood.  
 'Mongst them was she like Royal Rose 'mongst low  
 Born Violets: And when as they had so  
 For a good space without more pastime staid,  
 A Megarensian Virgin rose, and said;  
 VVhat, at a time for pastime so renown'd,  
 Shall we without our sports be idle found!  
 And have not (Sisters) we our weapons then  
 To make mock-fights withal as well as men?  
 By my advice we'll practice our arms now  
 Against our selves in jest, as we must do  
 In earnest one day against men: Let's kiss,  
 And wage a kissing war; and she that gi's  
 The best and sav'rest one, shall have for meed  
 This curious wreath. All laught, and cry'd, *Agree*  
 Forthwith, not staying for the word or sign,  
 These eager Amazons in battel joyn:  
 No ranks they kept, no colours knew, nor side,  
 But all confused, and each each des'd.

The Megarenſian this perceiving, ſtraight  
To the diſordered Troops ſounds a retreat;  
And after ſaith, Let her deſervedly  
The Judge of all our kiſſes be  
Whoſe mouth is faireſt. VVith one voice  
Of peerleſs *Amarillis* they made choice.  
She ſweetly bending her fair eyes,  
Her cheeks in modeſt bluſhes dyes,  
To ſhew through her transparent ſkin  
That ſhe is no leſs fair within  
Than ſhe's without; or elſe her countenance  
Envyng the honour done her mouth perchance,  
Puts on her Scarlet Robes, as who  
Should ſay, And am not I fair too?

*Erg.* Bleſt man to be transform'd at ſuch a time,  
As if this accident thou couldſt divine!

*Mirt.* The fair Judge takes her ſeat, and now renews  
The amorous fight, according to the uſe  
Of war; by lots they march up one by one,  
To try their mouths by hers, (the Paragon  
Of ſweetneſs) or (as I may term it well)  
Of Orient Pearls a perfum'd Indian ſhell,  
And the two lips a two-leav'd Coral-door  
VVith honeyed lock, to ope and ſhut with more  
Facility upon the pearly treaſure,  
O my *Ergaſt* that I could tell the pleaſure  
Of thoſe ſweet kiſſes! But do thou hence gheſſ it,  
That mouth which taſted it, cannot expreſs it,  
Extract then all the ſweetneſs which remains  
In Hybla-combs, in Cyprian Sugar-canes,

It

It will be nothing to that world of blisses  
I suckt from thence. *Erg.* O happy theft! sweet kisses

*Mirt.* Sweet, but yet lame; the better half was missing

The soul, which gives perfection to kissing:

For though Love gave them, Love restor'd them not

*Erg.* But hadst thou not some fear when 'twas thy lot

To kiss? *Mirt.* My heart (*Ergasto*) to say true,

Was at my mouth, and my soul shrunk into

A narrow volume; 'twas one kiss, whence all

My limbs stood tottering like an ill propt wall.

And when I came under the battery,

And within aim of her sure killing eye,

I fear'd the Majesty of that bright look,

Lest in the very act I should be took

Of theft and guile which I was then about,

But straight her count'nance clearing me that doubt

By a serene and unsuspected smile,

I ventur'd boldly on. Love stood the while

(*Ergasto*) like a Bee hid in the leaves

Of her lips Roses; and whilst she receives

The kisses of my mouth with hers unmov'd

And passive, I the honey only prov'd.

But when she active likewise grows,

And thrusts out this and t' other rose,

(Whether her gaiety of heart it was,

Or my good luck, for 'twas not love alas)

When our two mouths snapt like a bone well set,

And like two tallies that are brothers met,

(O my dear sweet and num'rous treasure!

Do I out-live so great a pleasure?)

Then,

Then, then I felt the sharp sweet dart,  
 The amorous sting piercing my heart,  
 Which was (it seems) restor'd me then,  
 That I might have it hurt agen.  
 I then, as soon as I had found  
 Her lips had giv'n me my deaths wound,  
 Was ready, like some desperate gasping wight,  
 The weapon which had wounded me to bite:  
 When suddenly her sweet breath, like the blast  
 Of an inspiring Deity, did cast  
 An holy damp upon my saucy blood,  
 Which all immodest and wild heat withstood.

Erg. O Modesty, the block and Remora  
 Which ever lies in the true Lovers way!

Mirt. Now all of them had had their turns, and come  
 With thoughts suspended to attend the doom,  
 When *Amarillis* judging mine t' exceed  
 All th' others kisses, plac'd the Victors meed  
 (That curious wreath) with her own snowy hand  
 Upon my head. But O! no Lybian sand  
 Beneath the Syrian Dog ere broyl'd so much,  
 When he both barks and bites; his rage is such,  
 As my whole heart was then on fire  
 Betwixt fruition and desire.  
 And (being never conquer'd half so much  
 As when I was a Conqueror) such  
 My boldness was, that from my head  
 I reacht the wreath to her, and sed,  
 This is thy due, for thee 'tis meet,  
 Who with thy mouth hast made my kisses sweet.

E

And



And she most courteously accepting it,  
 For her fair hair made it a Coronet,  
 And crown'd mine with another, which before  
 Upon her own divine temples she wore:  
 Which is the same I now do bear, and shall  
 (Heav'n willing) to my Funeral,  
 Wither'd as 'tis, to keep in memory  
 That happy day; but most to signify  
 My wither'd hopes.

*Erg.* Thy case doth pity, and not envy claim.  
*Mirtillo*: or hereafter let thy name  
 "Be *Tantalus*; for he that jests with Love,  
 "Or plays with fire, shall pain in earnest prove.  
 Poor youth! thou took'st up transitory treasure  
 At too much use, and of thy theft the pleasure  
 And punishment together didst receive.  
 But did she never the deceit perceive?

*Mirt.* I know not that, *Ergasto*; this I do,  
 Whilst she thought *Elis* worthy of her view,  
 She was still bounteous to me of her eye,  
 And gracious smiles. But my hard destiny  
 Snatching her thence, unawares to me almost,  
 I straight came flying hither, where thou know'st  
 My Father, though he sojourn'd long abroad,  
 Yet still retains his wonted poor abode.  
 I came and saw (O sight!) my day begun  
 In such a fair and smiling morn, now run  
 To its long West. When I appear'd in place,  
 The lightning of disdain flash'd in her face;  
 Then did she bend her eyes, and turn'd away,

The

These Meteors boad my death, then did I say.  
 Mean while, that I should so by stealth depart,  
 My tender Father took deeply to heart ;  
 And with the grief on 't an infirmitie  
 So terrible, that he was like to die.  
 This forc'd me back, which prov'd (alas!) in one,  
 Health to the Father, sickness to the Son.  
 For half a year of a Love-caused-Feaver  
 I languisht, and I think had languisht ever,  
 If my indulgent Father had not sought  
 In time the Tripods Counsel ; whence he brought  
 This Answer, *That th' Arcadian Air alone*  
*Could make me well again.* I thereupon  
 Return'd (*Ergasto*) to revisit her  
 (O fallacy of that grand Sophister,  
 The Oracle!) who made my body whole,  
 To cause eternal sickness in my soul.

*Erg.* Thou hast related a strange tale in truth,  
*Mirtillo*, a case worthy of much ruth  
 Without all doubt. "But oft a desperate state  
 Hath prov'd the cause that cures as desperate,  
 Have sav'd the sick. And now 'tis time I go  
 To tell *Corisca* what from thee I know:  
 Expect me at the Fountain, there will I  
 Ere long be with thee. *Adirt.* Go on prosperously ;  
 And Heav'n at need that pity shew to thee,  
 (*Courteous Ergasto*) which thou shew'st to me.

## SCENA SECUNDA.

Dorinda, Lupino, Silvio, *she bringing in  
Silvio's Dog.*

Dor. **F**Aithful and fortunate, delight and care  
Of my fair *Silvio*, and as proud as fair:  
Thrice fortunate *Melampo*, that I were  
Unto thy cruel Master half so dear!  
With that white hand with which he gripes my heart,  
He stroaks and he feeds thee. He doth not part  
From thee by night, nor part from thee by day;  
Whilst I that so much love him, in vain pray,  
And sigh in vain. And that which worse I bear  
Than all the rest, he gives to thee such dear  
And luscious kisses, one of which would make  
Me rich, and I too kiss thee for his sake  
Happy *Melamp'*; O Dog sent from above,  
To steer the erring footsteps of blind Love!  
Lead on, sure Guide, whither Affection me,  
But Nature only, and Instinct draws thee.  
But list a little, doth not a Horn blow  
In this near Thicket? *Sil.* Sogh *Melampo*, Sogh!  
*Dor.* That is (if Love delude me not) the sound  
Of *Silvio's* voice, who seems to call his hound  
About these woods. *Sil.* *Melampo*, Sogh, hogh, hogh.  
*Dor.* It is the very voice of *Silvio*.  
Happy *Dorinda*, to whom Heav'n hath sent  
The self same thing in search whereof I went!

I'll hide the dog; with that he holds so dear,  
I may chance buy his love. *Lupino!* *Lup.* Here.

*Dor.* Go take this dog, and hide thee hereabout;  
Conceiv'st thou me? *Lup.* I do. *Dor.* But come not out  
Until I call. *Lup.* I wo'nt. *Dor.* Nay, quickly man.

*Lup.* And do thou quickly take some order than,  
That if the dog should have a hungry fit,  
He may not swallow me up at a bit. (steer)

*Dor.* A Coward? Hence. *Sil.* O whither shall I  
My wretched steps to follow thee my dear  
Faithful *Melampo*? over hill and plain,  
Till I am tir'd and foundred, I in vain  
Have hunted for thee. Cursed by the Doe  
Thou follow'dst. But behold, a Nymph may know  
Some news of him! O vile encounter! This  
Is she, who with her importunities  
Torments me still: but there's no remedy  
Save patience now. Fair Nymph, didst thou see my  
Faithful *Melampo*, whom I slept while-ere  
After a Doe? *Dor.* I (*Silvio*) fair? I fair?  
Why dost thou call me fair, if that I be  
Not fair in thy eyes? *Sil.* Fair or foul, didst see  
My dog? Answer me that: if not, I go.

*Dor.* So harsh to her adores thee, *Silvio*?  
Who would believe in that sweet shape could nest  
So sown a soul? Thou follow'st a wild beast  
That flies thee, over rocks; and for a Cur  
Vexest thy body and thy mind: but her  
That follows thee, and thy content doth prize  
Above the world, thou fly'st and dost despise.

Ah! do not follow a wild flying Doe,  
 Let not a tame one (caught already) go.  
 Do not unbind her. *Sil.* Nymph, I came in search  
 Of my *Melampo*, not to hear thee preach,  
 Adieu. *Dor.* O fly not, cruel *Silvio*:  
 I'll tell thee news of thy *Melampo*. *Sil.* Go,  
 Thou mock'st *Dorinda*. *Dor.* By that love I swear  
 That makes me *Silvio*'s servant, I know where  
 He is. Thou say'st he did a Doe pursue.

*Sil.* He did; and straight I lost them both from view.

*Dor.* The Dog and Doe then at this present time  
 Are in my power. *Sil.* In thy power? *Dor.* Yes, in mine,  
 'Twas that I said: Dost thou think much that she  
 Should love thy Dog (ungrateful) who loves thee?

*Sil.* My dear *Dorinda*, give 'em to me straight.

*Dor.* Out Shittle-cock, I'm come to a fine state,  
 When beasts endear me to thee. But indeed  
 (My heart) thou gett'st them not without some meed.

*Sil.* And reason good, I'll give thee; Let me see--  
 (I'll cozen her.) *Dor.* What wilt thou give to me?

*Sil.* Two fair Queen-apples I will give to thee,  
 Which my own fairer Mother gave to me  
 The other day. *Dor.* For apples, I want none:  
 I could give thee two fairer of my own,  
 And sweeter too, but that thou carest not  
 For what I give. *Sil.* Then wouldst thou have a Goat?  
 Or Lambkin? (but my Father will not let  
 Me make so bold with what is his as yet.)

*Dor.* Nor Goat, nor Lambkin, do I care to have:  
 Thee only, *Silvio*, and thy love I crave.

*Sil.*

*Sil.* My love? No more? *Dor.* No more. *Sil.* I g'it thee, so,  
Give me my Dog, (dear Nymph) now, and my Doe.

*Dor.* Ah, thou that knew'st the worth of what thou art  
So bounteous of, and spak'st now from thy heart!

*Sil.* Nymph, mark my words: I find thou talkst to me  
Still of a thing call'd Love; what this should be  
I know not: thou wouldst have me love thee; and  
I do (as far as I can understand)

With all my heart: thou call'st me cruel; I  
Am ignorant of what is cruelty. (poor

How should I please thee? *Dor.* In whom hop'st thou,  
*Dorinda?* whence dost thou expect thy cure?

From such a beauty as hath felt as yet  
No spark of that which doth all Lovers set  
On fire? Art thou my flame, and art not hot?  
Dost thou breathe Love, and what it is know'st not?

That gentle Goddess whom the Cyprians honour,  
Took a most beauteous humane shape upon her  
To bring thee forth: Firebrands thou hast and dart,  
Witness my flaming and my bleeding heart.

Add wings, another *Cupid* thou wilt prove,  
At least want nothing to be Love, but love.

*Sil.* What is this Love? *Dor.* When I behold thy  
It is the light of Paradise: (eyes,  
But mine own heart consider'd well,  
It is the very fire of Hell.

*Sil.* Nymph, what a prating is here with thee?  
Give me my Dog and Doe, now prethee.

*Dor.* Give me the love first that I bargain'd for.

*Sil.* Have I not gi'n it thee? Fie, what a stir

There is to please this woman ! Take it : do  
 What thou wilt with it. Who forbids thee ? who  
 With-holds it ? On what trifles dost thou stand ?

*Dor.* Wretched *Dorinda*, thou dost sow the sand,  
 And fondly undertak'st labour in vain. (pain ?)

*Sil.* What dream'st thou of ? why hold'st thou me in

*Dor.* When thy desire's once granted, thou wilt go  
 And leave me straight, perfidious *Silvio*. *Sil.* No !  
 Indeed, fair Nymph. *Dor.* Give me a pawn then.

*Sil.* Name  
 The pawn. *Dor.* Alas ! I dare not. *Sil.* Why ?  
 For shame.

*Sil.* But how then can I give it thee ? *Dor.* I would  
 Fain without naming it be understood.

*Sil.* If th'art asham'd to name it, thou mayst be  
 Asham'd to take it. *Dor.* Promise it to me,  
 And I will name it. *Sil.* I do promise it : (hit  
 But thou must name it first. *Dor.* Canst thou not  
 My thoughts then ? I should have conceiv'd thee,  
 If thou hadst said but half so much to me.

*Sil.* Thou hast more wit than I, *Dorinda*. *Dor.* I  
 Have more love, *Silvio*, and less cruelty.

*Sil.* Truth is, I am no Witch : if thou'dst have me  
 To understand thee, speak. *Dor.* O misery !  
 That which I beg of thee, is one of those  
 Things thy kind Mother upon thee bestows.

*Sil.* A box o'th' ear ? *Dor.* To one that loves thee so

*Sil.* Those things my Mother doth on me bestow.

*Dor.* Nay, that's not so : But doth not she give thee  
 A kiss sometimes ? *Sil.* She neither kisses me,

Not



Nor would have others kiss me. Is't a kiss  
 Thou dost desire of me? It is, it is,  
 Thy blush betrays thee Come, I'll give it thee:  
 But first my Dog and Do. *Dor.* Dost promise me?  
*Sil.* I promise thee. *Dor.* And with me wilt thou stay?  
*Sil.* Why dost thou vex me thus? Did I not say  
 I would? *Dor.* Come forth, *Lupino*, dost not hear,  
*Lupino*? *Lup.* Ogh! ogh! what a brawling's there?  
 Who calls me? O I am come. It was not I  
 That slept, it was the Dog slept verily.

*Dor.* Look, *silvio*, there's thy Dog, that might to  
 Have read a Lecture of Humanity. (thee

*Sil.* How over-joy'd am I? *Dor.* Upon this breast  
 Which thou despisest so, he came to rest.

*Sil.* (O my sweet true *Melampo*.) *Dor.* Setting by  
 My sighs and kisses. *Sil.* (I will certainly  
 Kiss thee a thousand times, poor Cur! But hast  
 Thou got no harm at all, thou ran'st so fast?)

*Dor.* Fortunate Dog, that I might change (alas!)  
 Estates with thee; I'm come to a fine pass  
 To envy a Dogs life. Bend thou thy gate  
 Homewards, *Lupino*, I will follow straight.

*Lup.* Mistress, I go.

SCENA

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Manent Silvio, Dorinda.*

*Sil.* (IN fine, th'ast got no harm.) Now let me see  
Where is this Doe which thou hast promis'd me

*Dor.* Alive or dead would'tt have her? *Sil.* Strange de  
Alive after the dog hath kill'd her? *Dor.* And (mand  
If the dog kill'd her not? *Sil.* Alive is she?

*Dor.* Alive. *Sil.* The dearer then the prey to me:  
And had my dear *Melampo* so much art  
As not to hurt her? *Dor.* Only in the heart  
She had a little prick. *Sil.* Either th'art mad,  
*Dorinda*, or dost mock me. If she had

A prick i'th' heart, how can she live? *Dor.* The Doe  
I speak of, I am, cruel *Silvio*:

Hurt by thee, without being hunted; Take me,  
I am alive; but dead, if thou forsake me.

*Sil.* Is this that Doe? that prey? *Dor.* Ev'n this: why  
Art thou so discontented? Dost not thou (now  
Love a Nymph better than a beast? *Sil.* My hate  
Thou art, brute, liar, vile, importunate.

*Dor.* Is this the guerdon, cruel *Silvio*?  
Is this the meed thou dost on me bestow,  
Ungrateful youth? Take thy *Melampo* free,  
And me and all, so thou come back to me:  
The rest I do remit. Let me be plac't  
But in the Sun-shine thy fair eyes do cast.  
Truer than thy *Melampo* I will trace  
Thy steps, and when th'art wearied with the chase,

I'll wipe thy sweating brow, and on this breast  
 (Which cannot rest for thee) thy head shall rest :  
 I'll bear thy arrows, and thy quiver bear  
 Through these rough woods; and if there want game  
 Shoot at *Dorinda's* bosom. At this white (there,  
 Set thy good bow, when ere it shoots not right.  
 For I'll be both the prey (if thou think fit)  
 To keep in ure, and drudge to carry it;  
 Thy arrows, quiver, and their Butt to hit.  
 But to whom do I talk? Alas! to thee  
 That hear'st me not, and fly'st away from me?  
 But wheresoe'er thou flie (*curs'd Silvio*)  
*Dorinda* will flie after thee; although  
 To hell it self, if any hell there be  
 Worse than my Love is, and thy Cruelty.

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Corisca.*

Fortune beyond my wish hath favoured me,  
 "And fit it is that they should favour'd be,  
 "Who not with wishings only seek her favour.  
 "Pow'rful she is; and men with reason have her  
 "In reputation of a Goddess. But  
 "We must go meet her then, wait a foot  
 "To find her humours; and must use our own  
 "Judgment in playing of our game: a Drone  
 "Seldom or never doth prove fortunate.  
 Had not my industry made me the Mate

Of

Of her by whom under the name of friend,  
 I have fit means and safe to work my end,  
 Where had I been? Some fool would now be thine  
 And view her Rival with a jealous eye,  
 Bearing the open tokens of ill will  
 Writ in her forehead; and she would do ill:  
 "For open foes are easier to evade,  
 "Than ambushes that are in friendship laid.  
 "Wise Mariners by rocks hid in the Sea  
 "Are oft deceiv'd: She knows not how to be  
 "An enemy, that knows not how to seem  
 "A friend. *Corisca's* skill shall now be seen  
 In both: Nor am I yet so simply dull  
 To think she doth not love. Well may she gull  
 Others with this, not me; who am gone out  
 A Mistress in the Art. A tender sprout  
 New peept out of the bark, within whose brest  
 There's built for love already a soft nest,  
 Long woo'd, and woo'd by so compleat a Lover,  
 And (which is worst) kist too over and over,  
 And yet hold tyte? Believ't for me) that list,  
 But my good *Genius* doth me assist;  
 For look if *Amarillis* come not here  
 Assent? I'll walk as if I did not see her.

SCENA

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Amarilla, Corisca.*

*Am.* **D**ear happy Groves, and you ye solitary  
And silent horrors where true peace doth  
With how much joy do I review you? And (tarry,  
Had my Stars pleas'd to give me the command  
Over my self, that I might chuse my lot,  
And my own way of life, then would I not  
For the *Elizian* groves, about which range  
The happy shades, your happy shades exchange :  
"For what we foolish mortals *Goods* do call,  
"If rightly understood, are Evils all.  
"He that hath most of them, in truth hath least,  
"Nor is so much possessor as possesst;  
"Not riches, no, but of our freedom snares.  
"What boots it in the spring-time of ones years  
"To have the attributes of Fair and Good,  
"In mortal veins to lock celestial blood,  
"Graces of body and of mind, here fair  
"And laughing fields of Corn, rich meadows there,  
"In fruitful pasture-grounds more fruitful flocks,  
"If with all these the heart contentment lacks?  
Happy that Shepherdess, whom some coarse stuff  
Obscurely cloaths, yet clean and just enough!  
Rich only in her self, and bravely drest  
With Nature's Ornaments which are the best;

VWho

Who in sweet poverty no want doth know,  
 Nor the distractions which from riches grow :  
 Yet whatsoever may suffice the mind,  
 In that estate abundantly doth find :  
*Poor, but content !* with Nature's gifts retrieves  
 The gifts of Nature, Milk with Milk revives,  
 And with the sweet which from the Bee she gets,  
 Seasons the Honey of her native sweets :  
 One Fountain is her Looking-glass, her drink  
 Her bath ; and if she's pleas'd, what others think  
 It matters not ; she heeds not Blazing-Stars  
 That threaten mighty ones : Wars or no Wars,  
 It is all one to her ; her battlement  
 And shield is that she's poor : *Poor, but content !*  
 One only care ('tis a sweet care) doth keep  
 Her heart awake ; she feeds her Masters sheep  
 With pearled grass, and with her lovely eyes  
 Some honest Swain, that for her beauty dies :  
 Not such as men or Gods chuse to her hand,  
 But such as Love did to her choice commend ;  
 And in some favour'd shady Mirtle-grove  
 Desires, and is desir'd : Nor feels of Love  
 One spark which unto him she doth not show,  
 Nor shows one spark with which he doth not glow  
*Poor, but content !* True life ! which till the breath  
 Forsakes the body, know'st not what is death.  
 Would Heaven had made me such an one ! -- But see  
*Corisca ! sweet Corisca. Cor. Who calls me ?*  
*My Amarillis ?* dearer than mine own  
 Eyes, or life to me, whither so alone ?

*Am.* No farther than thou seest; nor any where  
Could I be better, since I meet thee here.

*Cor.* Thou hast met her that never parts from thee,  
Sweet *Amarillis*; and now, credit me,  
Was thinking of thee, saying in my heart,  
If I'm her soul, how can she live apart

From me? When straight I saw thee here:—but go,  
Thou can'st not for *Corisca* now. *Am.* Why so?

*Cor.* Why? dost thou ask the question? thou dost wed  
To-day *Am.* I wed? *Cor.* Yes; and thou keep'st it hid

From me. *Am.* How can I tell thee that which I  
Am ignorant my self of? *Cor.* Do, deny

And wear a mask to me. *Am.* Still jest with me,  
*Corisca*? *Cor.* I am jested with by thee. 'Tis so,

*Am.* But speak'st thou this for truth? *Cor.* I'll swear  
And know'st thou nothing of it indeed? *Am.* I know

I'm promis'd: but that I should be a wife  
So soon, is news to me upon my life. (Brother,

But from whom know'st it thou? *Cor.* From my own  
*Omnino*: and he says, there is no other

Discourse abroad.—Thou seem'st perplext: is this  
News to perplex one? *Am.* O *Corisca*! 'Tis

A hideous Gulf; I've heard my Mother say, (day  
W'are then new-born, *Cor.* Most true: 'tis our birth-

T a better life, therefore rejoyce. Dost fetch  
A sigh? leave sighing to that wretch. *Am.* What wretch?

*Cor.* *Mirtilla*: who was present casually  
At what my brother told me, and was nigh

Struck dead with grief; yea doubtless he had dy'd,  
If a good Cordial I had not apply'd,

By



By promising to break this Match. VVhich though I said, only to comfort him, I know (If need were) how to do't. *Am.* Canst thou tell How to break this Match? *Cor.* Yes very well.

*Am.* I prethee how? *Cor.* With ease, if thou wert Consenting likewise, and assisting to't.

*Am.* Could I suppose this possible, and thou VVouldst not reveal it, I would tell thee now A secret that hath long burnt in my heart.

*Cor.* VVho, I reveal it? Let the earth first part, And swallow me alive miraculously.

*Am.* Know then, *Corisca*, when I think that I Must all my life be subject to a Boy That hates and flies me, and doth take no joy But in the woods, preferring hunting far Before the love of all the Nymphs that are, It makes me male-content, and desperate Indeed almost, although I dare not say't, Because my faith I have already given Unto my Father, and (what's worse) to Heav'n, And break with them I neither will nor may. But if thy industry can find a way (Always provided, that my Honestie, My Faith, my Life, and my Religion be Preserv'd) t' untie this knot that galls me so, To thee my life and safety I shall owe.

*Cor.* If this were it that caus'd thy sighing, thou Hadst great cause for it, *Amarillis*. How Oft have I said? VVhat pity 'tis to throw So rich a thing to one that scorns it so!

A pearl and Swine! why speak'st not to thy Father?

*Am.* Shame stops my mouth. *Cor.* There's a disease! I'd  
For my part have a Fistula, or Feaver, (rather

"But 'twill be cur'd; O'ercome it once, it will never

"Return again. *Am.* That cannot be o'ercome

"That's natural: for if I drive it from

"My heart, it flies into my face. *Cor.* Alas,

(My *Amarillis*) oft it comes to pass,

"She that through too much wisdom holds her tongue,

"Roars out at length like mad, being thoroughly stung.

Hadst thou before been willing to discover

Thy mind to me, this trouble had been over:

And now thou hast, *Corisca's* power this day

In all its colours shall it self display.

Into more skilful hands, more faithful then

Mine are, thou never couldst have fain. But when

From an ill Husband thou art freed by me,

Shall not an honest Suitor welcom be? (*Youth,*

*Am.* We'll think of that at leisure. *Cor.* That good

*Mirtillo*, must not be forgot in sooth:

For parts, for spotless faith, for shape thou know'st

Of all men living he deserves thee most:

And canst thou let him die? O cruelty!

Nor wilt so much as hear him say, *I die?*

Hear him but once. *Am.* 'Twere better he would rest

In peace, and root a love out of his breast

That's vain. *Cor.* That comfort give him ere he die.

*Am.* 'Twould rather double his perplexity.

*Cor.* If it do so, the seeking is his own.

*Am.* And what must I expect, should it be known?

*Cor.* How cowardly thou art? *Am.* Add let me still  
Be cowardly in any thing that's ill.

*Cor.* If thou mayst fail me in this small request,  
Then may I fail thee likewise in the rest  
Most justly, *Amarillis*. So God buy.

*Am.* Nay, stay *Corisca*, hear. *Cor.* Not a word I,  
Unless thou promise me. *Am.* I promise thee  
To hear him speak, provided this may be  
For all. *Cor.* It shall. *Am.* And that he may not know  
I was acquainted with't. *Cor.* I'll make as though  
Ye met by accident. *Am.* And that I may  
At my own pleasure freely go away.

*Cor.* Thou shalt, when thou hast heard him. *Am.* And  
that he  
Shall briefly speak. *Cor.* That too is granted thee.

*Am.* Nor come within my darts length of me. *Cor.*  
What a stir's here with thy simplicitie! (Fin)  
To make it sure, he shall not do thee wrong,  
I'll tie up all his limbs except his tongue.  
Wouldst thou have more? *Am.* 'Tis well. *Cor.* And  
when wilt thou

Do this? *Am.* Whene'er thou wilt: Do but allow  
Me so much time, as to go home to hear  
More certain news about this Marriage there.

*Cor.* Go, but with caution, and before thou'rt gone  
Hear a contrivance I have thought upon  
As thou wert speaking: In the afternoon  
I would have thee without thy Nymphs to come  
Into this shady walk, where I will be  
Before for this occasion, and with me

*Nerina, Phillis, Celia, Aglaura, Eliza, Daphne, Silvia, and Laura;*  
 All my no less discreet and witty, then  
 Faithful and secret Mates. There thou with them  
 Shalt play (as thou art wont) at Blind-man-Buff,  
 So that *Mirtillo* will with ease enough  
 Be made believe, that for thy own pastime  
 Thou thither cam'st, and not to meet with him.

*Am.* I like it wondrous well. But dost thou hear?  
 I would not any of those Nymphs were there  
 The while *Mirtillo* speaks. *Cor.* I do conceive:  
 'Twas thought upon with good discretion. Leave  
 The getting them away to my endeavour.  
 Go: and remember one thing, — to love ever  
 Thy faithfullest *Corisca*. *Am.* In her hands  
 Since I have put my heart, she may command  
 As much love as she pleases.

*Cor.* Is she not stiff? We must assault this rock  
 With greater force; though she resist my shock,  
 Against *Mirtillo's* she will find no fence  
 I'm sure: I know by self-experience  
 The power of Lovers prayers when they invade  
 The tender heart of an inclining Maid  
 If she do yield, I'll make her smart so soon,  
 That she shall find her sport was not in sport;  
 Through her dark'st words her heart shall be to me  
 As visible as in a 'natomie;  
 I'll ransack all her veins: that done, and I  
 Made Mistress of her secrets, easily  
 I'll wind her so, and lead her by the nose

To what I'd have, that she shall ne'er suppose  
(Much less shall others) that it was my skill  
That drew her to't, but her unbridled will.

## SCENA SESTA.

*Corisca, Satyr.*

*Cor.* **O** I'm dead. *Sat.* But I was quick.  
**O** There's a trick now for your trick.

*Cor.* My *Amurillis*, I am caught.

**O** come back. *Sat.* She hears thee not.

'Twill now behove thee to be strong.

*Cor.* **O** me, my hair! *Sat.* I have so long.

Stood anpling for thee in my Boat,

At last thou art strook: 'Tis not thy coat,

'Tis thy hair (Sister) this. *Cor.* To me

This usage (*Satyr?*) *Sat.* Yes, to thee,

*Corisca*, for I am mistaken:

That Mistress in the art of making

The fine-spun lyes, that sells so dear

False words, false hopes, and a false leer?

She that so often hath betraid me;

She that so many fools hath made me

At every turn of the forceress,

The cheat *Corisca*? *Cor.* I confess,

I am *Corisca*; but not she

Now, that was once so lov'd by thee,

My gentile *Satyr*. *Sat.* Pray since when

Am I gentile? I was not then

When

When me for *Coridon* thou didst change, H I . 703

*Cor.* Thee for another *Sat.* Set how strange  
She makes it now! I warrant thou  
This is great news to thee; and when  
Thou mad'st me *Silvia's* Buskins *Itch*,  
The Bow of *Lilla*, *Cloris* Veil,  
And *Daphne's* Gown, that were to be  
The price of love, which promis'd me,  
Thou gav'st another: and when that  
Fair wreath I on thy head didst place,  
Thou upon *Nise* didst bestow,  
And when thou mad'st me (cold as snow)  
Watch many a night out at the Fountains  
The Cave, Wood-side, and foot o' th' Mountain,  
And for my pains didst laugh at me,  
Did I then seem gentle to thee?  
Ah thief! But now as I am here,  
I'll make thee pay thy whole arrear.

*Cor.* O me! Thou dragg'st me like a beast  
*Sat.* I drag thee like thy self then. Wrest  
Thy neck out of the collar now  
Give me the slip if thou know'st how.  
Fox, though thy craft the time before  
Did save thee, it shall do't no more.

For this I'm sure thou canst not scape,  
Unless thou leave thy head i' th' trap.

*Cor.* Yet give me so much time I pray,  
As for my self to answer. *Sat.* Say.

*Cor.* How can I if thou hold me so?

*Sat.* 'Tis likely I should let thee go.

*Cor.* I'll gage my faith not to go hence.

*Sat.* What faith? Hast thou the impudence  
(Perfidious woman) to name faith  
To me? I'll bear thee where there's bath  
No Sun, much less the feet of men  
Approacht, unto the horrid'st den  
Of all this Mountain there. (but I  
Will act the rest) to mine own joy  
And thy dishonour, I will kerve  
Such vengeance as thy faults deserve.

*Cor.* Canst thou then (cruel) to this hair (which has  
Ty'd fast (thy heart) on to this face (which was  
Once thy delight) to this (curse) (then  
More dear to thee than thine own life was when  
Thou swar'st by that, that thou couldst find it sweet  
On her behalf, ev'n death it self to meet)  
Canst thou once think to offer injury  
I say, to her? O Heav'n! O Destiny!  
Whom have I hop'd in? whom can I believe  
Against *Sat.* Ah Syren I think 'twill be to deceive  
Me still? still rock me with thy flattering charms?

*Cor.* My sweet dear *Sat.*, do no harm  
To her that loves thee. Thou art not a beast,  
Nor hast a marble or a flinty breast:  
Behold me at thy feet! O pardon me,  
If ever I (by chance) offended thee,  
My Idol. By those snowy and more  
Than humane knees, which clasping I adore;  
By that rough manly visage; by that dear  
Affection which thou once to me didst bear;



By the sweet influence of those eyes which thou  
Wert wont to call two Stars (two fountains now)  
By these salt tears which trickle down so fast,  
Pity me now, and let me go. *Sat.* Thou hast  
Mov'd me (I must confess), and I were gone,  
If I should hearken to affection,  
But to be short, I do not credit thee:  
Thou art too full of wiles and tricks for me,  
And he that takes thy word, believes his shares.  
Beneath this humble shew, beneath these pray'rs,  
There's hid *Corisca*: *Thou* canst never be  
*Another.* Struggling still? *Cor.* My head, O me!  
Ah cruel! stay a little longer yet,  
And grant me but one favour. *Sat.* What is it?  
*Cor.* Hear me a little more. *Sat.* Thou hopest now  
With flatt'ries and squeez'd tears to make me bow?  
*Cor.* Ah courteous Sary! wilt thou keve in me  
Such cruel vengeance? *Sat.* Come, and thou shalt see.  
*Cor.* And take no pity of me? *Sat.* None at all.  
*Cor.* But art thou firm in this? *Sat.* As a Brass-wall.  
Is this charm ended? *Cor.* O thou base, and not  
To be exampled Rogues; half man, half goat,  
And all a beast; thou Carrion that doth stink,  
By blow and blush of Nature; If thou think  
*Corisca* loves thee not, thou think'st the truth.  
What should she love in such a comely youth?  
That fair Stags-head? that Chimney-sweepers broom?  
Goats-ears? that grave of rottenness and rheum,  
Which once had bones in't? *Sat.* This to me,  
Thou wicked Varlet? *Cor.* Ev'n to thee.

*Sat.* To me, thou Scold? *Cor.* To thee, thou Goat.

*Sat.* And with these pincers pull I not  
Thy barking tongue out? *Cor.* Would thou durst  
Come near't, there's that will scour their rust.

*Sat.* A paltry woman, and in such  
Condition (being in my clutch)  
To injure me! and dare me too!  
I will——— *Cor.* Base slave, what wilt thou do?

*Sat.* Eat thee alive I will. *Cor.* Where be  
The teeth to do't? *Sat.* Heav'n, dost thou see  
And suffer this! But if I do not  
Chastise thee——Come along. *Cor.* I wo'not,

*Sat.* Wo'not, my Mistress Malapert?

*Cor.* Wo'not in spite of thy foul heart.

*Sat.* That shall be seen; Come, or I swear,  
This arm I'll from thy shoulder rear.

*Cor.* Tear my head off, I wo'not go  
One foot. *Sat.* Art thou resolved to?

Let's ne'er dispute then any longer,  
But put to trial whether's stronger,

And faster on, thy neck-piece, or  
My arm.——— Thy hands to help too? Nor

Are these (perverse one) enough guard.

*Cor.* That shall be try'd. *Sat.* It shall. *Cor.* Pull hard—

*Satyr* adieu, get thy neck-fer. *Sat.* O me!

How I am shatter'd! O my head! my knee!

O my back-bone! my thigh! what a vile fall

Was here! to get upon my legs is all

I have the power to do. But can it be

That she should fly, and leave her head with me?

O marvellous! ye Nymphs and Shepherds run,  
Flock hither to behold a wonder; one  
That runs away without her head, by skill  
In Magick. Hah! how light it is! how ill  
Peopled with brains! How comes it that I see  
None of the blood spirt forth? But stay; let me  
Peruse it better. O thou stock! thou stone!  
Thou hast no head, if thou think she hath none.  
Was ever any man so fool'd? See now  
If she had not a trick to 'scape, when thou  
Thought'st her most sure! Thou all made up of wiles;  
Was't not enough thy heart, thy face, thy smiles,  
Thy looks and speeches falsified were,  
But thou must likewise falsifie thy hair?  
The glowing Amber, and the flowing Gold,  
Which you (mad Poets) so extol, behold!  
Blush, blush now at your errour, and recant  
Your thred-bare theam; in stead whereof, go paint  
The arts of a deform'd and impious Witch  
Breaking up Sepulchres by night, from which  
She steals the hair that upon Death's head grows,  
To imp her own, which she so neatly does,  
That she hath made you praise what ye should more  
Than dire *Megara's* snaky locks abhor.  
These (*Lovers*) are your gyves (I take it) too!  
Look on 'em Idiots: and if (as you  
Protest) your hearts are fastned to these hairs,  
Now every one may without sighs or tears  
Come by his own. But why do I forbear  
To publish her disgrace? Surely that hair,

Which

Which stuck with Stars adorns the Azure Skie,  
 Never so famous was as this ; and she  
 Much more that wore it, by my tongue shall be  
 Made infamous to all posterity. — 3

Chorus. O  
 None of the good thou lovest ; But they ; let none  
 Peruse it better.

AH! 'Twas a grievous fault in her, (the cause  
 Of all our sorrows) who, the sacred Laws  
 Of Love offending, by her breach of truth,  
 Kindled against this Land the mortal wrath  
 Of the immortal Gods, which not a Flood  
 Of general tears, nor so much guiltless blood  
 " Can quench yet or abate ; so high a price  
 " Unspatted Faith, (Expeller of all vice,  
 " And most undoubted Argument to prove  
 " A mind descended nobly) bears above,  
 " And such a care to plant love in his creature,  
 " By which we deifie our humane Nature)  
 " Hath the eternal Lover, O those blind  
 Mistaken Mortals, who addict their mind  
 To wealth, (for which affection's basely sold)  
 Watching the carcase of their coffin'd gold,  
 Like a pale Ghost that walks about his grave !  
 Or why should beauty our free hearts enslave ?  
 " These are dead loves ; the living and divine,  
 " Is where two souls by virtue do combine.  
 " No outward object can with reason move  
 " The heart to love it, 'cause it cannot love ;

" Only

"Only the fool, 'cause that can love again,  
"Deserves a love, deserves a Lovers pain.

Well may that kiss be sweet that's given to a sleek  
And fragrant Rose of a Vermilion cheek;  
And understanding tasters (as are true  
And happy Lovers) will commend that too.

'Tis a dead kiss, say I, and must be poor,  
Which the place kiss hath no means to restore.

But the sweet echoing, and the Dove-like billing  
Of two encountering Mouths, when both are willing;

And when at once both Loves advance their bows,  
Their shafts drawn home, at once sound at the loose,  
(How sweet is such Revenge!) This is true kissing,  
Where there is one for t' other without missing

A minute of the time, or taking more  
Than that which in the taking they restore.

Whereby an interchange of amorous blisses,  
At the same time they sow and gather kisses.

Kiss a cheek, a swelling lip, then kiss a waist,  
A breast, a forehead, or what else thou list;

No part of a fair Nymph so just shall be  
Except the lip, to pay this kiss to thee.

Thither your souls e'er falling forth, and they  
Kiss too, and by the wandering pen's convey

Life into smacking Rubies, and transfuse  
Into the love sprightly kiss their use

Of reason; so that in discourse together  
In kisses, which with little noise deliver

Much matter; and sweet secrets, which he spells  
Who is a Lover, gibbish to all else.

Like

Like life, like mutual joy they feel where Love  
With equal flames as with two wings doth move.

"And as where lips kiss lips is the best Kiss:

"So where one's lov'd, to love, best loving is.



# Actus Tertius.

SCENA PRIMA.

Mirtillo.

Spring, the years youth, fair Mother of new flowers,  
New leaves, new loves, drawn by the winged  
Thou art return'd; but the felicity (hours)  
Thou brought'st me last is not return'd with thee.  
Thou art return'd, but brought returns with thee,  
Save my lost joys regretful memory.  
Thou art the self-same thing thou wert before,  
As fair and jocund; but I am no more.  
The thing I was, so gracious in her sight,  
Who is Heav'n's Master-piece, and Earth's delight,  
"O bitter-sweets of Love! Far worse it is  
"To lose, than never to have tasted bliss.  
"But O how sweet were Love, if it could not  
"Be lost, or being lost could be forgot!  
Though if my hopes (as mine are wont to be)  
Are not of glass, or my love makeme see

Them

Them through a multiplying glass; If I  
Be not deceiv'd both by my self, and by  
Another: Here I shall that Sun behold  
Which I adore, impart her beams of gold  
To my blest sight, behold her flying feet  
Stop at my sad notes: here upon the sweet  
Food of that lovely face I shall suffice,  
After a tedious fast, my greedy eyes.  
Here, here behold that proud one on me turn  
Her sparkling lamps, if not to light, to burn.  
And if not fraught with amorous delight,  
So kindly cruel as to kill outright.  
Yet were't but just, that after so much pain  
As I have hitherto endur'd in vain,  
Thou Love at length shouldst make the Sun appear  
To this benighted Earth serene and clear.  
Hither *Ergasto* did direct me, where  
*Corisca* and my *Amarillis* were  
To play at Blind-man-buff: but I can find  
In this place nothing but my love that's blind,  
And so deceiv'd, misled by a false guide  
To seek that light which is to me deny'd.  
Pray Heav'n my hard and envious fate beneath  
This sugred Pill now have not hid my death,  
This tedious stay afflicts me: "For to those  
"That go to meet their Loves, each moment shows  
"An age. Perchance I have arriv'd too late,  
And made for me too long *Corisca* wait:  
Yet I made haste. Now wo is me! If I  
Have done this fault, I will lie down and die.

SCENA



## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Amarillis, Mirtillo, Chorus of Nymphs, Corisca.*

*Am.* **B**Ehold the Buff! *Mirt.* O fight! *Am.* Com-  
on. *Mirt.* O voice!  
That makes my heart both tremble and rejoice.

*Am.* What do you do? *Lisetta*, where art thou,  
That wert so eager of this sport but now?  
And thou, *Corisca*, whither gone? *Mir.* I find  
Now it is true indeed, that Love is blind.

*Am.* You there that are appointed for my guide  
To hand and to support me on both sides,  
Before the rest of our Companions come,  
Out of these trees conduct me to field-room:  
Then leaving me alone amidst the plain,  
Amongst our other fellows herd again:  
So joining all together, make a ring  
About me round, and let the sport begin.

*Mir.* But what shall I do? Yet I cannot see  
Of what advantage this should be to me  
In my desires; nor see I my North-star,  
*Corisca*: Succour me, blest Heav'n! *Am.* O are  
Ye come at last? ye wantons, did you mean  
Only to blind my eyes? Begin now then.

*Chor.* Love, thou art not blind, I know,  
But dost only appear so

"To blind us: if thy sight's small,

"Thou hast, I'm sure no faith at all.

Blind or not, thou try'st in vain  
Me into thy net to train.

And to keep out of thy pound,  
Off I get, and traverse ground.

Blind as thou art, thou couldst see more  
Than Argus hundred eyes of yore.

Thou couldst see (blind as thou art)

Well enough to hit my heart.

But I were a fool indeed,

Should I trust thee now I am freed.

Sport with thee henceforth that will;

'Tis a sport with thee to kill.

*Am.* I, but with too much weariness you play:

Ye should strike first, and after get away.

Approach me, touch me, and yet shalt not fly

Me then. *Mir.* O ye high Gods! in Heav'n am I?

On Earth? O Heav'ns! do your eternal rounds

Move in such order, warble such sweet sounds?

*Cho.* Well, blind Archer, since thou still

Urgest me to play, I will.

Now I clap thy shoulder hard:

Now I flee unto my guard:

Strike, and run, and strike again,

And thou wheel'st about in vain.

Now I pinch thee, now remove:

And leave at thee now blind I see.

*Tet thou canst not light on me ;  
Why ? because my heart is free.*

*Am.* In faith, *Licoris*, I had surely thought  
I've caught thee there, and 'twas a Tree I caught  
I, dost thou laugh? *Mir.* Would I had been that I see  
But do I not *Corisca* hidden see  
Amongst those brakes? and she makes signs as who  
Should say, that something she would have me do

*Cho.* " *A free heart makes a nimble heel.  
Ah Traitor ! dost thou tempt me still  
With thy flattering false delight ?  
Thus then I renew the fight.  
Slash, and slice, and turn, and shove ;  
And about again blind Love :  
Tet thou canst not light on me ;  
Why ? because my heart is free.*

*Am.* Would thou wert pull'd up by the Root, base  
That I should ever thus be catching thee! (*Tree*)  
Deceived by the dancing of a bough,  
I did suppose I'd had *Eliza* now.

*Mir.* *Corisca* still is making signs to me,  
And looks as she were angry ; perhaps she (*I play*)  
Would have me mix with those Nymphs. *Am.* Must  
With nothing but with Trees then all this day ?

*Cor.* I must come forth and speak, or he'll not stir--  
To her (*White-liver*) and lay hold on her.  
Why dost thou gape? to have her run into  
'Thy mouth? At least, if that thou dar'st not do,

*Let*

Let her lay hold of thee. Come, give me here  
 This dart, and go to meet her fool. *Mir.* How near  
 To impotence is strong desire! O Love!  
 That thou shouldst make a man a coward prove!  
*Am.* Play but once more, for now I weary grow.  
 Troth y'are to blame for making me run so.

*Chor.* That triumphant God survey,  
 To whom amorous mortals pay  
 Impious tribute! See him snaffeld!  
 See him laught at! See him baffeld!  
 As a hooded Hawk or Owl  
 With light blinded, when the fowl  
 With their armies flock about her,  
 Some to beat, and some to flout her;  
 She in vain doth rounce and peck  
 This and that way with her beak:  
 So we baffle and deride  
 Thee (blind Love) on ev'ry side.  
 One doth pinch thy elbow black;  
 T' other has thee by the back;  
 And thy baiting does no good,  
 Nor thy pecking through thy hood,  
 Nor thy stretching out thy claws.  
 "But sweet meats have sour sawce."  
 "Birds are caught by playing thus:"  
 "So do Nymphs grow amorous."

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Amarillis, Corisca, Mirtillo.*

*Am.* Faith, *Aglaura*, art thou caught at last?  
 Thou'dst fain be gone, but I will hold thee fast.

*Cor.* Surely, unless at unawares by main  
 Strength I had thrust him on her, I in vain  
 Had tyr'd my self to make him thither go.

*Am.* Thou wilt not speak now: Art thou the or no?

*Cor.* I lay his Dart here by him, and unto  
 My bush return, t' observe what will ensue.

*Am.* Thou art *Corisca*, now it is most clear;  
 I know thee by thy tallness and short hair.  
 'Twas thee I wish'd to catch; that I might use thee  
 Just as I list, and thus, and thus abuse thee;  
 And thus, and thus: Not yet? But since 'twas thou  
 That boundst me, do thou too unbind me now:  
 Quickly, (my heart) and thou shalt have of me  
 The sweetest kiss that e'er was given thee.  
 What dost thou stick at? thy hand trembles: what,  
 Art thou so weary? If thy nails will not,  
 Let thy teeth do't: come, Fumbler, let me see;  
 I can my self untangle without thee.  
 Fie, how with knots on knots it is perplex?  
 The best on't is, thou must be blinded next.  
 So, now 'tis loos'd: Hah! whom have we here?  
 Traitor avaunt. I am unspirited, *Mir.* Dear

Soul

Soul, do not strive to go away. *Am.* Unhand  
(Forcer of Nymphs) unhand me, I command.

Ay me! *Aglaura* and *Eliza* tarry,

Betrayers of my innocence, where are ye? ———

Unhand me, Villain. *Mir.* I obey. *Am.* This plot  
*Corisca* laid: Now tell her what th'ast got.

*Mir.* O whither fly'st thou Cruel? ere thou go,  
Banquet thy eyes yet with my death: for lo,  
I pierce my bosom with this Dart. *Am.* Ay me!  
What wilt thou do? *Mir.* That which it troubles thee  
Perchance (dire Nymph) that any should be sed  
T' have done, but thou. *Am.* (Ay me! I'm almost dead.)

*Mir.* And if this action to thy hand be due,  
Behold the weapon and the brest! *Am.* 'Tis true,  
Thou hast deserv'd it of me. What could move  
Thy heart to such a high presumption? *Mir.* Love.

*Am.* "Love never causes rudeness. *Mir.* Then con-  
"I was in love, because I was not rude: (clude,  
For if within thy arms thou caught'st me first,  
I cannot well with rudeness be asperst,  
Since with so fair an opportunitie  
To be audacious, and to use with thee  
The Laws of Love, I had such power yet over  
My self, I ev'n forgot I was a Lover.

*Am.* Upbraid me not with what I blind did do.

*Mir.* I being in Love was blinder of the two.

*Am.* "Pray'r & sweet language discreet Lovers use  
"To win their loves; not thefts and cheats, t' abuse.

*Mir.* As a wild beast enrag'd with want of food,  
Rushes on travellers out of the wood:

So I, that only live on thy fair eyes,  
 Since that lov'd-fool thy cruelty denies,  
 Or else my Fate, if like a ravenous Lover,  
 Rushing to day upon thee from this Cover,  
 Where I had long been famisht, I did prove  
 One stratagem to save my life, (which Love  
 Prompted me to) then blame not, cruel Maid,  
 Me, but thy self; for if (as thou hast said)  
 Prayer and sweet language only should be us'd  
 By discreet Lovers, which thou hast refus'd  
 To hear from me; thou by thy crueltye,  
 Thou by thy flight mad'st me I could not be  
 A discreet Lover. *Am.* If th'adst gi'n her over  
 That fled from thee, th'adst been a discreet Lover.  
 But know, thou persecutest me in vain; (daign  
 What wouldst thou have of me? *Mir.* I'd have thee  
 Once ere I die to hear me. *Am.* See! as soon  
 As thou hast askt, thou hast receiv'd the boon.  
 Now then be gone. *Mir.* Ah Nymph! I've scarcely yet  
 Pour'd one small drop out to thee of the great  
 Sea of my tears. If not for pities sake,  
 Yet for the pleasure thou therein wilt take,  
 List' to a dying mans last accents. *Am.* Well,  
 To shun more trouble, and thy hopes to quell,  
 To hear thee I'm content. But this before;  
 Say little, quickly, part, and come no more.  
*Mir.* Thou dost command me, cruel'st Nymph, to  
 In volume too too small, that unconfin'd (bind  
 Desire, which scarcely humane thought (though it  
 Be as the soul that holds it, infinit)  
 Hath line to fathom.

That

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That I do love thee more than I do love  
 My life, (if thou doub't'st, Cruel) ask this Grove,  
 And that will tell thee; and with it each beast,  
 Each stupid stock there can the same attest;  
 Each stone of these high mountains, which so oft  
 I with the voice of my complaints made soft.  
 But what need I call any' witness else  
 To prove my love, where so much beauty dwells?  
 Behold these flowers which make low earth so proud!  
 Those Stars which nail Heavens pavement! all these  
 Into one ring: A beauty like that same (crowd  
 Is the high cause and forcer of my flame.  
 For as by Nature Water doth descend,  
 The Fire unto the higher Regions tend,  
 The Air obliquely spread it self, the Ground  
 Lie still, and Heaven about all these turn round:  
 So naturally do I encline to thee,  
 As to my chiefest good; so naturally  
 To those lov'd beauties (as unto her sole)  
 With all her wing'd affections flies my soul.  
 And he that should imagine he had force  
 Her from her dearest object to divorce,  
 Might with as much facility command  
 The Air, the Fire, the Water and the Land,  
 The Heavens too from their accustom'd track,  
 And make the Pillars of the World to crack,  
 But since thou bidst me say but little, I  
 Shall say but little, saying that *I die*:  
 And shall do less in dying, since I see  
 How much my death is coveted by thee.

Yet I shall do (alas) all that is left  
 For me to do, of hopes in love bereft.  
 But (cruel Soul) when I am in my grave,  
 Some pity then upon my sufferings have.  
 Ah! fair and lov'd, and that wert once the sweet  
 Cause of my life (whilst Heav'n thought it meet)  
 Turn those bright lamps upon me, as benigne  
 And pitiful as ere I saw them shine,  
 Once ere I die, that I may die in peace.  
 Let those fair amiable eyes release  
 My life, now bitter, which once sweetned it;  
 And those bright Stars, which my loves torches lit,  
 Light too my Funeral-tapers, and forerun,  
 As once my rising, now my setting Sun.  
 But thou more hard than ere thou wert before,  
 Feel'st yet no spark of pity; but art more  
 Stiff with my pray'rs. Must I then talk alone?  
 Wretch that I am, discourse I to a stone?  
 Say, *Die*, at least, if nothing else thou'lt say;  
 And thou shalt see me die. O Love! what way  
 Canst thou not plague me? when this Nymph that's  
 In cruelty, and for my blood did thirst, (nurse)  
 Finding my death would now a favour be,  
 Ev'n that sad favour doth deny to me?  
 Nor will reply a syllable, or daign  
 One stabbing word to put me out of pain?  
*Ans.* To answer thee if I had promised,  
 As well as hear thee, this were justly sed.  
 Thou call'st me cruel, hoping, that to shun  
 That vice, into the contrary I'll run,

But know, my ears are not so tickled  
 With that (by me so little merited,  
 And less desired) praise thou giv'st to me  
 Of beauty, as to hear my self by thee

"Stil'd Cruel ; which to be to any other,  
 "I grant were vice ; 'tis vertue to a Lover :  
 "And what thou harshness call'st and cruelty,  
 "Is in a woman perfect honesty.

But say, that ev'n t' a Lover 'twere a sin ;  
 Yet tell me, when hath *Amarillis* been  
 Cruel to thee ? Was't then when justice bad  
 To use no pity ; yet on thee I had  
 So much, that I from death deliver'd thee ?  
 I mean, when 'mongst a noble companie  
 Of modest Virgins mingled, thou didst cover  
 With a Maids habit a libidinous Lover :  
 And, our chaste sports polluting, didst intrude  
 'Mongst kisses feign'd and innocent, thy lewd  
 And wanton kisses, (such an act, as yet  
 I blush as oft as I but think on it.)

But at that time I knew thee not, (Heav'n knows)  
 And when I did, my indignation rose.  
 Thy wantonness I from my mind did keep,  
 And suffer'd not the amorous plague to creep  
 To my chaste heart : on my lips outer skin  
 The poyson suck, but none of it got in.

"A mouth that's kist perforce,  
 "If it spit out the kiss, is ne'er the worse.  
 But what wouldst thou by that bold theft have got,  
 If I had to those Nymphs discover'd what

Thou wert? the *Thracian* women never tore  
 And murther'd *Orpheus* so on *Hebrus* shore,  
 As they had thee, unless her clemencie,  
 Whom thou call'st cruel, now had rescu'd thee.  
 But she is not so cruel as she ought  
 To be: for if when she is cruel thought  
 Thy boldness is so great, what would it be  
 If she were judg'd pitiful by thee?  
 That honest pity which I could, I gave;  
 Other it is in vain for thee to crave,  
 Or hope: "For amorous pity she can ill  
 "Bestow, who gave it all to one that will  
 "Give her none back. If thou my Lover be,  
 Love my good name, my life, my honestie.  
 Thou seek'st impossibles; I am a ward  
 To Heaven, Earth watches me, and my reward  
 If I transgress, is death: but most of all,  
 Vertue defends me with a brazen wall.  
 "For she that is protected by her honour,  
 "Scorns there should be a safer guard upon her.  
 Look to thy safety then, and do not give  
 Battel to me, *Mirtillo*: flie, and live,  
 If thou be wise. "For out of sense of smart  
 "T'abandon life, argues but a faint heart.  
 "And 'tis the part of vertue to abstain  
 "From what we love, if it will prove our bane.

*Mir.* "He that no longer can resist, must yield.

*Am.* "Where vertue is, all passions quit the field.

*Mir.* "Love triumphs over vertue. *Am.* Let that man

"That cannot what he will, will what he can.

*Mir.*

*Mir.* "Necessity of loving hath no Law. (draw.

*Am.* "Loves wounds will heal, which salves of absence

*Mir.* "We fly in vain what we about us carry.

*Am.* "Love drives out love like following billows: Marry.

*Mir.* Strange levity in me thou dost presume.

*Am.* "If all ways fail, time will thy love consume.

*Mir.* But first my love will have consumed me.

*Am.* Is there no cure then for thy malady?

*Mir.* No cure at all but that which death affords.

*Am.* Death? let me speak then; and be sure these  
Be as a charm unto thee: though I know (words

"When Lovers talk of dying, it doth show

"An amorous custom rather of the tongue,

"Than a resolve of mind (continuing long)

"To do't indeed: yet if thou ere shouldst take  
So strange a frenzie; know, when thou dost make

Away thy self, thou murder'st my fame too:

Live then (if thou dost love me) and adieu:

I shall esteem thee henceforth most discreet,

If thou take care we two may never meet.

*Mir.* Sad doom! without my life how can I live?  
Or without death end to my torments give?

*Am.* *Mirtillo*, 'Tis high time thou went'st away,  
Thou hast already made too long a stay;

Be gone; and take this cordial along,

"Of hopeless Lovers there's a numerous throng;

"There is no wound but carries with it pain,

And there are others may of love complain.

*Mir.* I know I'm not the only man hath lost  
His Love; but only wretched I am tost

'Twixt life and death ; of whom it may be sed,  
That I am neither living, nor yet dead.

*Am.* Be gone, be gone. *Mir.* O woful parting!  
End of my days ! from thee how can I go,  
And yet not die? The pangs of death I'm sure  
I feel, and all that parting souls endure.  
For mine, 'tis past into my griefs : Hence I  
Have ceas'd to live, those live immortally.

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Amarillis.*

**M***irtillo*, O *Mirtillo* ! couldst thou see  
That heart which thou condemn'st of cruelty  
(Soul of my soul) thou unto it wouldst show  
That pity which thou begg'st from it I know.  
O ill starr'd Lovers ! what avails it me  
To have thy love ? T'have mine, what boots it thee  
Whom Love hath join'd, why dost thou separate,  
Malicious Fate ! and two divorc'd by Fate,  
Why join'st thou perverse Love ! How blest are you  
Wild beasts, that are in loving ty'd unto  
No Laws but those of Love ! whilst humane Laws  
Inhumanely condemn us for that cause,  
" O why, if this be such a natural  
" And powerful passion, was it capital !  
" Nature too frail, that dost with Law contend !  
" Law too severe, that Nature dost offend !

"But what? they love but little who death fear.  
 Ah, my *Mirtillo*! would to Heav'n that were  
 "The only penalty. Vertue which art  
 "The binding'st Law to an ingenuous heart,  
 This inclination which in me I feel,  
 Lanc'd with the sharp point of thy holy steel,  
 To thee I sacrifice; and pardon (dear  
*Mirtillo*) her, that's only cruel, where  
 She must not pity. Pardon thy fierce foe  
 In looks and words: but in her heart not so.  
 Or if addicted to revenge thou be,  
 What greater vengeance canst thou take on me,  
 Than thine own grief? For if thou be my heart,  
 (As in despite of Heav'n and Earth thou art)  
 Thy sighs my vital spirits are, the flood  
 Of tears which follows is my vital blood,  
 And all these pangs, and all these groans of thine,  
 Are not thy pangs, are not thy groans, but mine.

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Corisca, Amarillis.*

*Cor.* Sister, no more dissembling. *Am.* Wo is me!  
 I am discover'd. *Cor.* I heard all: now see,  
 Was I a Witch? I did believe (my Heart)  
 Thou wert in love; now I am sure thou art.  
 And wouldst thou keep from me? thy Closet? tush,  
 This is a common evil, never blush.

*Am.*



*Am.* *Corisca*, I am conquer'd, (I confess 't.)

*Cor.* No, now I know't, deny it thou wert best

*Am.* "Alas! I knew a womans heart would prove

"Too small a vessel for o'er-flowing love.

*Cor.* Cruel to thy *Mirtillo*! but unto

Thy self much more! *Am.* 'Tis cruelty that grew

"From pity. *Cor.* Poison ne'er was known to grow

"From wholsom root: What diff'rence canst thou

'Twixt such a cruelty as doth offend, (show

And such a pity as no help will lend?

*Am.* Ay me, *Corisca*! *Cor.* 'Tis a vanity

(Sister) to sigh, an imbecility

Of mind, and tastes too much of woman. *Am.* Wert

Not crueller to nourish in his heart

A hopeless love? To fly him is a signe

I have compassion of his case and mine.

*Cor.* But why a hopeless love? *Am.* Dost thou not

I am contracted unto *Silvio*? (know

Dost thou not know besides what the Law saith,

"*Tis death in any woman that breaks faith?*

*Cor.* O fool! and is this all stands in thy way?

Whether is ancienter with us (I pray)

"The Law of *Dian*, or of Love? this last

"Is born with us, and it grows up as fast

"As we do, *Amarillis*; 'tis not writ,

"Nor taught by Masters, Nature printed it

"In humane hearts with her own powerful hand;

"Both gods and men are under Loves command.

*Am.* But if that Law my life away should take,

Can this of Love a restitution make?

*Cor.*

*Cor.* Thou art too nice, if women all were such,  
And on these scruples should insist so much,  
Good days adieu. I hold them simple souls,  
Will live obnoxious to such poor comptrolls.

"Laws are not for the wise: if to be kind  
Should merit death, *Jove* help the cruel mind!

But if fools fall into those snares, 'tis fit  
They be forbid to steal, who have not wit

"To hide their theft. For honesty is but

"An art, an honest gloss on vice to put.

Think others as they list, thus I conceive.

*Am.* These rotten grounds, *Corisca*, will deceive.

"What I can't hold, 'tis wisdom soon to quit.

*Cor.* "And who forbids thee fool? our life doth flit

"Too fast away to lose one jot of it;

"And men so squemish and so curious grown,

"That two of our new Lovers make not one

"O'th' old. We are no longer for their tooth,

"(Believe't) than while w'are new. Bate us our youth,

"Bate us our beauty, and like hollow Trees

"Which had been stuff'd with honey by the Bees,

"If that by licourish hands away be ta'ne,

"Dry and despised Trunks we shall remain.

Therefore let them have leave to babble what

They please, as those who know nor reckon not

What the poor woman *Amarillis* bears,

Our case, alas! is differing much from theirs.

"Men in perfection as in age increase;

"Wisdom supplies the loss of handsomness:

"But when our youth and beauty (which alone

"Conquers the strength and wit of men) are gone,

"All's

" All's gone with us; nor canst thou possibly  
 " Say a worse thing, or to be pardon'd thee  
 " More hardly, than *Old Woman*. Then before  
 Thou split on that inevitable shore,  
 Know thine own worth, and do not be so mad,  
 As when thou mayst live merry, to live sad.  
 What would the Lyon's strength boot him, or wit  
 Avail a man, unless he used it?  
 Our beauty is to us that which to men  
 Wit is, or strength unto the Lyon. Then

" Let us use it whilst we may;  
 " Snatch those joys that haste away.  
 " Earth her Winter-coat may cast,  
 " And renew her beauty past;  
 " But, our Winter come, in vain  
 " We sollicite Spring again:  
 " And when our Furrows Snow shall cover,  
 " Love may return, but never Lover.

*Am.* Thou sayst all this only to try me sure,  
 Not that thy thoughts are such. But rest secure,  
 Unless the way thou unto me shalt show  
 Be a plain way, and warrantable too  
 To break this Match; I am resolv'd to die  
 A thousand deaths, ere stain my honestie.

*Cor.* More wilful woman I did never know.  
 But since thou art so resolv'd, be it so.  
 Tell me, good *Amarillis*, seriously,  
 Dost thou suppose thy *Silvio* sets by

His faith as much as thou thy honestie.

*Am.* Thou mak'st me laugh at this: wherein should he Express a faith, who is to love a foe?

*Cor.* Love's foe? O fool! thou know'st not *Silvio*. He is the still Sow, he. O those coy souls! Believe them not: the deep stream silent rowls.

No theft in love, so subtil, so secure,

As to hide sin by seeming to be pure.

In short, thy *Silvio* loves: but 'tis not thee

(Sister) he loves. *Am.* What Goddess may she be?

For certainly she is no mortal Dame,

That could the heart of *Silvio* inflame. (thou saidst)

*Cor.* Nor Goddess, nor yet Nymph. *Am.* What hast

*Cor.* Dost thou know my *Lisetta*? *Am.* Who? the Maid

That tends thy flocks? *Cor.* The same. *Am.* It cannot be

She, I am sure, *Corisca*. *Cor.* Very she,

I can assure thee she is all his joy.

*Am.* A proper choice for one that was so coy.

*Cor.* But wilt thou know how he doth pine away,

And languish for this Jewel? Every day

He feigns to go a hunting. *Am.* Every morn

Soon as it dawns I hear his cursed horn.

*Cor.* And just at noon, when others are i'th' heat

Of all the sport, he doth by stealth retreat

From his Companions, and comes all alone

Unto my garden by a way unknown:

Where underneath a haw-thorn hedges shade,

(Which doth the garden fence about) the Maid

Hears his hot sighs, and amorous pray'rs, which she

Comes laughing afterwards, and tells to me.

Now

Now hear what I to serve thee've thought upon;  
Or rather, what I have already done.

I think thou know'st, that *the same Law which but*  
*Enjoyn'd the woman to observe her faith*

*To her betrothed, likewise doth enact,*

*That if the woman catch him in the fact*

*Of falshood, spite of friends she may deny*

*To have him, and without disloyalty*

*Marry another.* Am. This I know full well;

And thereof some examples too could tell

Of my own knowledge; *Egle* having found

*Licotas* false, remain'd her self unbound.

*Armilla* did from false *Turingo* so,

And *Phillida* from *Ligurino* go.

Cor. Now list' to me: My Maid (by me set on)

Hath bid her credulous Lover meet anon

In yonder Cave with her; whence he remains

The most contented of all living Swains,

And waits but th' hour: there thou shalt catch him;

I too will be witness of all to bear:

(For without this our plot would be in vain.)

So without any hazard, or least stain

To thine, or to thy fathers honour, thou

Shalt free thy self from this distasteful vow.

Am. I like it rarely; but the way, the way,

Corisca. Cor. Marry thus, (observe me pray)

I th' middle of the Cave, (which narrow is,

And very long) upon the right hand lies

Another lesser Grot (I know not whether

By Nature, or by Art, or both together

Made)

Made) in the hollow stone, whose slimy wall  
 Is hid with clinging Ivy, and a small  
 Hole in the roof lets light in from above,  
 (Fit receptacles for the thefts of Love,  
 Yet chearful too enough) there thou shalt hide  
 Thy self, and hidden in that place abide  
 Till the two Lovers come; I mean to send  
*Lisetta* first, and after her, her friend,  
 Following his steps my self aloof: And when  
 I shall perceive him step into the den,  
 Rush after him will I. But lest he should  
 Escape from me: when I have laid fast hold  
 Upon him, I will use *Lisetta's* aid,  
 And joining both (for so the plot is laid  
 Between us two) together we will make  
 A cry, at which thou too shalt come, and take  
 The penalty o'th' Law 'gainst *Silvio*.  
 Then my *Lisetta* and we too will go  
 Before the Priest; and so thou shalt untie  
 The Nuptial knot. *Am.* Before his Father? *Cor.* Why?  
 What matters that? Think'st thou *Montano's* blood  
 Will stand in balance with his Countries good?  
 Or that his sacred Function he'll neglect  
 For any carnal or profane respect?

*Am.* Go to then (setting all disputes aside)  
 I wink, and follow thee my faithful guide.

*Cor.* Then linger not (my heart) enter into  
 The Cave. *Am.* Unto the Temple first I'll go  
 "T' adore the gods: For unless Heaven give  
 "Success, no mortal enterprize can thrive.

H

Cor.

Cor. "To devout hearts all places Temples are:  
It will lose too much time, In using pray'r

"To them that made time, time cannot be lost.

Cor. Go, and return then quickly — So almost  
I'm past the half way: only this delay

Gives me some cause of trouble: yet this may

Be of use too. Something there would be done

T'abuse my honest Lover *Coridon*.

I'll say, I'll meet him in the Cave, and so

Will make him after *Amarillo* go.

This done, by a back way I'll thither send

The Priest of *Idia* her to apprehend:

Guilty she will be found, and sentenced

To death without all doubt. My Rival dead,

*Mirtillo* is mine own: His cruelty

To me being caus'd by's love to her. But see

The man! I'll sound him till she comes. Now rise

Rise all my Love into my tongue and eyes.

SCENE A SIXTH

*Mirtillo, Corisca.*

*Mir.* **H**ear ye damnd spirits that in Hell lament,  
Hear a new sort of pain and punishment.

See in a Turtles look a Tygers mind. Then

She, crueller than death, chafe she did find

One death would not suffice her bloody will

And that to live, was to be dying still

Enjoins



Enjoyns me not to make my self away,  
That I might die a thousand times a day.

*Cor.* (I'll make as though I saw him not) I hear  
A doleful voice pierce my relenting ear,  
Who should it be? *Mirtillo*, is it thou? (how

*Mir.* I would it were my ghost. *Cor.* Well, well: but  
(And tell me true) thy self now dost thou find,  
Since to thy dearest Nymph thou brak'st thy mind?

*Mir.* As one who in a feaver cast,  
Forbidden liquor long'd to taste,  
If gotten, sets it to his mouth,  
And quenches life, but cannot drouth:  
So I, with amorous feaver long  
Consumed, from her eyes and tongue  
Sweet poison suck'd, which leaves me more  
Enflamed than I was before.

*Cor.* "Love upon us no power can have  
"But what our selves (*Mirtillo*) gave.  
"As a Bear doth with her tongue  
"Polish her mishapen young  
"Which had else in vain been born:  
"So an Am'rist giving form  
"To a rude and faint desire,  
"That would otherwise expire,  
"Hatches Love; which is at first  
"Weak and raw, but when 'tis nurs'd,  
"Fierce and cruel. Take't upon  
"My word, an old affection  
"Tyrannizes in a brest,  
"And grows a Master from a guest.

" For when the soul shall once be brought  
 " To be fetter'd to one thought,  
 " And that, not have the pow'r to move  
 " A minute from its object, Love,  
 " (Made for delight) will turn to sadness;  
 " And which is worse, to death or madness.  
 " Therefore my advice shall be,  
 " To part thy love to two or three.

*Mir.* Let death or madness me betide,  
 Rather than my Flame divide.

*Amarillis* (though she be  
 Cruel and unkind to me)  
 Is my Life and Reason too,  
 And to her I will be true.

*Cor.* Foolish Swain! that canst not tell  
 How to make a bargain well.  
 What? change love for hatred? I  
 Rather now than do't would die.

*Mir.* " Cruelty doth faith refine,  
 " As the fire the golden Mine:  
 " Where were the loyalty of Love,  
 " If women should not tyrants prove?  
 In my many sufferings this  
 All my joy and comfort is,  
 Sorrows, tortures, exile, gall,  
 Here's a cause will sweeten all,  
 Let me languish, let me burn,  
 Let me any thing but turn.

*Cor.* O brave Lover! valiant brest!  
 More impetuous than a beast!

And yet tamer than a Rock  
Which endures the Oceans shock !  
"In Lovers hearts there cannot be  
"A worse disease than Constancie.  
"O most unhappy those in whom  
"This foolish Idol finds a room !  
"Which shackles us, when we might prove  
"The sweet variety of Love.  
With this dull vertue Constancy,  
Tell me (simple Lover) why  
*Amarillis* ? For her face ?  
Whom another must embrace ?  
Or dost thou affect her mind,  
Which to thee is not inclin'd ?  
All then thou canst doat upon,  
Is thine own destruction.  
And wilt thou be still so mad  
To covet that cannot be had ?  
Up, *Mirtillo*, know thy parts;  
Canst thou want a thousand hearts ?  
Others I dare swear there be,  
That would sue as much to thee.

*Mir.* To be *Amarillis* thrall,  
Is more than to command them all.  
And if she my suit deny,  
All that's pleasure I desie.  
I to make another choice ?  
In another I rejoyce ?  
Neither could I if I would,  
Neither would I if I could :

But if possible to me  
Such a will or power be,  
Heav'n and Love before that hour  
Strip me of all will and power.

*Cor.* Thou art enchanted; otherwise  
Couldst thou too thy self despise

*Mir.* I must, when I'm despis'd by her,  
(*Corisca.*) *Cor.* Come, *Mirtillo*, ne'er  
Deceive thy self: perhaps thou dost suppose  
She loves thee in her heart, (although she shows  
An outward scorn. If thou but knewst that she  
Talks oftentimes to me concerning thee.

*Mir.* All these are trophies of my constant love,  
With which I'll triumph o'er the Pow'rs above,  
And men below, my torments, and her hate,  
O'er Fortune and the World, o'er Death and Fate.

*Cor.* (Wonder of Constancy! if this man knew  
How much he's lov'd by her, what would he do?)  
*Mirtillo*, how it pities me to hear  
These frantick speeches. Tell me, wert thou e'er  
In love before? *Mir.* *Ever Amantilla was*

My first, and shall be my last Love. Alas!  
It should seem then that thou didst never prove  
Any but cruel, but disdainful Love;  
O that 't been thy chance but once to be  
In love with one that's gentle, courteous, free!  
Try that a little: try it, and thou wilt find  
How sweet it is to meet with one that's kind,  
That loves and honours thee as much as thou dost  
Thy sowre and cruel *Amantilla*, how

Delightful 'tis to have a joy as great  
 As is thy love, a happiness complete  
 As thy own will: to have thy mistress twine  
 About thy neck, and her sighs echo thine  
 And after say, My Joy, all that I have,  
 All that I am, and thy desires can crave,  
 As thy devotion is: If I am fair,  
 For thee I'm fair; for thee I deck this hair,  
 This face, this bosom, from this breast of mine  
 I turn'd out mine own heart to harbour thine,  
 But this is a small river to that vast  
 Sweet sea of pleasure which love makes us taste,  
 And they alone that taste can well relate.

*Mir.* A thousand thousand times more fortunate  
 He that's born under a Sign!

*Cor.* Here me, *Mirilla*: (ere I was aware  
 I'd almost call'd thee mine) a Nymph as fair  
 As the proud it me that curls or spreads to air  
 Her golden tresses, worthy of thy love  
 As thou of hers, the Honour of this Grove  
 Love of all hearts, by every worthy Swain  
 In vain solicited, ador'd in vain,  
 Doth love thee only, and thee only prize  
 More than her life, and more than her own eyes.  
*Mirilla*, learn her no: Now wilt thou be  
 For as the magdow doth the body, she  
 Will follow thee through all the world: she will  
 At thy least word and beck be ready still  
 As thy obedient hand-maid: night and day  
 With thee she'll pass the tedious hours away.

Ah! do not wave, (*Mirtilla*) do not wave  
 So rare a bliss; the perfect joys we have,  
 Are those which neither sighs nor tears do cost,  
 Nor danger, and on which least time is lost.  
 Here thou hast pass-time, at thy door a feast  
 Upon the table always ready drest  
 To please thy taste. Ay me! canst thou receive  
 A greater gift than this? *Mirtilla*, leave,  
 Leave this cold hunting after flying feet,  
 And her that runs to thy embraces meet.  
 Nor do I feed thee with vain hopes, command  
 Her come, and she that loves thee is at hand,  
 Now, if thou say the word. *Mir* I prethee rest  
 Content, my pallas is not for a feast.

*Cor.* Try but what joy is made of once, and then  
 Return unto thy wonted grief agen,  
 That thou mayst say, thou hast a taste of both.

*Mir.* "Dissempers d pallas all sweet things do loath."

*Cor.* Yet do sin pry unto her that dies,  
 Unless sh' enjoy the Sun of thy fair eyes,  
 Uncharitable youth, art not thou poor?  
 And canst thou beat a beggar from thy door?  
 Ah! what thou wouldst another should extend  
 To thee, do thou now to another lend.

*Mir.* What alms can beggars give? In short, I swear  
 Allegiance to that Nymph whom I adore,  
 Whether she tyrant prove, or merciful.

*Cor.* O truly blind, and most unhappy, dull  
*Mirtilla*! who is't thou art constant to?  
 I am unwilling to add wo to wo;

But thou art too much wrong'd I' faith, and I  
That love thee am not able to stand by  
And see thee so betraid. If thou suppose  
This cruelty of *Amarillis* grows  
From Zeal to Vertue or Religion,  
Th'art gull'd: another doth possess the throne,  
And thou (poor wretch!) whilst he doth laugh, must  
What, stricken dumb? *Mir.* I'm in an extasie, (cry.  
Twixt life and death suspended, till I know  
Whether I should believe thee now or no.

*Cor.* Dost thou believe me then? *Mir.* If I did, I  
Had not surviv'd it sure: and I will die

Yet, if it be a truth: *Cor.* Live, (Caitiff) live

To be reveng'd. *Mir.* But I cannot believe

It is a truth. *Cor.* Wilt thou not yet believe,

But force me to tell that which it will grieve

Thy soul to hear? Dost thou see yonder Cave?

That is thy Mistress Faith's and Honour's grave:

There laughs sh'at thee, there makes of thy annoy,

A poynant sawce to thy tir'd Rivals joy.

In short; there of a base-born shepherd warms

Thy vertuous *Amarillis* in his arms.

Now go and sigh, and whine, and constant prove

Unto a Nymph that thus rewards thy love.

*Mir.* Ay me, *Corisca!* dost thou tell me true?

And is it fit I should believe thee too?

*Cor.* The more thou searchest, 'twill the worse be.

*Mir.* But didst thou see't, *Corisca?* wo is me!

*Cor.* Truth is, I did not see it, but thou mayst,

And presently, for she her word hath past

To



To meet him there this very hour: But hide  
Thy self beneath that shady hedges side,  
And thou thy self shalt see her straight descend  
Into the Cave, and after her, her friend.

*Mir.* So quickly must I die? *Cor.* See I that  
Her coming down already by the side  
Of that Temple mark how guiltily she moves!  
Her stealing pace betraying their stolen loves.  
To mark the sequel, do thou here remain,  
And afterwards we two will meet again.  
*Mir.* Since the discovery of the truth's so near,  
With my belief I will my death defer.

*Cor.* I live, (Cairn) live, (Cairn) live,  
To be revenged. *Mir.* But I cannot believe.

*Cor.* Will thou not believe,  
But force me to tell that which it will grieve

Thy soul to hear? Dost thou see yonder Cave?  
That is thy Mistress's, and Honour's grave:

There languish'd her mortal work successfully done,  
Which with thy immortal gods is not begun.

Full of distractions, and with heavy heart,  
I did from hence into the Temple part.

Whence (Heaven be prais'd) I came as light as air,  
And strangely comforted: for at my pray'r

Pure and devout, I felt from thence a thought  
Another soul into my body brought.

Which whisper'd, Fear not, I will be true,  
Securely on: I will I will be true.

Her going in, Fair Mother of love, I friend  
Her that on thee for account both depend.

Thou

Thou that as Queen in the third Orb dost shine,  
If e'er thou feltst thy Son's flames, pity mine.  
Bring (Courteous Goddess) by a secret path  
Quickly that youth to whom I've pawn'd my faith.  
And thou, dear Cave, till I have done my work,  
Suffer this slave of Love in thee to lurk.  
But *Amarillis*, all the Coast is clear,  
None nigh to see thee, and none nigh to hear;  
Securely enter. O *Mirtillo*, O  
*Mirtillo*, if thou dream'dst wherefore I go.

SCENA OCTAVA.

*Mirtillo*.

Wake, and see, what I could wish I have been  
Born without eyes, that I might not have seen  
Or rather not to have been born. Ours Fate  
Why hast thou thus prolonged my life's date,  
To bring me to this killing spectacle?  
*Mirtillo*, more tormented than in Hell  
The blackest souls, not to doubt thy griefs  
Not to be able to suspend belief?  
Thou, thou hast heard and seen't: thy Mistress is  
Another man's. And (which is worse) not his  
Whose by the World's Laws she was bound to be,  
But by Love's Laws matcht both from him and thee.  
O cruel *Amarillis*, to undo  
This wretched man, and then to mock him too

With

With that unconstant mouth which once did meet,  
 And once did call *Mirtillo's* kisses sweet:  
 But now his loathed name (which haply rose  
 Like bitter drink that 'gainst the stomach goes)  
 Because it should not bitterness impart  
 To thy delight, hath spu'd out of thy heart.  
 Since therefore she who gave the life, hath ta'en  
 That life away, and given it again  
 T' another; why dost thou thy life survive,  
 Wretched *Mirtillo*? Why art thou alive?

Die, die *Mirtillo*, unto grief and smart,  
 As unto joy already dead thou art.  
 Die, dead *Mirtillo*; since thy life is so,  
 Let thy pangs likewise be concluded. Go  
 Out of the anguish of this death, which still  
 Keeps thee alive, that it may longer kill.  
 But shall I die then unrevenge'd? Sure  
 I'll slay him first that did my death procure.  
 I will dispense with my dire love of death,  
 Till I have justly ta'en away his breath  
 Who slew my heart unjustly. Yield stout grief  
 To anger, death to life, till in my life  
 I have aveng'd my death.  
 Let not this steel be drunken with the flood  
 Of its own Master's unrevenge'd blood:  
 Nor this right hand be Pity's, till it hath  
 First made it self the Minister of wrath.  
 Thou that enjoy'st my spoils, (whate'er thou be)  
 Since I must fall, I'll pull thee after me.

In the same brake I'll plant my self agen ;  
And when I see him coming to the den,  
Will rush upon him with this piercing dart  
At unawares, and strike him through the heart ?  
But is't not base to strike him out of fight ?  
It is : defie him then to single fight,  
Where valour may my justice prove. But no :  
This place is unto all so known, and so  
Frequented, that some Swains may interpose :  
Or (which is worse) enquire of me whence grows  
Our quarrel ; which if I deny, 'tis naught  
They'll think ; if feign a cause, I may be caught  
Then in a lye : if tell't, her name will be  
Blasted with everlasting infamie :  
In whom, although I never can approve  
That which I see, yet I must ever love  
That which I fanci'd, and did hope t' have seen,  
And that which ought (I'm sure) in her t' have been.  
Die basely then the base Adulterer,  
Who hath slain me, and hath dishonour'd her.  
I, but the blood may (if I kill him here)  
The murther show, and that the Murtherer ?  
What do I care ? I, but the Murth'rer known  
Bewrays the cause for which the murther's done,  
So this ungrateful woman runs the same  
Hazard this way of shipwrack in her fame.  
Enter the Cave then, and assault him there :  
Good, good, tread softly, softly, lest she hear :  
That she's at th' other end her words imply'd,  
Now (hid with branches) in the Rocks left side,  
There

There is a hallow at the steep stairs foot,  
 There without any noise, I'll wait to put  
 In execution my design. My foe  
 Dispatch'd, his bleeding carcass I will throw  
 To my she-foe, to be reveng'd on two  
 At once. The self-same steel I'll then imbrue  
 In mine own blood: so three shall die in brief,  
 Two by my weapon, and the third of grief.  
 A sad and miserable Tragedie  
 Of both her Lovers shall this Tigress see,  
 Of him she loves, and him she scorns. And this  
 Cave which was meant the Chamber of their bliss,  
 To her and to her Minion shall become,  
 And (which I more desire) t' her shame, a tomb.  
 But you dear footsteps (which I long have trac'd  
 In vain) unerring path, lead me at last  
 To where my Love is hid; To you I bow,  
 Your print I follow. O *Corisca*! now  
 I do believe thee: how th' hast told me true.

## SCENA NONA.

Satyr.

**D**Oes he believe *Corisca*? and pursue  
 Her steps to *Erycina's* Cave? a beast  
 Hath wit enough to apprehend the rest.  
 But if thou dost believe her, thou hadst need  
 Have from her good security indeed,

And

and hold her by a stronger tie than I: Good, Good  
 had lately of her hair. But stronger tie: I will  
 On her there cannot be, than gifts. This bold A  
 trumpet her self to this young Swain hath sold. The  
 And here, by the false light now of this young  
 Delivers the bad ware which he hath bought. Or do  
 Or rather, 'tis Heav'n's justice which hath sent now  
 her higher to receive her punishment. My power  
 from my revenging hands. His words did seem: I  
 imply she made some promise unto him, (1) and  
 Which he believ'd: and by his spying here. The  
 her print, that she is in the Cave, it is clear. And  
 Do a brave thing then: stop the mouth, which  
 With that great hanging stone, that they may have  
 no means of 'scaping; to the Priest then go  
 and bring by the back-way (which few do know)  
 his Ministers to apprehend, and by the way  
 The Law deservedly to make her die. This  
 or 'tis not unto me long since unknown. So  
 that she contracted is to Coridon. Where  
 however he (because he stands in fear  
 of me) to lay his claim to her forbear. The  
 but now I'll give him leave at once to be  
 reveng'd on her both for himself and me.  
 but I lose time in talk. From this young grove  
 I'll pull a Tree up by the root, to move  
 the stone withal. So, this I think will do: I  
 how heavy 'tis! The stone hath a root too. O  
 What if I mi'd' sever this stick? and so. 20  
 with a leaver heav'd it from below. 20  
 Good,

There is a hollow at the steep stairs-foot,  
 There without any noise, I'll wait to put  
 In execution my design. My foe  
 Dispatch'd, his bleeding carcass I will throw  
 To my she-foe, to be reveng'd on two  
 At once. The self-same steel I'll then imbrue  
 In mine own blood: so three shall die in brief,  
 Two by my weapon, and the third of grief.  
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And hold her by a stronger tie than I; Good, Good  
 Had lately of her hair. But stronger tie; How well  
 On her there cannot be than gifts. This bold A  
 Trumpet her self to this young Swain hath sold. The bold A  
 And here, by the false light now of this vault, Not  
 Delivers the bad ware which he hath bought. Or do  
 Or rather, 'tis Heav'n's justice which hath sent Now  
 Her hither to receive her punishment. My private  
 From my revenging hands. His words did seem I  
 I'mply she made some promise unto him, (1) (1) (1)  
 Which he believ'd: and by his spying here, The text  
 Her print, that she is in the Cave, it's clear. And to the  
 Do a brave thing then: stop the mouth of this Cave  
 With that great hanging stone, that they may have T  
 No means of 'scaping; to the Priest then go, and R  
 And bring by the back-way (which few do know) R  
 His Ministers to apprehend, and by thus by the  
 The Law deservedly to make her die. This row  
 For 'tis not unto me long since unknown, So, now  
 That she contracted is to Coridon, Where she had  
 However he (because he stands in fear, Fie to the  
 Of me) to lay his claim to her forbear. The rest of  
 But now I'll give him leave at once to be  
 Reveng'd on her both for himself and me.  
 But I lose time in talk. From this young grove  
 I'll pull a Tree up by the root, to move  
 The stone withal. So, this I think will do: I  
 How heavy 'tis! The stone hath a root too. O  
 What if I mi'd f'ew with this stub? and so, so all  
 As with a leaver heav'd it from below. So deep  
 Good,

Good, good ; now to the other side as much.  
 How fast it sticks ? I did not think it such  
 A difficult attempt as it hath prov'd ;  
 The Center of the Earth were easier mov'd.  
 Nor strength, nor skill will do this work, I see ;  
 Or do's that vigour which was once in me  
 Now fail me at my need ? What do ye do,  
 My perverse Stars ? I will, (in spite of you)  
 I will remove it yet. The Devil haul  
*Corisca*, (I had almost said) and all  
 The sex of them. O *Pan Licent*, hear,  
 And to move this, be moved by my pray'r !  
*Pan*, thou that all things canst, and all things art,  
 Thou once thy self didst woo a stubborn heart,  
 Revenge on false *Corisca* now, thine own,  
 And my despised love. I move the stone  
 Thus by the vertue of thy sacred name ;  
 Thus rowls it by the vertue of the same.  
 So, now the Fox is trap, and finely shut  
 Where she had earth'd her self. I'll now go put  
 Fire to the holes, where I could wish to find  
 The rest of women, to destroy the kind.

---

Chorus.

O Love ! how potent and how great thou art !  
 Wonder of Nature and the World : What heart  
 So dull, as not to feel thy pow'r ? What wit  
 So deep and piercing as to fathom it ?

Who knows thy hot lascivious fires; will say,  
 Infernal Spirit, thou dost live and sway  
 In the corporeal part. But who so knows  
 How thou dost men in virtuous things dispose,  
 And how the dying flame of loose desires  
 Looks pale, and trembles at thy chaster fires;  
 Will say, Immortal God, is th' soul alone  
 Thou hast established thy sacred Throne.  
 "Rare Monster! wonderfully got betwixt  
 "Desire and Reason; an affection mixt  
 "Of sense and intellect: With knowing wild:  
 "With seeing blind: A God, and yet a Child:  
 And (such) thou sway'st the Earth and Heaven too;  
 On which thou tread'st as we on't other do.  
 Yet (by thy leave) a greater miracle,  
 A mightier thing than thou art I can tell.  
 For all thou dost (that may our wonder claim)  
 Thou dost by virtue of a woman's name.  
 Woman! the gift of Heav'n; or of him rather  
 Who made thee fairer, being of both the Father,  
 Wherein is Heav'n so beautiful as thou?  
 That rows one goggle eye in its vast brow,  
 (Like a grim Cyclop) not a lamp of light,  
 But cause of blindness and Cymerian night  
 To the bold gazer: if that speak, it is  
 A thundering voice; and if it sigh, the hiss  
 Of Earth-engendred winds. Thou, with the fair  
 Angel-like prospect of two Suns, which are  
 Serene and visible, dost still the winds,  
 And calm the billows of tempestuous minds;

And Sound, Light, Motion, Beauty, Majesty,  
 Make in thy face so sweet a harmony,  
 That Heav'n (I mean this outward Heav'n) must needs  
 Confess thy form the form of that exceeds:  
 Since beauty that is dead Vests noble might  
 Than that which lives, which is a place of bliss.  
 With reason therefore Man (that gallant Creature,  
 That Lords it over all the works of Nature)  
 To thee as Lady Paramount pays duty,  
 Acknowledging in thee, thy Maker's beauty.  
 And if he Triumphs going, and Thrones inherit,  
 It is not because thou hast loss of merit,  
 But for thy glory: since a greater thing  
 It is to conquer, than to be a King.  
 But that thy conqu'ring beauty doth subdue  
 Not only Man, but ev'n his Reason too,  
 If any doubt, he in Mirtillo bathed  
 A miracle that may constrain his faith  
 This wanted (Woman) to thy pow'r before,  
 To make us love when we can have no more.

Act

# Actus Quartus.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Corisco.* (Enter) **M**Y heart and thoughts till now were so much  
To train that foolish Nymph into my net,  
That my dear Hair (which by that Rogue was ta'en  
From me) and how to get it back again  
I quite forgot! O how it troubled me  
To pay that ransom for my liberty!  
But 't had been worse t' have been prisoner  
To such a beast: Who though he doth not bear  
A Mouses heart, might have mouz'd me: For I  
Have (to say truth) fool'd him sufficiently:  
And like a Horse-leech did him suck and drein  
As long as he had blood in any vein.

And now he's mov'd I love him not; and mov'd  
He well might be, if him I e'er had lov'd.  
How can one love a creature that doth want  
All that is lovely? As a stinking plant  
Which the Physician gather'd for the use  
He had of it; when he hath strain'd the juice  
And vertue out, is on the dunghill throw'n;  
So having squeez'd him, I with him have done.

Now will I see if *Coridon* into  
 The Cave's descended. Hah! what do I view?  
 Wake I? or sleep I? or am drunk? but now  
 This Caves mouth open was I'm sure; then how  
 Comes it now shut? and with a ponderous  
 And massie stone rowl'd down upon it thus?  
 Earthquake I'm sure t' unhenge it there was none,  
 Would I knew certainly that *Coridon*  
 And *Amarillis* were within; and then  
 I car'd not how it came. He's in the den,  
 If (as *Lisetta* said) he parted were  
 From home so long ago. Both may be there,  
 And by *Mirtillo* shut together. *Love*,  
 "Prickt with disdain, hath strength enough to move  
 "The world, much more a stone. (Should it be true,  
*Mirtillo* could not have devis'd to do  
 Ought more according to my heart than this,  
 Though he *Corisca* had enthron'd in his  
 In stead of *Amarillis*. I will go  
 The back way in, that I the truth may know.

## SCENA SECUNDA.

Dorinda, Linco.

*Dor.* BUT *Linco*, did not thou know me indeed?  
*Lin.* WHO could have known thee in this savage  
 For meek *Dorinda*? But if I had been (wee  
 A ravenous hound, (as I am *Linco*) then

I to thy cost had known thee for a beast.  
 What do *I* see? What do *I* see? *Dor.* Thou seest  
 A sad effect of Love; a sad and strange  
 Effect of loving, (*Linco.*) *Lin.* Wondrous change!  
 Thou a young Maid, so soft, so delicate,  
 That wert (me thinks) an Infant but of late,  
 Whom in mine arms *I* bore (as *I* may say)  
 A very little Child but yesterday,  
 And steering thy weak steps, taught thee to name  
 (When *I* thy Father serv'd) Daddy and Mam,  
 Who like a tim'rous Doe (before thy heart  
 Vvas made a prey t' insulting Love) didst start  
 At every thing that on the sudden stirr'd,  
 At every wind, at every little bird  
 That shook a bough, each Lizard that but ran  
 Out of a bush, made thee look pale and wan;  
 Now all alone o'er hills, through woods dost pass  
 Fearless of hounds or savage beasts. *Dor.* Alas!  
 "She whom Love wounds, no other wound doth fear.  
*Lin.* Indeed, fair Nymph, Love shew'd his Godhead  
 From woman to a man transforming thee, (here,  
 Or rather to a wolf. *Dor.* If thou couldst see  
 Into my breast, (O *Lincol!*) then thou'dst say,  
 A living wolf upon my heart doth prey  
 As on a harmless Lamb. *Lin.* Is *Silvio*  
 That wolf? *Dor.* Alas, who else can be? *Lin.* And so  
 'Cause he's a wolf, thou a she-wolf wouldst be,  
 To try, since on thy humane visage he  
 Was not enamour'd, if he would at least  
 Affect thee in the likeness of a beast,



As being of his kind. But prethee where  
 Got'st thou these robes? *Dor.* I'll tell thee: I did hear  
*Silvio* would chase to day the noble Bore  
 At *Erimanthus* foot; and there before  
 The morning peep, was I from wood to wood  
 Hunting the Hunter; by a Chrystal flood  
 From which our flocks did climb the hills, I found  
*Melampo* the most beauteous *Silvio's* hound,  
 Who having quench'd his thirst there as I guess,  
 Lay to repose him on the neighb'ring grass.  
 I, who love any thing that's *Silvio's*,  
 Even the very ground on which he goes,  
 And shadow which his beauteous limbs do cast;  
 Much more the dog on which his love is plac'd,  
 Stooping, laid sudden hold on him, who came  
 Along with me as gently as a Lamb.  
 And whilst 'twas in my thoughts to lead him back  
 Unto his Lord and mine, hoping to make  
 A friend of him with what he held so dear,  
 He came himself to seek him, and stopt here.  
 Dear *Linco*, I'll not lose thee so much time,  
 As to tell all that's past 'twixt me and him;  
 This only, to be brief, After a long  
 Preface of oaths on one another strang,  
 And treach'rous promises, this cruel Swain  
 Flung from me full of anger and disdain,  
 Both with his own *Melampo*, (to his Lord  
 So true) and with my dear and sweet reward.

*Lin.* O cruel *Silvio*! ruthless Swain! But what  
 Didst thou do then, (*Dorinda?*) didst thou not

Hate

Hate him for this? *Dor.* Rather (as if the fire  
Of his disdain Loves fire had been) his ire  
Increas'd my former flame. His steps I trace,  
And thus pursuing him towards the chase,  
I met (hard by) with my *Lupino*, whom  
Before a little I had parted from.  
When straight it came into my head, that I  
In his attire, and in the company  
Of Shepherds might be thought a Shepherd too,  
And undiscover'd my fair *Silvio* view.

*Lin.* In a wolves likeness amongst hounds? and none  
Bite thee? 'Tis much (*Dorinda*) thou hast done.

*Dor.* This (*Linceo*) was no miracle: for they  
Durst not touch her who was their Masters prey.  
There I, out of the tents, amidst a crue  
Of neighb'ring shepherds that were met to view  
The famous pastime, stood admiring more  
To see the Huntsman, than the hunted Bore:  
At every motion of the furious beast,  
My cold heart shiv'ed in my brest:  
At every action of the brave young man,  
My soul with all her touch'd affections ran  
In to his aid. But my extream delight  
Again was poison'd with the horrid sight  
Of the fierce Bore, whose strength and vast  
Proportion, all proportion past.  
As an impetuous whirlwind in a great  
And sudden storm, which all that it doth meet  
(Houses, and trees, and stones) before it bears,  
All it can get within its circle tears

To pieces in an instant: so the Bore  
 VVheeling about (his tusks all foam and gore)  
 Pil'd in one heap dogs slain, spears knapt, men wound  
 How oft did *I* desire to have compounded  
 For *silvio's* life, with the intraged Swine!  
 And for his blood, t'have giv'n the Monster mine!  
 How oft was *I* about to run between,  
 And with my body his fair body screen!  
 Spare cruel Bore, (how often did I cry!)  
 Spare my fair *silvio's* brest of Ivory;  
 Thus to my self *I* spake, and sigh'd, and pray'd;  
 When his fierce dog (arm'd with a brest-plate made  
 Of hard and scaly barks of trees) he slipt  
 After the beast, now prouder, being dipt  
 Thoroughly in blood, and lifted from the ground  
 On slaughter'd trunks. The valour of that hound  
 (*Linco*) exceeds belief: and *silvio*  
 Not without reason surely loves him so,  
 As a chaste Lion, which now meets, now turns  
 From an untamed Bulls well-brandish'd horns,  
 If once he come with his strong paw to seize  
 Upon his shoulder, masters him with ease:  
 So bold *Melampo* shunning with fine flights  
 The Bore short turns, and rapid motion, lights  
 At length upon his ear; which having bit  
 Quite through, and lugg'd him twice or thrice by it,  
 He with his teeth so nail'd him to the ground,  
 That at his vast bulk now a mortal wound  
 Might levell'd be with greater certainty,  
 (Before but slightly hurt) then suddenly

My lovely *Silvio*, (calling on the name  
Of *Dian*) Goddess do thou give me aim  
(Quoth he) the horrid head is thine. This sed,  
His golden Quivers swiftest shaft to th' head  
He drew; which flying to that very point  
Where the left-shoulder knits with the neck-joint,  
There wounded the fierce Bore, so down he fell,  
Then I took breath, seeing my *Silvio* well,  
And out of danger. Happy beast! to die  
So sweet a death, as by that hand, which I  
Would beg my end from. *Lin.* But what then became  
Of the slain beast? *Dor.* I know not; for I came  
Away, for fear of being known; but, I  
Suppose, the head to th' Temple solemnly  
They'll bear, according to my *Silvio*'s vow.

*Lin.* But wilt thou not get out of these weeds now,

*Dor.* Yes: but my garments with my other geer  
*Lupino* has, who promis'd to stay here  
With them, but fails. Dear *Linco*, if thou love  
Me, seek him for me up and down this Grove:  
Far off he cannot be; mean while I'll take  
A little rest (dost see there?) in that Brake;  
There I'll expect thee; for I am ore-come  
With weariness and sleep, and will not home  
Accoutred thus. *Lin.* I go: but stir not then  
Out of that place till I return agen,

SCENA

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Chorus, Ergasto.*

*Cho.* **H**Ave ye heard, Shepherds, that our demi-go  
 (*Montano's and Alcides worthy blood*)

This day hath freed us from that dreadful beast  
 Which all *Arcadia* lately did infest?

And that he is preparing himself now  
 I'th' Temple for it to perform his vow?

If for so great a benefit we'd show

Our gratitude, to meet him let us go,

And join our tongues and hearts together there,  
 To honour him as our Deliverer.

"Which honour, though it be reward too small

"For such a fair and valiant soul; 'tis all

"Vertue can have on earth. *Erg.* O sad disaster!

O bitter chance! O wound that hath no plaister!

O day to be for ever steep'd in tears!

*Cho.* What doleful voice is this that strikes our ears

*Erg.* Stars, that are enemies to man always,

Why do you mock our faith? why do you raise

Our hope on high, that when it falls again,

The precipice may be with greater pain.

*Cho.* *Ergasto* by his voice; and it is he.

*Erg.* But why do I accuse Heav'n wrongfully?

Accuse thy self, *Ergasto*: thou alone,

Thou, thou against the steel didst knock the stone

Thou laidst the match unto the tinder; whence

A flame unquenchable is kindled since.

But Heav'n doth know, I for the best did do it,  
And pity only did induce me to it.

O ill-starr'd Lovers! wretched *Titiro*!

Poor *Amarillis*! childless Father! O

Mourning *Montano*! O *Arcadia* gone

In a consumption far! and we undone!

In short, most sad, all I have seen! or see!

Or speak! or hear! or think! *Cho.* What may this be

(Alas!) That in one accident alone,

Includes a general desolation?

This way he bends his course, let us go meet

Him, (Swains.) *Erg.* Eternal Gods! is it not yet

Time to abate your wrath? *Cho.* Unfold to us

(Courteous *Argasto*) what afflicts thee thus.

What dost thou moan? *Erg.* Your ruine and mine own:

The ruine of *Arcadia* I moan.

*Cho.* Alas! why so? *Erg.* The very staff, the stay

Of all our hope is broke, is pull'd away. (prop

*Cho.* Speak plainer. *Erg.* *Titiro*'s daughter, that sole

Of her old House, and Father, the sole hope

Of our deliverance, promis'd here below,

Above decreed to marry *Silvio*,

As th' only means that should *Arcadia* save;

That Heav'nly Maid, so sober, and so grave,

That President of honour, (crown'd with Lilies

Of chastity) that peerless *Amarillis*!

She, she (alas! I have no heart, no breath

To tell it you.) *Cho.* Is dead? *Erg.* Is near her death.

*Cho.* Alas! what have we heard? *Erg.* Nothing as yet:

She dies a Malefactor: That, that's it.

*Cho.*

*Cho.* A Malefactress *Amarillis*? how  
*Ergasto*? *Erg.* Caught with an Adult'rer now.  
 And, if ye stay a little longer here,  
 Led pinion'd to the Temple ye shall see her.

*Cho.* "O female structures, glorious and most fair  
 "But weak withal! O chastity, how rare  
 Art thou! and shall it then be truly taxt,  
 No woman's chaste but she that ne'er was ask't?"

*Erg.* Indeed, when she that's vertue's self doth fail  
 We well may doubt the vertue of them all.

*Cho.* Pray, if it will not too much trouble be,  
 Tell the whole story to these Swains and me.

*Erg.* I will; The Priest early to day (ye know)  
 Did with this wretched Nymph's sad Father go  
 Unto the sacred Temple; with one care  
 Both moved, to facilitate with pray'r  
 Their childrens desired marriage. For this end  
 At once their incense did to Heav'n ascend,  
 At once their off'rings bled, their sacrifice  
 At once was done with due solemnities,  
 And such glad auspice, that no entrails e'er  
 Were fairer seen, no flame was more sincere,  
 And less eclips'd with smoke: mov'd with such signs  
 Thus the blind Prophet speaks, and thus divines:  
*This day (Montano) shall thy Silvio love:*  
*Thy Daughter (Titiro) a Wife shall prove:*  
*Go and prepare the Marriage.* O absurd,  
 And vain depending on an Augur's word!  
 And thou as blind in soul, as in thy eyes!  
 If thou hadst said, *Prepare her Obsequies,*



Then a true Prophet thou hadst prov'd indeed.  
Yet all the standers by were comforted,  
And the old Fathers wept for joy apace,  
And *Titiro* was parted from the place.  
When in the Temple suddenly were heard  
Minister omens, and dire signs appear'd  
Boading Heav'n's wrath. At which (alas!) if each  
Stood there astonisht and bereft of speech  
After so fair beginnings, Friends, judge you.  
Mean while the Priests themselves alone withdrew  
Into an inner Room: and whilst they there,  
And we without intent in praying were,  
Devout and weeping; puffing through the press  
The curled *Satyr* (so!) demands access  
Unto the Priests. I (Porter of that place)  
Admit him: He then (O he has a face  
To bring ill news!) cry'd; Fathers, if your Pray'r  
Find not the gods, your vows and incense are  
Not acceptable, and your sacrifice;  
If from your Altars an impure flame rise,  
Think it not strange, that likewise is impure  
Which is committing now hard by your door,  
In *Ericina's* Cave: a false Nymph there  
Is breaking with a base Adulterer  
Your Laws, and her own faith. Send with me now  
Your Ministers, and I will shew them how  
I'll act to take 'em. Then (O humane mind  
When thy Fate's near, how dull thou art! how blind!)  
The good Priests breath'd: supposing 'twas no more  
But remove them, and Heaven would as before

Look

Look on their sacrifice ben'ely. There-  
 Upon they order their chief Minister  
*Nicando* presently to take that guide,  
 And bring both Lovers to the Temple ty'd:  
 With all his under-ministers he goes,  
 Pursuing that vile *Saty*r through a close  
 And crooked way into the Cave. The Maid,  
 Strook with their torches sudden light, assay'd  
 From where she was to run out of the door,  
 Which that base dog had stopt (it seems) before.

*Cho.* And what did he the while? *Erg* He went  
 When he had led *Nicandro* to the place.  
 But (friends) I cannot tell the general  
 Astonishment that fell upon us all,  
 When it the Daughter prov'd of *Titiro*:  
 Who taken, in a vice (I do not know  
 Out of what place) forth bold *Mirtillo* flew,  
 And a sharp dart which he was arm'd with throw  
 Like lightning at *Nicandro*: which, if it  
 The place that it was aimed at had hit,  
 Had sent him to the shades: But (whether I  
 May call it fortune, or agility)  
 At the same instant the one aim'd his blow,  
 The other stept a little backward; so  
 The mortal steel past by, leaving his brest  
 Untoucht, and in his coat of skins did rest,  
 Into the which (I know not how) 'twas wove  
 So intricately, that *Mirtillo* strove  
 In vain to pull it out, and so he too  
 Was taken. *Cho.* And with him what did they do?

*Erg.* He to the Temple by himself was brought.

*Cho.* For what? *Erg.* To try if he'd discover ought  
Touching the fact in question. Perhaps too  
Th' affront he in their Minister did do  
Unto the Priestly Majesty, might some  
Penance deserve. Would yet I might have come  
To comfort my poor friend! *Cho.* What hindered thee?

*Erg.* The Waiters at the Altar may not be  
Admitted to Delinquents: therefore I  
Sequestred from the other company,  
Go by my self unto the Temple; where  
With many a prayer and devouter tear,  
I'll beg of Heaven that it would chase away  
This sullen storm that overclouds our day.  
Dear Shepherds rest in peace, and joyn with ours  
Your pray'rs to batter the celestial towers.

*Cho.* We will; when we have paid to *Silvio*  
That duty first we to his goodness owe.  
O ye great gods! now, now, if ever, prove  
Your anger less eternal than your love.

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Corisco.*

**E**mpale ye triumph-decking Lawrell boughs,  
Empale my glorious and victorious brows.  
Into Love's lists, (hedg'd round about with flame)  
This day I came, I saw, I overcame:

This

This day hath Heav'n and Earth, Nature and Art,  
 Fortune and Fate, Friend and Foe ta'en my part,  
 Ev'n that base *Satyr*, who abhors me so,  
 Hath helpt me too, as if he too did go  
 Some share with me. How much more happily  
 Did fortune bring *Mirtillo* in, than I  
 Contriv'd to have brought *Coridon*? to make  
 Her crime more show of likelihood to take?  
 And though *Mirtillo*'s apprehended too,  
 That matters not; they soon will let him go:  
 Th' Adulteress only pays the penaltie.  
 O famous triumph! Solemn victorie!  
 If lying may deserve a trophy, I  
 Deserve a trophy for my amorous lye;  
 Which from this tongue and bosom hath done more  
 For me than Love with all his charms before.  
 But this is not a time to talk: Withdraw  
 Thy self *Corisca*, till the doom of Law  
 Fall on thy Rivals head, for fear that she  
 T' excuse herself, should lay the blame on thee.  
 Or that the Priest himself should wish to know  
 What thou canst say, before he give the blow.  
 "When a Mine springs, 'tis good to stand aloof;  
 "A lying tongue requires a flying hoof.  
 I'll hide me in those woods, and there will make  
 Some stay, till it be time to come and take  
 Possession of my joys. O! it hath hit  
 Beyond all thought. Success hath crown'd my wit.

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Nicandro, Amarillis*

**A** Heart of flint, or rather none had he,  
 Nor humane sense, that could not pity thee.  
 Unhappy Nymph! and for thy sorrow grieve  
 The more, by how much less they can believe  
 This should befall thee, who have known thee best.  
 For were it but to see a Maid distressed  
 Of venerable count'nance, and that shew'd  
 So vertuous and so excellently good,  
 One that for heavenly beauty merited  
 Temples and Sacrifices, to be led  
 Unto the Temple as a Sacrifice,  
 Who could behold it without melting eyes?  
 But he that should consider further, how  
 And for what purpose thou wert born; that thou  
 Art Daughter unto *Titiro*, and should  
 Have married been unto *Montano's* blood,  
 (Two the most lov'd and honour'd shall I say  
 Shepherds, or Fathers of *Artadia*?)  
 And that being such, so great, so famous, and  
 So beautiful a Nymph, and that did stand  
 By nature so remote from thy death's brink,  
 Thou shouldst be now condemn'd. He that doth think  
 Of this and weeps not, wails not thy misshap,  
 Is not a man, but wolf in humane shape.

*Am.* If my mishap had come through mine own  
 And the effect had been of an ill thought (fault,  
 As of a deed that seems ill, it had been  
 Less grievous to me to have death pay sin ;  
 And very just it were I should have spilt  
 My blood to wash my impure soul from guilt,  
 To quench Heav'n's wrath ; and since man too had  
 Pay what to humane justice did belong : (wrong,  
 So might I still a crying conscience,  
 And mortified with a due inward sense  
 Of deserv'd death, render my self more fit  
 To die, and through that Purgatory get  
 Perchance to Paradise. But now in all  
 My pride of youth and fortune thus to fall,  
 Thus innocent, is a sad case, a sad——

*Nicandro.* *Nic.* Nymph, would to Heav'n men had  
 Sinn'd against thee, rather than thou 'gainst Heav'n,  
 For satisfaction might be easier giv'n  
 To thee for thy wrong'd Fame, than unto it  
 For its wrong'd Deities. Nor know I yet  
 Who wrong'd thee but thy self. Wert thou not  
 Alone with the Adulter in a Vault ? (caught  
 To *Silvia* precontracted wert not thou ?

And so thy Nuptial faith hast broken ? How  
 Then innocent ? *Am.* For all this have not I  
 Transgressed the Law ; and innocently die. (mills

*Nic.* Not Nature's Law perchance, Love where thou  
 But that of Men and Heav'n, Love without guilt.

*Am.* Both Men and Heav'n (if all our fortune be  
 Deriv'd from thence) transgress have against me.

For

For what but an ill destiny could bid  
That I should die for what another did? (high-

*Nic.* What was that Nymph? bridle thy tongue with  
Flown grief transported ev'n to blasphemie.

"The ills we suffer our own sins pull down :

"Heav'n pardons many wrongs, but it doth none,

*Am.* I blame in Heaven only my own Star:

But one that hath deceiv'd me more by far.

*Nic.* Then blame thy self, thy self thou didst deceive.

*Am.* I did when I a coz'ner did believe.

*Nic.* "They who desire to be deceiv'd, are not. (that)

*Am.* Dost think me naught? *Nic.* Nay ask thy actions

*Am.* "Actions are oft false comments on our hearts.

*Nic.* "Yet those we see, and not the inward parts,

*Am.* "The heart maybe seen too with th' eyes o' th' mind.

*Nic.* "Without the senses help those eyes are blind.

*Am.* "The senses must submit to reasons sway.

*Nic.* "Reason in point of fact must sense obey;

*Am.* Well; I am sure an honest heart I have.

*Nic.* Prethee who brought thee then into the Cave?

*Am.* My folly and too much credulity.

*Nic.* Thou trustedst with a friend thy honesty?

*Am.* I trusted a friends honesty. *Nic.* Thy blood?

Was that the friend thou wouldst have understood?

*Am.* Ormino's Sister, who betrayd me thither.

*Nic.* "Tis sweet when Lovers are betrayd together.

*Am.* *Mirtillo* entred without my consent.

*Nic.* How enter'dst thou then? and for what intent?

*Am.* Let this suffice, 'twas not for him I came.

*Nic.* It cannot, if no other cause thou name,



*Am.* Examine him about my innocence.

*Nic.* Him? who hath been the cause of thy offence?

*Am.* Call her to witness who betraid me hath.

*Nic.* Why should we hear a witness without faith?

*Am.* By chaste *Diana's* dreadful name I swear.

*Nic.* Thou by thy deeds art perjur'd unto her.

Nymph, I am plain, I cannot flatter thee

Into a hope which in extremitie

Will leave thee more confounded; these are dreams:

"A troubled Fountain cannot yield pure streams,

"Nor a bad heart good words. And where the deed

"Is evident, Defence offence doth breed.

What dost thou talk? thou shouldst have guarded more

Than thy life now, thy chastity before.

Why dost thou cheat thy self? *Am.* O misery!

Must I then die, *Nicandro*? must I die?

None left to hear? none to defend me left?

Of all abandon'd? of all hope bereft?

Only of such a mocking pity made

The wretched object as affords no aid?

*Nic.* Be patient, Nymph, and give me cause to tell,

Though thou didst ill, yet that thou sufferd'st well.

Look up to heav'n, since thence thou draw'st thy birth;

"All good or ill we meet with upon earth,

"From thence as from a fountain doth distil.

"And as no good is here unmixt with ill,

"So punishment, that's ill to flesh and blood,

"As to th' accompt we must make there is good,

And if my words have cut thee, 'tis but like

A faithful Surgeon, who a vein doth strike,

Or thrusts his instrument into the wound  
Where it is mortallest and most profound,  
(In being cruel, merciful.) Then be  
Content with what is writ in Heav'n for thee.

*Am.* O 'tis a cruel sentence, whether it  
In heaven for me, or in earth be writ:  
Yet writ in heav'n I'm certain it is not:  
For there my innocence is known. But what  
Doth that avail me, if that die I must?  
That's the straight narrow passage! to be dust,  
*Nicandro*, that's the bitter cup: But oh!  
By that compassion thou to me dost show,  
Lead me not to the Temple yet: stay, stay.

*Nic.* "Who fears to die, dies ev'ry hour o'th' day.  
Why hang'st thou back, and draw'st a painful breath?  
"Death hath no ill in't, but the fear of death.  
"And he that dies when he hath heard his doom,  
"Flies from his death. *Am.* Perchance some help may  
Father, dear father, dost thou leave me too? (come.  
An only daughters father, wilt thou do  
Nothing to save me? Yet before I die,  
A parting kiss to me do not deny.  
Two bosoms shall be pierced with one blow:  
And from thy daughter's wound thy blood must flow.  
O father! (once so sweet and dear a name,  
Which I was never wont t' invoke in vain)  
Thy belov'd daughter's *Wedding* call'st thou this?  
Today a Bride; to day a Sacrifice. (lessy

*Nic.* Good Nymph no more: why dost thou boot-  
Stay thus tormenting both thy self and me?

The time calls on : I must convey thee hence,  
Nor with my duty longer may dispence,

*Am.* Dear woods adieu then, my dear woods adieu:  
Receive these sighs (my last ones) into you,  
Till my cold shade, forc'd from her seat by dire  
And unjust steel, to your lov'd shades retire.  
(For sink to hell it can't, being innocent ;  
Nor soar to heav'n, laden with discontent.)

*Mirtillo*, (O *Mirtillo*!) most accurst  
The day I saw, the day I pleas'd thee first !  
Since I, whom thou above thy life didst love,  
Became thy life, that thou my death might'st prove.  
She dies condemn'd for kindness now to thee,  
Whom thou hast still condemn'd of cruelty,  
I might have broke my faith as cheap: Ay me !  
Now without fault, or fruit I die, or Thee  
My dear *Mirtill*——— *Nic.* Alas ! she dies indeed,  
(Poor wretch ! Come hither shepherds with all speed,  
Help me to hold her up. (O piteous case !)

She finish'd in *Mirtillo's* name her Race,  
(Unhappy maid !)— she breathes yet, and I feel  
Some signs of life pant in her bosom still.

To the next fountain let us carry her ;  
Perchance cold water may recover there  
Her fleeting spirits.—— Stay, will not relief  
Be cruelty to her who dies of grief,  
To prevent dying by the Axe? Howe'er,  
Yet let not us our charity forbear.

"Men ought to lend their aid in present woe :

"What is to come, none but the Gods foreknow.

SCENA

## SCENA, SESTA.

Chorus of *Huntsmen* } with Silvio.  
*Shepherds.* }

Ch. Hun. **O** Glorious Youth! true Child of Hercules;  
 That kilst so soon such monstrous beasts as  
 these! (quell'd

Ch. sh. O glorious Youth! by whom lies slain and  
 This Erimanthian Monster, (living) held  
 Invincible! Behold the horrid head,  
 Which seems to breath death when it self is dead!  
 This is the famous Trophy, noble Toil  
 Of him whom we our Demi-god do stile.  
 Extol his great Name, (Shepherds) and this day  
 Keep ever solemn, ever holy day.

Cho. Hunts. O glorious Youth, &c. (own

Ch. sh. O glorious Youth! that dost despise thine  
 For others safeties. "Vertue climbs her Throne  
 "By these steep stairs; and the high Gods have set  
 "Before her Palace-gates labour and sweat.

"He that would land at joy must wade through woes:  
 "Nor by unprofitable bafe repose

"Abhorring labour, but from gallant deeds,

"And vertuous labour true repose proceeds.

Cho. Hunts. O glorious Youth, &c. (depriv'd

Ch. sh. O glorious Youth! by whom these Plains  
 Of tillage, and of tillers long, retriev'd

Their fruitful humours have. The plough-man now  
 Securely goes after the lazy plough,  
 Sows his plump seed, and from earth's pregnant womb  
 Expects the with'd fruits when the season's come.  
 No more shall churlish tusk, or churlish foot  
 Trample them down, or rear them up by th' root.  
 Nor shall they prosper so as to sustain  
 A beast, to be their own, and others bane.

Cho. Hunts. O glorious Youth, &c.

Cho. Shep. O glorious Youth! as if presaging thine,  
 The Heav'n to day doth in full glory shine.  
 Such peradventure was that famous Boar  
 Alcides slew, yet so thy act is more;  
 In being (*salvia*) thy first labour, as  
 Of thy great Ancestor the third it was.  
 But with wild Beasts thy infant-valor plays,  
 To kill worse monsters in thy riper days.

Cho. Hunts. O glorious Youth, &c.

Cho. Shep. O glorious Youth! how well are join'd  
 Valour and piety! See, *Cynthia*, see (in thee)  
 Thy devout *Salvia's* vow! behold with white  
 And crooked tusk, (as if in thy despight)  
 The proud head arm'd on this side and on that,  
 Seeming thy silver horns to emulate!  
 If then (O powerful Goddess) thou didst guide  
 The young mans shaft, he is in justice tide  
 To dedicate the Trophy unto thee,  
 By whom he did obtain the Victory.

Cho. Hunts. O glorious Youth, true Child of Hercules  
 That kill'st so soon such monstrous beasts as these!

SCENA

SCENA SEPTIMA.

Coridon.

Have forborn till now to credit what  
The *Satyr* told me of *Corisca* late,  
Fearing it might be some malicious lye  
Devis'd by him to shake my constancy.  
For most improbable it seem'd, that she  
In the same place, where she expected me,  
(Unless the message which *Lisetta* brought  
To me from her were false) should straight be caught  
With an Adulterer. And yet (the truth  
To say) here's a shrewd token, and it doth  
Perplex me much, to see the mouth o'th' den  
Just in that manner he related then  
Shut and damm'd up with such a massie stone:  
Ah false *Corisca*! too well by mine own  
Experience of thy ungracious deeds  
I know thee now; stumbling so oft, thou needs  
Must fall at last. So many frauds, so many  
Lyes, and vow breaches might have warn'd any  
(Whom folly or affection did not blear)  
That some such fearful tumbling cast was near,  
Twas well for me I carried by the way:  
A happy chance my father made me stay:  
Though then I did suppose him foolishly  
I have been a tedious Remora. Had I

Come

Come at *Lisetta's* hour, I might have seen  
 Something which poyson to my eyes had been.  
 But what shall I do now? arm'd with disdain,  
 Shall I revenge and mischief entertain?  
 No: I have lov'd her, and this act doth crave  
 My pity, not my anger. Shall I have  
 Pity on one deceiv'd me? Me! she hath  
 Deceiv'd her self, leaving a man of faith,  
 To give herself a prey into the hand  
 Of an ignoble Swain, a stranger and  
 A vagabond, that will to morrow be  
 More wavering, more without faith than she.  
 Shall I take pains then to revenge a wrong  
 That carries with it the revenge along?  
 And quenches all my indignation so,  
 'Tis turn'd to pity? She hath scorn'd me though:  
 Sh' has honour'd me: for she who ~~she~~ could chuse,  
 Highly commends the man she doth refuse.  
 She scorn'd me, who the way did never know,  
 How she should love receive, or how bestow.  
 Who lik'd at random still, or had this curse,  
 If two were offer'd her, to take the worse,  
 But tell me, *Coridon*, how can it be,  
 If scorn of being scorned move not thee  
 To take revenge; but that to have been cross'd  
 By such a loss should do? I have not lost  
 Her whom I never had: My self I have  
 Regain'd, whom I unto another gave.  
 Nor can't a loss be termed to remain  
 Without a woman so unsure and vain.



In fine, What have I lost? Beauty without  
 Vertue: A head with all the brains pickt out:  
 A brest that hath no heart: A heart that hath  
 No soul in it: A soul that hath no faith,  
 A shade, a ghost, a carcass of affection,  
 Which will to morrow turn to putrefaction:  
 Is this a loss? I will be bold to say't,  
 'Tis a great purchase and a fortunate:  
 Is there no woman in the world but she?  
 Can *Coridon* want Nymphs as fair as she,  
 And far more true? But she may well want one  
 Will love her with such faith as *Coridon*,  
 Whom she deserv'd not. Now if I should do  
 That which the *Saty*r did advise me to,  
 Accusing her of *vow-breach*, in my breath  
 I know it lies to have her put to death.  
 But I have not an heart so *Aspine*, I,  
 That with the wind of womans levity  
 It should be mov'd. Too great a happiness  
 And honour 'twere to their perfidiousness,  
 If with the trouble of a manly brest,  
 And breaking of the happy peace and rest  
 Of an ingenuous soul, I were to be  
 Reveng'd upon *Corisca* now. For me  
 Then let her live: or (to express it better)  
 By me not die, Live for my Rival let her,  
 Her life's revenge for me sufficient:  
 Live let her to dishonour; to repent:  
 I know not how to envy him, or loath  
 Her; but with all my heart do pity both,

SCENA

## SCENA OCTAVA.

*Silvio, Eccho within.*

**O** Goddess of the sloathful, blind and vain,  
 Who with foul hearts, Rites foolish and pro-  
 Altars and Temples hallow to thy name ! (fane,

Temples? or Sanctuaries vile said I?  
 To protect Lewdness and Impiety,  
 Under the Robe of thy Divinity?

And thou, base Goddess! that thy wickedness,  
 When others do as bad, may seem the less,  
 Giv'st them the reins to all lasciviousness.

Rotter of soul and body, enemy  
 Of reason, plotter of sweet thievery,  
 The little and great world's calamity.

Reputed worthily the Ocean's daughter :  
 That treacherous monster, which with even water  
 First soothes, but ruffles into storms soon after.

Such winds of sighs, such Cataracts of tears,  
 Such breaking waves of hopes, such gulfs of fears,  
 Thou mak'st in men; such rocks of cold despairs.

Tydes of desire so head-strong, as would move  
 The world to change thy name, when thou shalt prove  
 Mother of Rage and Tempests, not of Love.

Behold

Behold what sorrow now and discontent  
On a poor pair of Lovers thou hast sent!  
Go thou, that vaunt'st thy self Omnipotent.

Go, faithless Goddess, save that Nymph whom thou  
Hast poison'd with thy sweets (if thou know'st how)  
From her swift deaths pursuing footsteps now.

O what a happy day was that for me,  
When my chaste soul I did devote to thee,  
*Cynthia*, my great and only Deity!

True Goddess! unto whose particular shrine  
The fairest souls in all the Earth incline,  
As thou in Heav'n dost all the Stars out-shine,

How much more laudable and free from pain  
The sports are which thy servants entertain,  
Than those of faithless *Ericina's* train!

Wild Boars are killed by thy Worshippers:  
By wild Boars miserably kill'd are hers.  
O Bow, my strength and joy! My Conquerers.

My Arrows! Let that bug-bear Love come try  
And match with you his soft Artillery:  
They whom you wound do in good earnest die.

But too much honour hence to thee would come,  
Vile and unwarlike Boy, to chastise whom

(I speak't aloud) a Rod's enough, *Enough*  
 What art thou that reply'st? Eccho? or Love?  
 That so doth imitate the same? *The same*  
 Most wish'd! but tell me true; Art thou he?  
 The son of her that for *Adonis* once  
 So miserably pin'd away? *Away*  
 Well: of that Goddess who was found in bed  
 With *Mars*, when the Stars shot to see her shame,  
 And the chaste Moon blush'd at her folly? *O Jell*  
 What madness 'tis to whistle to the wind!  
 Come (if thou darest) to the wide air, *I dare*  
 And I defie thee. But art thou her son  
 Legitimate, or else a by-blow? *I glory*  
 O! the Smith's son that's call'd a god. *a god*  
 Of what? the follies of the world? *The world*  
 The Bawd thou art. Art thou that terrible Boy  
 That tak'st such sharp revenge upon those wights  
 Who thy absurd commands digest not? *Jest not*  
 What punishments dost thou inflict on those  
 Who in Rebellion persevere? *Severe*  
 And how shall I be punish'd, whose hard heart  
 Hath always been at odds with Love? *With Love*  
 When (Sot) if my chaste breast be to those flames  
 More opposite than night to day? *To day*  
 So quickly shall I be in that freight? *Streight*  
 What's she can bring me to adoring?  
*Dorinda*, is it not, my little Child,  
 Thou wouldst say in thy lisp'ing gibberish?  
 She whom I hate more than the Lamb the Wolf?  
 And who to this shall force my will? *I will*

And how? and with what arms? and with what bow?  
 Shall it be happily with thine? *With thine.*  
 Thou mean'st perchance, when by thy wantonness  
 It is unbent, and the nerve broken? *Broken.*  
 Shall my own bow, after 'tis broken too,  
 Make war on me? and who shall break't? thou? *Thou.*  
 'Tis plain now thou art drunk: go sleep. But say,  
 Where shall these miracles be wrought? here? *Here.*  
 O fool! and I am going now from hence.  
 See if thou hast not prov'd thy self to day  
 A Prophet with the Wine inspir'd. *Inspir'd.*

But stay, I see (unless I much mistake)  
 A greyish thing at couch in yonder Brake:  
 'Tis like a Wolf, and certainly 'tis one.  
 O what a huge one 'tis! how over-grown!  
 O day of prey to me! What favours are  
 These, courteous Goddess? in one day a pair  
 Of such wild beasts to triumph o'er? But why  
 Do I delay this work, my Deity?  
 The swiftest and the keenest shaft that is  
 In all my Quiver (let me see, ——— 'tis this)  
 I do select; to thee I recommend it,  
 (O Archeress eternal) do thou send it  
 By Fortunes hand, and by thy pow'r divine  
 Guide it into the beast. His skin is thine.  
 And in thy name I shoot. O lucky hit!  
 Just where the eye and hand designed it.  
 Would now I had my Javelin here, to make  
 An end of him at once, before he take

The

The wood for shelter: but the place shall yield  
 Me weapons. Not a stone in all the field?  
 But why do I seek weapons, having these?  
 This second arrows lays him at his ease.  
 Alas! what do I see? what hast thou done,  
 Unhappy *Silvio*? what hast thou run  
 Thy self into? Thou hast a shepherd slain  
 In a wolfs skin. O action to remain  
 For ever overwhelm'd with grief! to lie  
 Under salt water everlastingly!  
 The wretch too I should know, and he that so  
 Doth lead and prop him up is *Linco*. O  
 Vile arrow! viler vow! but vilest *Thou*  
 That didst direct that arrow, hear that vow!  
 I guilty of anothers blood? I kill  
 Another? I that was so free to spill  
 My blood for others, and my life to give?  
 Throw down thy weapons, and inglorious live,  
 Shooter of men, hunter of men. But lo  
 The wretched Swain! than thee less wretched though.

## SCENA NONA.

*Linco, Silvio, Dorinda.*

*Lin.* **I** Ean, daughter, on my arm with all thy weight,  
 (Wretched *Dorinda*) do. *Sil.* *Dorinda's* that  
 I'm a dead man. *Dor.* O *Linco*, *Linco*! O  
 My second Father! *Sil.* 'Tis *Dorinda*, we,

Wo

Wo on thee *Silvio*! *Dor.* *Linco*, thou wert sure  
Ordain'd by Fate to be a stay to poor

*Dorinda.* Thou receiv'dst my first cry  
When I was born: Thou wilt, now I'm to die,  
My latest groan: and these thy arms which were  
My Cradle then, shall now become my Biere.

*Lin.* Ah daughter! (or more dear than if thou wert  
My daughter) speak now to thee for my heart  
I can't, grief melts each word into a tear.

*Dor.* Not so fast, *Linco*, if thou lov'st me: dear  
*Linco*, nor go, nor weep so fast; one rakes  
My wound too bad, t'other a new wound makes.

*Sil.* (Poor Nymph! how ill have I repaid thy love!)

*Lin.* Be of good comfort, daughter, this will prove  
No mortal wound. *Dor.* It may be so; but I  
That am a Mortal, of this wound shall die.  
Would I knew yet who hurt me! *Lin.* Get thee sound,  
And let that pass: Revenge ne'er cur'd a wound.

*Sil.* (Why dost thou stay? what mak'st thou in this place?  
Wouldst thou be seen by her? Hast thou the face?  
Hast thou the heart t'indure it? *Silvio*, flee  
From the sharp dart of her revenging eie:  
Flee from her tongues just sword, I cannot go  
From hence: and what it is I do not know,  
But something holds me, and would make me run  
To her, whom I of all the world did shun.)

*Dor.* Must I then die, and not my Murthrer know?

*Lin.* 'Twas *Silvio*. *Dor.* How dost know 'twas *Silvio*?

*Lin.* I know his shaft. *Dor.* Then welcom death, if I  
Shall owe thee to so sweet an enemy!

L

*Lin.*



*Lin.* Look where he stands! we need demand no  
 His posture and his face confess the murther (further,  
 Alone. Now Heav'n be praised *Silvio*,  
 Thy all-destroying Arrows and thy Bow  
 Th' hast plid so well about these woods, that now  
 Th' art gone out thy Arts-master. Tell me, thou  
 That *dost like Silvio, not like Linco*, who  
 Made this brave shoot, *Linco* or *Silvio*?  
 This 'tis for Boys to be so overwise:  
 Would thou hadst taken this old fools advice!  
 Answer, thou Wretch: what lingring misery,  
 What horreur shalt thou live in if she die?  
 I know thou'lt say, thou err'dst, and thought'st to strike  
 A Wolf: as if 'twere nothing (school-boy like)  
 To shoot at all adventure, and not see,  
 Nor care, whether a man or beast it be.  
 What Goat-herd, or what Plough-man doth not go  
 Clad in such skins? O *Silvio, Silvio*!  
 "Soon ripe, soon rotten. If thou think (fond child)  
 This *chance* by chance besel thee, th'art beguil'd.  
 "These monstrous things without Divine decree  
 "Hap not to men. Dost thou not plainly see  
 How ~~this~~ thy unsupportable disdain  
 Of love, the world, and all that is humane  
 Displeases Heav'n? "High Gods cannot abide  
 "A Rival upon earth; and hate such pride,  
 "Although in vertue. Now th'art mute, that wert  
 Before this hap unsufferably pert.  
 I *Den.* *Silvio*, give *Linco* leave to talk: for he  
 Knows not what pow'r Love gave thee over me

of life and death. If thou hadst strook my heart,  
 Th'hadst strook what's thine (mark proper for thy dart)  
 Those hands to wound me thy fair eyes have taught.  
 See, *Silvio*, her thou hat'st so! see her brought  
 To that extremity where thou wouldst see her!  
 Thou sought'st to wound her, see her wounded here!  
 To prey upon her, lo she is thy prey!  
 Thou sought'st her death, and lo she's dying! Say,  
 Wouldst thou ought else of her? What further joy  
 Can poor *Dorinda* yield thee? Cruel Boy!  
 And void of Bowels! thou wouldst ne'er believe  
 That wound which from thy eyes I did receive:  
 This which thy hands have giv'n canst thou deny?  
 Those chrystal show'rs which issued from my eye,  
 Thou couldst not be perswaded were my blood:  
 What dost thou think now of this crimson flood  
 Which my side weeps? But (if o'erwhelm'd with scorn  
 That bravery be not wherewith thou wert born)  
 Deny me not, (though cruel soul, yet brave)  
 Deny me not ('tis all the boon I crave)  
 When I shall sigh into thee my last breath,  
 One sigh of thine. O happy, happy death!  
 If thou vouchsafe to sweeten it with these  
 Kind words and pious; *Soul, depart in peace.*  
*Sil. Dorinda, my Dorinda, shall I say,*  
 (Alas!) when I must lose thee the same day  
 Th'art mine? now mine, when death to thee I give,  
 That wert not mine when I could make thee live?  
 Yes mine I'll call thee: and thou mine shalt be  
 In spite of my opposing destiny.

For if thy death our meeting souls disjoin,  
 My death shall re-unite us. All that's mine  
 Haste to revenge her: I have murder'd thee  
 With these curs'd arrows; with them murder me.  
 I have been cruel unto thee; and I  
 Desire from thee nothing but cruelty.  
 I scorn'd thee in my pride; look! with my knee  
 (Low louting to the earth) I worship thee,  
 And pardon of thee, but not life demand.  
 Take shafts and bow: but do not strike my hand  
 Or eye. (bad ministers, 'tis true, yet still)  
 But ministers of an unguilty will:  
 Strike me this brest, this monster hence remove,  
 Sworn enemy of Pity, and of Love.  
 Strike me this heart, to thee so cruel. Lo,  
 My bared brest! *Dor.* I strike it, *Silvio?*  
 I strike that brest? sure if thou didst not mock,  
 Thou wouldst not shew't me naked. O white rock!  
 Already by the winds and briny main  
 Of my rough sighs and tears oft strook in vain!  
 But dost thou breathe? nor art to pity barr'd?  
 Art thou a tender brest, or marble hard?  
 I would not idolize fair Alabaster,  
 (Led by the humane likeness) as thy Master  
 And mine, when on the outside he did look,  
 A harmless woman for a beast mistook.  
 I strike thee? strike thee Love? Nor can I wish  
 For my revenge a greater plague than this.  
 Yet must I bless the day that I took fire,  
 My tears and martyrdom. All I desire

Is that thou praise my faith, my zeal, but no  
 Revenging me. But courteous *Silvio*,  
 (That to thy servant kneel'st) why this to me?  
 Or if *Dorinda* must thy Mistress be,  
 Obey her then; the first command I give,  
 Is that thou rise; the second; that thou live.  
 Heav'n's Will be done with me: I shall survive  
 In thee, and cannot die whilst thou'rt alive.  
 But if thou think'st unjust I should be found  
 Without all satisfaction for my wound,  
 Be that, which did it, punish'd. 'Twas that Bow:  
 Let that be broke; I'm well revenged so,

*Lin.* (A very heavy doom.) *Sil.* Come then, thou  
 Thou bloody actor of a deed so sad: (mad,  
 That thou mayst ne'er break thred of life again,  
 Thus do I break thee and thy thred in twain,  
 And send thee a useles trunk back to the wood,  
 Nor you (ill sanguin'd with an innocents blood!)  
 Which my dear Mistress side so rudely rent,  
 (Brothers in ill) shall 'scape your punishment.  
 Not shafts, nor flights, but sticks, since ye shall want  
 Those wings and heads which garnisht you: Avant  
 Plum'd and disarmed Arms. How well, O Love,  
 Didst thou foretel me this from yonder grove  
 In a prophetick Eccho! O thou high  
 Conqu'rour of Gods and men, once enemy,  
 Now Lord of all my thoughts! if 'tis thy glory  
 To tame a heart that's proud and refractory,  
 Divert Death's impious shaft, which with one blow  
 Slaying *Dorinda*, will slay *Silvio*,

(Now thine;) so cruel death, if it remove  
Her hence, will triumph o'er triumphant Love.

*Lin.* Now both are wounded: but the one in vain,  
Unless the others wound be heal'd again.

About it then. *Dor.* Ah *Linco*! do not (pray)  
Carry me home disguis'd in this array.

*Sil.* Why should *Dorinda* go to any house  
But *Silvio's*? Surely she shall be my Spouse  
Ere it be night, either alive, or dead.

And *Silvio* in life or death will wed  
*Dorinda*. *Lin.* Now she may become thy Wife,  
Since *Amarillis* is to marriage, life,  
And virtue lost. Blest pair! Ye Gods (that do  
Wonders) with one cure now give life to two.

*Dor.* O *Silvio*! I shall faint, my wounded thigh  
Feebly supporting me. *Sil.* Good remedy  
For that! take heart: th'art mine and *Linco's* care,  
And I and *Linco* thy two crutches are.

*Linco*, thy hand. *Lin.* There 'tis. *Sil.* Hold fast; a chair  
Let's make for her of our two arms. Rest here  
*Dorinda*, suff'ring thy right hand t' imbrace  
The neck of *Linco*, thy left mine: Now place  
Thy body tenderly, that the hurt part  
May not be strain'd. *Dor.* O cruel pricking dart!

*Sil.* Sit at more ease, my Love. *Dor.* It is well now.

*Sil.* Dear *Linco* do not stagger. *Lin.* Nor do thou  
Swag with thine arm, but steady go and wary;  
It will concern thee. Ah! we do not carry  
A Boar's head in triumph. *Sil.* Say, my Dear,  
How is it now? *Dor.* In pain; but leaning here

(My

(My Heart) to be in pain, is pleas'd to be;  
To languish, health; to die, eternity.

---

## Chorus.

**F**air Golden Age! when Milk was th' only food,  
And Cradle of the Infant-world the wood  
(Rock'd by the winds;) and th' untoucht flocks did bear  
Their dear young for themselves! None yet did fear  
The sword or payson: no black thoughts begun  
To eclipse the light of the eternal Sun:  
Nor wandring Pines unto a foreign shore  
Or War, or Riches, (a worse mischief) bore,  
That pompous sound, Idol of vanity,  
Made up of Title, Pride, and Flattery,  
Which they call Honour whom Ambition blinds,  
Was not as yet the Tyrant of our minds.  
But to buy real goods with honest toil  
Amongst the woods and flocks; to use no guile,  
Was honour to those sober souls that knew  
No happiness but what from vertue grew.  
Then sports and carols amongst Brooks and Plains,  
Kindled a lawful flame in Nymphs and Swains.  
Their hearts and tongues concurr'd, the kiss and joy  
Which were most sweet, and yet which least did cloy  
Hymen bestow'd on them. To one alone  
The lively Roses of delight were blown;  
The theewish Lover found them shut on trial,  
And fenc'd with prickles of a sharp denial.

Were it in Cave or Wood, or purling Spring,  
Husband and Lover signifi'd one thing.

Base present Age, which dost with thy impure  
Delights the beauty of the soul obscure :  
Teaching to nurse a Dropſie in the veins :  
Bridling the look, but giv'ſt deſire the reins :  
Thus, like a net that ſpread and cover'd lies  
With leaves and tempting flowers, thou doſt diſguiſe  
With coy and holy arts a wanton heart ;

" Afak'ſt life a Stage-play, vertue but a part :

" Nor think'ſt it any fault Love's ſweets to ſteal,

" So from the world thou canſt the theft conceal.

But Thou that art the KING of Kings, create  
In us true honour : Vertue's all the ſtate  
Great ſouls ſhould keep. Unto theſe Cells return,  
Which were thy Court, but now thy abſence mourn :  
From their dead ſleep with thy ſharp goad awake  
Them who, to follow their baſe wills, forſake  
Thee, and the glory of the ancient world.

" Let's hope : our ill's have truce till we are hurt'd

" From that : Let's hope ; the Sun that's ſet may riſe,

" And with new light ſalute our longing eyes.





# Actus Quintus.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Uranio, Carino.*

Ur. "All places are our Country where w<sup>e</sup> are well:  
 "Which to the wise is wheresoe'er they  
 Car. It is most true, *Uranio*: and no man (dwell,  
 By proof can say it better than I can:  
 Who leaving long ago my Fathers house,  
 (Being very young, and then ambitious  
 Of something more than holding of the plough,  
 Or keeping sheep) travell'd abroad: and now  
 To the same point where I began, return,  
 When my gilt locks are to the silver worn,  
 "Yet a sweet thing (it needs must be confest)  
 "To any that hath sense, is his first nest:  
 "For Nature gave to all men at their birth,  
 "Something of secret love unto that Earth  
 "Where they were born, which never old doth grow  
 "In us, but follows wheresoe'er we go.  
 "The Loadstone which the wary Mariner  
 "Doth as Director of his travels bear,  
 "Now to the rising Sun, now to his set,  
 "Doth never lose that hidden vertue yet,

"Which

"Which makes it to the North retort its look :  
 "So he that hath his native soil forlook,  
 "Though he may wander far, much compass take,  
 "I, and his nest in foreign Countries make,  
 "Yet that same natural love doth still retain,  
 "Which makes him with his native soil again.

O fair *Arcadia*! the sweetest part  
 Of all the world, (at least to me thou art)  
 Which my feet trod on, but my thoughts adore !  
 Had I been landed blindfold on thy shore,  
 Yet then I should have known thee, such a flood  
 Of sudden joy runs races with my blood :  
 Such a Magnetick powerful sympathy,  
 And unaccustom'd tenderness feel I.  
 Thou then, that my Companion hast been  
 In travels and in sorrows, shalt be in  
 At my joys too : 'tis reason thou shouldst go  
 My half in happiness, as well as wo.

*Ura.* Companion of thy travels I have been,  
 Not of the fruit thereof ; for thou art in  
 Thy native soil, where thou repose mayst find  
 For thy tir'd body, and more tired mind :  
 But I that am a stranger, and am come  
 So many leagues from my poor house, and from  
 My poorer and distressed Familie,  
 Trailing my wearied limbs along with thee,  
 For my afflicted body well may find  
 Repose, but not for my afflicted mind :  
 Thinking what pledges do behind remain,  
 And how much rugged way I must again.

Tread

Tread over ere I rest. Nor do I know  
 Who else could have prevail'd with me to go  
 From *Elis* in my gray unweildy age  
 (Not knowing why) so long a pilgrimage.

*Car.* Thou know'st, my sweet *Mirtillo*, (who was  
 As a son to me by propitious Heav'n) (giv'n  
 Some two months since came hither to be well,

(By my advice, or of the Oracle,  
 To speak more true, which said, *Th' Arcadian air*  
*Was th' only means that could his health repair.*)

Now I, that find it an exceeding pain  
 Without so dear a pledge long to remain,  
 Consulting the same Oracle, enquir'd  
 When he'd return whom I so much desir'd.

The answer was the same I tell thee now ;

*Unto thy ancient Country return thou ;*

*Where with thy sweet Mirtillo thou shalt be*

*Happy ; for in that place (by Heaven) he*

*is mark'd out for great things : But till thou come*

*into Arcadia, touching this be dumb.*

Thou then, my faithfullest Companion,

My lov'd *Uranio*, who hast ever gone

A share in all my fortunes hitherto,

Repose thy body, and thou shalt have too

Cause to repose thy mind 'twixt me and thee,

(If Heav'n perform what it hath promis'd me)

All shall be common : no success can glad

*Carino*, if he see *Uranio* sad.

*Ura.* My dear *Carino*, what I do for thee,

Rewards it self, if it accepted be.

But

But what at first could make thee to forgo  
Thy native Country, if thou lov'st it so?

*Car.* A love to Poetry, and to the lowd  
Musick of Fame resounding in a crowd.

For I my self (greedy of foreign praise)

Disdain'd *Arcadia* only should my Layes

Hear and applaud: as if my native Soile

Were narrow limits to my growing Syle;

I went to *Elis*, and to *Pisa* then,

(Famous themselves, and giving fame to men)

There saw I that lov'd *Egon*, first with Bays,

With Purple then, with Vertue deckt always:

That he on earth *Apollo's* self did seem:

Therefore my heart and Harp I unto him

Did consecrate, devoted to his name.

And in his house (which was the house of Fame)

I should have set up my perpetual rest,

There to admire and imitate the best,

If as Heav'n made me happy here below,

So it had giv'n me too the grace to know

And keep my happiness. How I forsook

*Elis* and *Pisa* after, and betook

My self to *Argos* and *Micene*, where

An earthly god I worshipt, with what there

I suffer'd in that hard captivitie,

Would be too long for thee to hear, for me

Too sad to utter. Only thus much know,

I lost my labour, and in sand did sow:

I writ, wept, sung, hot and cold fits I had;

I rid, I stood, I bore, now sad, now glad,

Now

Now high, now low, now in esteem, now scorn'd;  
 And as the Delphick Iron, which is turn'd  
 Now to Heroick, now Mechanick use,  
 Ifear'd no danger, did no pains refuse,  
 Was all things, and was nothing; chang'd my hair,  
 Condition, custom, thoughts, and life, but ne'er  
 Could change my fortune. Then I knew at last,  
 And panted after my sweet freedom past.  
 So flying smoaky *Argos*, and the great  
 Storms that attend on greatness, my retreat  
 I made to *Pisa*, (my thoughts quiet port)  
 Where (praise be giv'n to the Eternal for't)  
 Upon my dear *Mirtillo* I did light,  
 Which all past sorrows fully did requite.

*Ura*. "A thousand thousand times that man is blest  
 "Can clip the wings of his aspiring brest!  
 "Nor for the shadow of great happiness,  
 "Doth throw away the substance of the less!

*Car*. But who'd have dreamt midst plenty to grow  
 Or to be less by toiling to be more? (poor?  
 I thought by how much more in Princes Courts  
 Men did excel in Titles and Supports,  
 So much the more obliging they would be,  
 (The best enamel of Nobilitie.)  
 But now the contrary by proof I've seen:  
*Courtiers* in name, and *Courteous* in their meen  
 They are; but in their actions I could spie  
 Not the least spark or drachm of *Courtesie*.  
 People in shew smooth as the calmed waves;  
 Yet cruel as the Ocean when it raves.

Men

Men in appearance only I did find,  
 Love in the face, but malice in the mind:  
 With a strait look, a squinting heart; and least  
 Fidelity where greatest was profess'd.  
 That which elsewhere is vertue, is vice there:  
 Plain troth, square dealing, love unfeign'd, sincere  
 Compassion, faith inviolable, and  
 An innocence both of the heart and hand,  
 They count the folly of a soul that's vile  
 And poor, a vanity worthy their smile.  
 To cheat, to lye, deceit and theft to use,  
 And under shew of pity to abuse,  
 To rise upon the ruines of their brothers,  
 And seek their own by robbing praise from others,  
 The vertues are of that perfidious race,  
 No worth, no valour, no respect of place,  
 Of Age, or Law, bridle of modesty,  
 Notie of love, or blood, nor memory  
 Of good receiv'd; nothing's so venerable,  
 Sacred or just, that is inviolable  
 By that vast thirst of Riches, and desire  
 Unquenchable of still ascending higher.  
 Now I (not fearing, since I meant not ill,  
 And in Court-craft not having any skill,  
 Wearing my thoughts character'd in my brow,  
 And a glass-window in my breast) judge thou  
 How open and how fair a mark my heart  
 Lay to their Envies unsuspected dart.

*Ura.* "Who now can boast of earths felicity,  
 "When Envy treads on Vertues heels?" *Car.* O my  
*Uranio,* If since my Muse and I From

From *Elis* past to *Argos*, I had found  
 Such cause to sing, as I had ample ground  
 To weep, perchance in such a lofty key  
 I'd sung my Master's glorious Arms, that he  
 Should have no cause, for the felicity  
 Of his Meonian trumpet to envy  
*Achilles* : and my Country (which doth bring  
 Such hapless Poets forth as Swan-like sing  
 Their own sad fates) should by means have now  
 A second Lawrel to impale her brow.  
 But in this age (inhumane age the while !)  
 The art of Poetry is made too vile.  
 "Swans must have pleasant nests, high feeding, fair  
 "Weather to sing : and with a load of care  
 "Men cannot climb *Parnassus* cliff: for he  
 "Who is still wrangling with his Destiny,  
 "And his malignant fortune, becomes hoarse,  
 "And loses both his singing and discourse.  
 ——— But now 'tis time to seek *Mirtillo* out :  
 Although I find the places hereabout  
 So chang'd and alter'd from their ancient wont,  
 I for *Arcadia* in *Arcadia* hunt.  
 But come *Urania* gladly for all this;  
 A traveller with language cannot miss  
 His way: or, since th'art weary, thou wert best  
 To stay at the next Inn to take some rest.

SCENA



## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Titiro, Messenger.*

*Tit.* **W**Hich first, my Daughter, shall I mourn  
Thy loss of life, or of thy chastitie?

I'll mourn thy chastity: for thou wert born  
Of mortal Parents, but not bad. I'll mourn

Not thy life lost, but mine preserv'd, to see  
Thy loss of life, and of thy chastitie.

Thou with thy Oracles mysterious cloud,  
(Wrongly conceiv'd *Montano*) and thy proud  
Despiser both of love, and of my Daughter  
Unto this miserable end hast brought her.

Ay me! how much more certain at this time  
My Oracles have shew'd themselves than thine!

"For honesty in a young heart doth prove

"But a weak sconce against assaulting love:

"And 'tis most true, a woman that's alone,

"Hath a most dangerous Companion. (th'air)

*Mess.* Were he not under ground, or flown through  
I should have found him sure. But soft, h's there

(I think) where least I thought. Th'art met by me

Too late, old Father, but too soon for thee:

I've news. *Tit.* What bring'st thou in thy mouth? the

That hath bereft my Daughter of her life? (knife)

*Mess.* Not that; yet little less. But how I pray  
Got't thou this news so soon another way?

*Tit.*

*Tit.* Doth she then live? *Mess.* She lives, and in her  
It is to live or die, *Tit.* Blest be that voice! (choice  
Why is she then not safe, if she may give  
Her *no* to death? *Mess.* Because she will not live.

*Tit.* Will not? what madness makes her *life* despise?

*Mess.* Another's death. And (if that thy advice  
Remove her not) she is thereon so bent,  
That all the world cannot her death prevent.

*Tit.* Why stand we talking here then? Let us go.

*Mess.* Stay: yet the Temple's shut: Dost thou not  
That none but holy feet on holy earth (know  
May tread, till from the Vestry they bring forth  
The destin'd Sacrifice in all its trim? (interim

*Tit.* But before that— *Mess.* She's watcht. *Tit.* I th'  
Relate then all that's past, and to me show  
The truth unveil'd. *Mess.* Thy wretched Daughter (Oh  
Sad spectacle!) being brought before the Priest,  
Did not alone from the beholders wrest  
Salt tears; but (trust me) made the marble melt,  
And the hard flint the dint of pity felt.  
She was accus'd, convict, and sentence past  
All in a trice. *Tit.* (Poor Girl!) and why such haste?

*Mess.* Because the evidence was clear as day:  
Besides, a certain Nymph (who she did say  
Could witness she was guiltless) was not there,  
Nor could by any search be brought to appear.  
Then the dire Omens of some threatned ill,  
And horrid visions which the Temple fill,  
brook no delay, to us more frightful far,  
By how much more unusual they are,

M

Nor

Nor ever seen, since the vext Pow'rs above  
 Reveng'd the wrong of scorn'd *Amarilla's* Love.  
 (Who was then Priest whence all our woes had birth)  
 The Goddess sweats cold drops of blood, the Earth  
 Is Palsey shook; the sacred Cavern howls  
 With such unwonted sounds as tortur'd souls  
 Send out of graves, and belches up a smell  
 From its fowl jaws, scarce to be match'd in hell.  
 His sad Procession now the Priest began  
 To lead't a bloody death thy Daughter, when  
*Mirtillo* seeing her, (behold a strange  
 Proof of Affection!) proffer'd to exchange  
 His life for hers; crying aloud, Her hands  
 Untie, (Ah how unworthy of such bands!)  
 And in her stead (who is design'd to be  
 A sacrifice to *Dian*) offer me  
 A sacrifice to *Amarillis*. *Tiv.* There  
 Speak a true Lover, and above base fear!  
*Mess.* The wonder follows: she that was afraid  
 Before of dying, on the sudden made  
 Now valiant by *Mirtillo's* words, reply'd,  
 Thus, with a heart at death unterrifi'd,  
 But dost thou think (*Mirtillo*) then to give  
 Life by thy death to her, who in thee doth live?  
 It cannot, must not be: Come, Priests, away  
 With me to th' Altar now without delay.  
 Ah! (cry'd the Swain) such love I did not lack:  
 Back, cruel *Amarillis*, O come back:  
 Now thou art more unkind than ere thou wert:  
 'Tis I should die. Quoth she, thou art my part,

And

And here between them grew so fierce a strife,  
As if that life were death, and death were life.  
O noble souls ! O Pair eternally  
To be renown'd, whether ye live or die !  
O glorious Lovers ! if I had tongues more  
Than Heav'n bath eyes, or sands are on the shore,  
Their voices would be drowned in the main  
Sea of your endless Praises. Glorious Dame,  
Daughter of *Jove*, (eternal as thy Father)  
That Mortals deeds immortalizest, gather  
Thou the fair story, and in diamond pages,  
With golden letters write to after-ages  
The bravery of both Lovers. *Tit.* But who wan  
The conquest in that strife of death ? *Meff.* The Man.  
Strange war ! which to the victor death did give,  
And where the vanquish't was condemn'd to live.  
For thus unto thy daughter spake the Priest ;  
Nymph, let's alone, and set thy heart at rest ;  
*Chang'd for another none can be again,*  
*Who for another in exchange was ta'en.*  
This is our Law. Then a strict charge he gave,  
Upon the Maid such careful watch to have,  
As that she might not lay a violent hand  
Upon her self through sorrow. Thus did stand  
The state of matters, when in search of thee  
*Montano* sent me. *Tit.* 'Tis most true I see,  
"Well-water'd Meads may be without sweet flowers  
"In Spring ; without their verdant honour Bowers ;  
"And without chirping Birds a pleasant Grove ;  
"Ere a fair Maid and young without her Love.

M 2

But

But if we loiter here, how shall we know  
The hour when to the Temple we should go?

*Mess.* Here better than elsewhere; For here it is  
The honest Swain must be a sacrifice.

*Tit.* And why not in the Temple? *Mess.* Because in  
The place 'twas done, our Law doth punish sin.

*Tit.* Then why not in the Cave? The sin was there.

*Mess.* Because it must be in the open air.

*Tit.* By whom hast thou these mysteries been told?

*Mess.* By the chief Minister, and he by old  
*Tirenio*; who the false *Lucrino* knew  
So sacrificed, and *Aminta* true.

But now 'tis time to go indeed; for see  
The sacred pomp descends the hill! yet we  
May for thy Daughter to the Temple go  
Before they come: "Devotion marches slow."

### SCENA TERTIA.

*Chorus of Shepherds, Chorus of Priests,  
Montano, Mirtillo.*

Ch.Sh. **S**OL's sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,  
That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere  
To the blind world!

Ch.Pr. Thou whose life-giving, and more temp'ring  
Thy Brother's burning fury doth allay; (Rise)  
Whence bounteous Nature here produces after  
All her blest off-springs, and Air, Earth, and Water  
Enrich'd

Enriches and augments with Vegetals,  
With Creatures sensitive, with Rationals.

Ah, pity thy *Arcadia*, and that rage  
Thou dost in *others*, in thy self assuage!

Ch. Sh. *Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,*  
*That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere*

*To the blind world!*

Mont. Now sacred Ministers the Altars dress;  
You likewise Swains, that shew your selves no less  
Devout than they, your voices all unite,  
And once again invoke the Queen of Night.

Ch. Sh. *Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,*  
*That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere*

*To the blind world!*

Mont. Now shepherds and my servants all,  
Withdraw your selves, and come not till I call.  
Valiant young man, (who to bestow upon  
Another life, abandonest thine own)  
Die with this comfort: for a puff of breath  
(Which by the abject spirit is called death)  
Thou buy'st Eternity: and when the tooth  
Of envious Time (consuming the world's youth)  
Millions of lesser names devoured hath,  
Then thou shalt live the pattern of true faith.

For the Law commands that thou shouldst die  
Silent Sacrifice, before thou ply  
Thy knee to earth, if thou wouldst ought deliver,  
Speak; and hereafter hold thy peace for ever.

Mir. Father, (for though thou kill me, yet I must  
Give thee that name) my body to the dust,

M 3

Whereof

But if we loiter here, how shall we know  
The hour when to the Temple we should go?

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*Tit.* And why not in the Temple? *Mess.* Because in  
The place 'twas done, our Law doth punish sin.

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But for the Law commands that thou shouldst die  
A silent Sacrifice, before thou ply  
Thy knee to earth, if thou wouldst ought deliver,  
Speak; and hereafter hold thy peace for ever.

Mir. Father, (for though thou kill me, yet I must  
Give thee that name) my body to the dust,

Whereof 'twas made and kneaded up, I give  
 My soul to her in whom alone I live.  
 But if she die, (as she hath vow'd) of me  
 What part (alas!) will then surviving be?  
 How sweet will death be unto me, if I  
 In mine own person, not in hers, may die!  
 And if he merit pity at his death,  
 Who for meer pity now resigns his breath,  
 Take care dear (Father) of her life, that I  
 Wing'd with that hope, t' a better life may fly.  
 Let my Fate rest at my destruction,  
 Stop at my ruine; but when I am gone,  
 Let my divorced soul in her survive,  
 Although from her I was divorc'd alive.

*Mont.* Scarcely can I refrain from weeping now;  
 (O our mortality how frail art thou!)

Son, be of comfort, for I promise thee  
 I will perform all thou desir'st of me:

Here's my hand on't, and solemnly I swear,

Ev'n by this Miter'd head. *Mir.* Then vanish fear,

And now for the most faithful soul make room,

For (*Amarillis*) unto thee I come.

With the sweet name of *Amarillis* I

Close up my mouth, and silent kneel to die.

*Mont.* Now, sacred Ministers, the Rites begin;

With liquid odoriferous Gums keep in

The flame, and strowing frankincense and myrrhe,

Whole clouds of perfume to the Gods preferre,

*Cho. Sh.* *Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,*

*That shin'st a second sun in the first sphere*

*To the blind world!*

SCENA

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Carino, Montano, Nicandro, Mintillo,  
Chorus of Shepherds.*

*Car.* **D**Id ever man so many houses view,  
And the inhabitants thereof so few?  
But see the cause! if I mistake me not,  
They're gotten all together here: O what  
A troop! how rich! how solemn! 'Tis sure  
Some sacrifice. *Mont.* Give me the golden Ewre  
With the red Wine *Nicandro.* *Nic.* There! *Mont.* So  
soft pity in thy breast revive to day  
By this anguilly blood, (Goddess divine)  
As by the sprinkling of these drops of Wine,  
This pale and dying flame revives. Set up  
The golden Ewre. Reach me the silver Cup,  
So may the burning wrath be quenched, which in  
Thy breast was kindled by a false Maid's sin!  
As with this water (pour'd not like air-trait)  
I quench this flame. *Car.* 'Tis a sacrifice; but where's  
The offering? *Mont.* Now all's prepar'd, there lacks  
Only that fatal stroke. I Lend me the Axe.

*Car.* I see a thing (unless my eyes mistake)  
Like a man kneeling this way with his back  
Is he the Offering? 'Tis so, ah wretch!  
And o'er his head the Priest his hand doth stretch.  
O my poor Country! after all these years  
Is not Heav'n's wrath yet quenched with blood & tears.

Ch. Sh. Sol's sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,  
That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere  
To the blind world!

Mont. Revengeful Goddess, who a private fault  
With publick rod dost punish: (Thou hast thought  
Fit so to do, and so in the Abyss  
Of Providence eternal fixt it is)  
Since faithless Lucrin's tainted blood was thought  
For thy nice Justice too impure a draught:  
Carouse the guiltless blood then of this Swain,  
By me now at thy Altar to be slain  
A willing sacrifice, and to his Last  
As true a Lover as Aminta was.

Ch. Sh. Sol's sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,  
That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere  
To the blind world!

Mont. Ah, how my brest with pity now relents!  
What sudden numness fetters every sense!  
I ne'er was so before; to lift this Axe

My hands lack strength, and my heart courage lacks.

Car. I'll see the wretches face, and so be gone:  
For such dire sights I cannot look upon.

Mont. Perhaps the Sun, though setting, will not look  
On humane Sacrifice, and I am strook  
Therefore with horror. Shepherd, change thy place,  
And to the Mountain turn thy dying face.

So, now 'tis well. Car. Alas, what gaze I at?

Is't not my Son? Is't not *Martillo*, that? (my blow—)

Mon. Now I can do't. (Car. 'Tis he.) Mon. And aim

Car. Hold, sacred Minister, what dost thou do?

Mont.

*Mont.* Nay, thou profane rash man, how dar'st thou impose a sacrilegious hand on us? (thus

*Car.* O all my joy *Mirtillo*! I ne'er thought——

*Mont.* (Avant, old man, that dot'st, or art distraught.)

*Car.* T'imbrace thee in this sort. *Mont.* Avant, I say, It is not lawful impure hands to lay Upon things sacred to the gods. *Car.* 'Twas they That sent me to this place. *Mont.* *Nicandro*, stay, We'll hear him, and then let him go his way.

*Car.* Ah, courteous Minister, before thy hand Upon the life of this young man descend, Tell me but why he dies. This I implore By that Divinity thou dost adore,

*Mont.* By such a Goddess thou conjur'st me, that I should be impious to deny. But what Concerns it thee? *Car.* More than thou dost suppose.

*Mont.* Because to die he for another chose.

*Car.* Then I will die for him: O, take in stead Of his, this old already tottering head. (now

*Mon.* Thou rav'st friend. *Car.* Why am I deni'd that Which unto him was granted? *Mont.* Because thou

A stranger art. *Car.* And if I should prove none, What then? *Mont.* Although thou shouldst, it were all Because he cannot be exchang'd again, (one;

Who for another in exchange was ta'en, But who art thou, if thou no stranger be? Thy habit speaks thee not of *Arcadie*.

*Car.* Yet am I an Arcadian. *Mont.* I did ne'er see thee before (to my remembrance) here.

*Car.*

*Car.* My name's *Carino*; I was born hard by :  
(This Wretches Father who is now to die.) (loud)

*Mont.* Hence, hence, lest through thy fond paternal  
Our sacrifice should vain and fruitless prove.

*Car.* O if thou wert a Father ! *Mont.* I am one :  
I, and the Father of an only Son.

A tender Father too; yet if this were  
My *Silvio's* head (by *Silvio's* head I swear)  
I would as forward be to do to his

What I must do to this. "For no man is  
"Worthy this sacred Robe, but he that can  
"For publick good put off the private man.

*Car.* Yet let me kiss him ere he die. *Mont.* Not touch.

*Car.* O mine own flesh and blood! art thou so much  
A Tyrant to me too, as to afford  
To thy afflicted Parent not one word?

*Mir.* Dear Father, Peace. *Mont.* Alas we are all  
The sacrifice (O Heavens!) is defil'd. (spoil'd)

*Mir.* That blood, that life which thou didst give  
Spent for a better cause can never be. (to me)

*Mont.* Did I not say his vow of silence he  
Would break, when he his Fathers tears should see?

*Mir.* That such a gross mistake I should commit,  
My vow of silence, I did quite forget.

*Mont.* But Ministers, why do ye gazing stay?  
Him to the Temple quickly reconvey.  
There in the holy Cloyster again take  
The voluntary Oath of him; then back  
Returning him with pomp along with you,  
For a new sacrifice bring all things new,

New fire, and new water, and new wine  
Quickly; for *Phœbus* doth apace decline.

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Montano, Carino, Dameta,*

*(thou art*  
*Mont.* **N**OW thou old doting fool, thank Heav'n  
His Father; for (by Heav'n) unless thou  
To day I'd make thee feel my fury, since (wert,  
Thou hast so much abus'd my patience,  
Know'st thou who I am? Know'st thou that this wand  
Doth both divine and humane things command?

*Car.* "Let not the Priest of Heav'n offended be  
"For begging mercy. *Mont.* I have suffer'd thee  
Too long, and that hath made thee insolent:

Dost thou not know, "When anger wanteth vent  
"In a just bosom, it is gathering strength  
"Within, and bursts our with more force at length?

*Car.* "Anger was never in a noble mind  
"A furious tempest; but a gentle wind  
"Of passion only, which but stirs the soul,  
"(Where Reason still doth keep her due control)

"Lest it should grow a standing pool, unfit  
"For vertuous action. If I cannot get  
Thee to extend that mercy which I crave,  
Afford me justice; this I ought to have  
From thee. "For they who Laws to others give,  
"Ought not themselves without all Law to live.

"And



“ And he that is advanc’d to greater sway,  
 “ Him that requireth Justice must obey.  
 And (witness) I require it now of thee;  
 Do’t for thy self, if thou wilt not for me.  
 Thou art unjust if thou *Mirtillo* slay.

*Mont.* I prethee how? *Car.* To me didst thou not say,  
 “ Thou might’st not offer here a strangers blood?”

*Mon.* I did: and said what Heav’n commanded. *Car.* Good:  
 This is a stranger then. *Mon.* A stranger? what?  
 Is he not then thy son? *Car.* All’s one for that.

*Mont.* Is’t that thou gott’st him in a foreign land?  
*Car.* The more thou seek’st, the less thou’st understand.

*Mont.* It skills not here, *where*, but by *whom* he’s got.  
*Car.* I call him stranger, cause I got him not.

*Mont.* Is he thy son then, and not got by thee?

*Car.* I said he was my son; not born of me.

*Mont.* Thy grief hath made thee mad. *Car.* I would  
 I should not feel my grief if I were mad. (it had!)

*Mont.* Thou art or mad or impious, chuse thou whether.

*Car.* For telling the truth to thee I am neither.

*Mont.* How can both these (son and not son) be true?

*Car.* Son of my love, not of my loins. *Mont.* Go to,  
 He is no stranger if he be thy son:

If he be not, to thee no harm is done.

So Father or not Father, th’art confuted.

*Car.* “ Truth is truth still, though it be ill disputed.

*Mont.* “ That man that utters contradictions must  
 “ Speak one untruth. *Car.* Thy action is unjust,

I say again. *Mont.* Let all this actions guilt

Light on my head, and on my sons. *Car.* Thou wilt

Repent

Repent it. *Mont.* Thou shalt, if thou wilt not take  
Thy hands from off me. *Car.* My appeal I make  
To men and gods. *Mont.* To gods, despis'd by thee?

*Car.* And if thou wilt not hear, hearken to me,  
O Heav'n and Earth! and thou great Goddess here  
Ador'd! *Mirtillo* is a Foreigner,

No son of mine: the holy Sacrifice (from this  
Thou dost profane. *Mont.* Bless me good Heav'n's  
Strange man! Say then, if he be not thy son,

Who is his father? *Car.* 'Tis to me unknown. (thou then

*Mont.* Is he thy kinsman? *Car.* Neither. *Mont.* Why dost  
Call him thy son? *Car.* Cause from the instant when  
I had him first, I bred him as mine own,

Still with a fatherly affection. (him. *Car.* From

*Mont.* Didst buy him? steal him? from whence hadst  
*Elis*, (the gift of a strange man.) *Mont.* From whom

Had that strange man him? *Car.* That strange man? why  
Had him of me before. *Mont.* Thou mov'st in me (he  
At the same time both laughter and disdain:

What thou gav'st him, did he give thee again?

*Car.* I gave to him what was his own; then he  
Return'd it as his courteous gift to me. (me mad

*Mont.* And whence hadst thou (since thou wilt make  
For company) that which from thee he had?

*Car.* Within a thicket of sweet Mirtle, I  
Had newly found him accidentally

Near to *Alfeo's* mouth, and call'd him thence

*Mirtillo.* *Mont.* With what likely circumstance

Thou dost thy lye embroider? Are there any

Wild beasts within that Forest? *Car.* Very many.

*Mont.*

*Mon.* Why did not they devour him? *Car.* A stroke  
Had carry'd him into that tuft of wood, (flood  
And left him in the lap of a small Isle  
Defended round with water. *Mon.* Thou dost fill  
One lye upon another well. And was  
The flood so pitiful to let him pass

Undrown'd? Such Nurses in thy Country are  
The Brooks, to foster Infants with such care.

*Car.* He lay within a Cradle, which with mud  
And other matter gather'd by the flood,  
Calk'd (to keep out the water) like a Boat,  
Had to that thicket carry'd him afloat.

*Mon.* Within a cradle lay he? *Car.* Yes. *Mon.* A child  
In swathing bands? *Car.* A sweet one; and it smil'd

*Mon.* How long ago might this be? *Car.* 'Tis soon call'd  
Since the great flood some twenty years are past,  
And then it was. *Mon.* What horror do I feel

Creep thorow my veins! *Car.* He's silenc'd, and yet will  
Be obstinate. "O the strange pride of those

"In place! who conquer'd, yield not: but suppose  
"Because that they have all the wealth; with it  
"They must be Masters too of all the wit.

Sure he's convinc'd; and it doth vex him too,  
As by his muttering he doth plainly show:  
And one may see some colour he would find,  
To hide the error of a haughty mind. (what

*Mon.* But that strange man of whom thou tell'st me  
Was he unto the Child? his Father? *Car.* That  
I do not know. *Mon.* Nor didst thou ever know  
More of the man than thou hast told me? *Car.* No

Why

Why all these questions? *Mon.* If thou saw'st him now, should'st know him? *Car.* Yes, he had a beetle-brow, A down-look, middle-stature, with black hair, His beard and eye-brows did with bristles stare.

*Mon.* Shepherds & servants mine, approach. *Dam.* We are here.

*Mon.* Which of these shepherds who do now appear, To him thou talk'st of likest seems to thee?

*Car.* Not only like him, but the same is he Whom thou talk'st with; and still the man doth show The same he did some twenty years ago, For he hath chang'd no hair, though I am gray.

*Mon.* Withdraw, and let *Dameta* only stay. Tell me, dost thou know him? *Dam.* I think I do: But where, or how I know not? *Car.* I'll renew

Thy memory by tokens. *Mon.* Let me talk First with him if thou please, and do thou walk Aside awhile. *Car.* Most willingly what thou Command'st I'll do. *Mon.* Tell me, *Dameta*, now, And do not lye. (*Da.* O gods, what storm comes here!)

*Mon.* When thou cam'st back ('tis since some twenty year) From seeking of my Child, which the swollen brook Away together with its cradle took, Didst thou not tell me thou hadst sought with pain All that *Alpheo* bathes, and all in vain?

*Dam.* Why dost thou ask it me? *Mon.* Answer me this: Didst not thou say thou couldst not find him? *Dam.* Yes.

*Mon.* What was that little infant then which thou In *Elis* gav'st to him that knows thee now?

*Dam.* 'Twas twenty years ago; and wouldst thou An old man now remember what he gave? (have

*Mon.*

*Mont.* He is old too, and yet remembers it.

*Dam.* Rather is come into his doting fit. (stranger)

*Mont.* That we shall quickly see: Where art thou

*Car.* Here. *Dam.* Would thou wert interr'd, and I from danger

*Mont.* Is this the shepherd that bestow'd on thee  
The present, art thou sure? *Car.* I'm sure 'tis he.

*Dam.* What present? *Car.* Dost thou not remember  
In *Jove Olympicks* Fane, thou having then (when

Newly receiv'd the Oracles reply,

And being just on thy departure, I

Encountred thee, and asking then of thee

The signs of what th'adst lost, thou toldst them me

Then I did take thee to my house, and there

Shew'd thee thy Child laid in a Cradle; where

Thou gav'st him me. *Dam.* What is inferr'd from hence

*Car.* The Child thou gav'st me then, and whom I since

Have brought up, as a tender Father doth

An only Son, is this unhappy youth

Who on this Altar now is doom'd to die

A Sacrifice. *Dam.* O force of destinie! (see

*Mont.* Art studying for more lyes? Hath this man

The truth or not? *Dam.* Would I were but as dead

As all is true! *Mont.* That thou shalt quickly be

If the whole truth thou dost not tell to me.

Why didst thou give unto another what

Was not thine own? *Dam.* Dear Master, ask not that

For Heav'n's sake do not: too much thou dost know

Already. *Mont.* This makes me more eager grow

Wilt not speak yet? Still keep'st thou me in pain?

Th'art dead if I demand it once again.

DAM

*Dam.* Because the Oracle foretold me there,  
That if the Child then found returned ere  
To his own home, he should be like to die

By's Father's hand. *Car.* 'Tis true, my self was by.

*Mont.* Ay me! now all is clear: This act of mine,  
The Dream and Oracle did well Divine. (remain?)

*Car.* What wouldst thou more? can ought behind  
Is it not plain enough? *Mont.* 'Tis but too plain.  
I know, and thou hast said too much; I would  
I had search'd less, or thou less understood.

How (O) *Carino*, have I ta'en from thee  
At once thy Son, and thy Calamity!  
How are thy passions become mine! this is  
My Son: O too unhappy Son, of this  
Unhappy man! O Son preserv'd and kept  
More cruelly, than thou from hence wert swept  
By the wild flood, to fall by thy Sires hand,  
And stain the Altars of thy native Land!

*Car.* Thou Father to *Mirtilla*? Wondrous! How  
Didst lose him? *Mon.* By that horrid flood which thou  
Hast mention'd. O dear pledge! thou wert safe then  
When thou wert lost: and now I lose thee, when  
I find thee. *Car.* O eternal Providence!

For what deep end have all these Accidents  
Lain hid so long, and now break forth together?  
Some mighty thing thou hast conceived, either  
For good or evil: some unwonted birth  
Thou art big with, which must be brought on earth.

*Mont.* This was the thing my dream foretold me too;  
Prophetick in the bad, but most untrue

In the good part ; This 'twas which made me melt  
So strangely ; this, that horror which I felt  
Creep through my bones, when I heav'd up my hand  
For Nature's self seem'd to recoil, or stand  
Astonished, to see a Father go  
To give that horrid and forbidden blow.

*Car.* Thou art resolved then not to go on  
With this dire Sacrifice ? *Mon.* No other man  
May do it here. *Car.* Shall the Son then be slain  
By his own Sire ? *Mon.* 'Tis Law : and who dare strain  
His charity to save another man,  
When true *Aminta* with himself began ?

*Car.* O my sad Fate ! what am I brought to see ?

*Mont.* Two Fathers over-acted Pietie  
Murder their Son ; Thine to *Mirtillo* ; mine  
To Heav'n. Thou by denying he was thine,  
Thought'st to preserve him, and hast lost him ; I  
(Searching with too much curiosity)  
Whilst I was to have sacrific'd thy Son,  
(As I suppos'd) find and must slay my own.

*Car.* Behold the horrid Monster Fate hath teem'd  
O cruel ! O *Mirtillo* ! more esteem'd  
By me than life : Was this it which to me  
The Oracle foretold concerning thee ?  
Thus dost thou make me in my Country blest ?  
O my dear Son, whilome the hope and rest,  
But now the grief and bane of these gray hairs ?

*Mont.* Prethee, *Carino*, lend to me those tears :  
I weep for mine own blood. (Ah ! why, if I  
Must spill it, is it mine ?) Poor Son ! but why



Did I beget thee?— (Why was I got rather?)  
 The pitying deluge sav'd thee, and thy Father  
 Will cruelly destroy thee. Holy Pow'rs  
 Immortal, (without some command of yours  
 Not the least wave stirs in the Sea, breath in  
 The Air, nor leaf on Earth) what monstrous sin  
 Hath been by me committed 'gainst your Law,  
 This heavy Judgment on my head to draw?  
 Or if I have transgress'd so much, wherein  
 Sin'd my Son so, ye will not pardon him?  
 And thou with one blast of thy anger kill  
 Me, thundring *Jove*? But if thy bolts lie still,  
 My blade shall not: I will repeat the sad  
 Example of *Aminta*, and the Lad  
 Shall see his Father through his own heart run  
 His reeling blade, rather than kill his Son.  
 Die then, *Montano*; Age should lead the way:  
 And willingly I do't. Pow'rs (shall I say  
 Of Heav'n or Hell?) that do with anguish drive  
 Men to despair; Behold, I do conceive  
 (since you will have it so) your fury! I  
 Desire no greater blessing than to die.  
 A kind of dute love to my natural Gole  
 Doth lash me on, and hollow to my soul,  
 To death, to death. *Car.* 'Las poor old man! in troth  
 Pity thee: for though we need it both,  
 Yet as by day the Stars forbear to shine,  
 My grief is nothing, if compar'd with thine.

## SCENA SESTA.

*Tirenio, Montano, Carino.*

*Tir.* **M**Ake haste, my Son ; yet tread secure, that  
May, without stumbling, trace thee through  
And craggy way, with my old feet and blind, (this way  
Thou art their eyes, as I am to thy mind.  
And when thou comest where the Priest is, there  
Arrest thy pace. *Mont.* Hah ! whom I see here ?  
Is't not our Reverend *Tirenio* ? he  
Whose eyes are seal'd up earthward, but heav'n sees  
Some great thing draws him from his sacred Cell,  
Whence to behold him is a miracle.

*Car.* May the good Gods pleas'd in their bounty  
To make his coming prosperous to thee.

*Mont.* Father *Tirenio*, what miracle  
Is this ? what mak'st thou from thy holy Cell ?  
Whom dost thou seek ? what news ? *Tir.* I come to speak  
With thee : and news I bring, and news I seek.

*Mont.* But why comes not the holy Order back  
With the purg'd offering, and what doth lack  
Besides to th' interrupted Sacrifice ?

*Tir.* " O how much often doth the want of eyes  
" Add to the inward sight ! for then the soul  
" Not gadding forth, but recollected whole  
" Into it self, is wont to recompence  
" With the minds eyes the blindness of the sense !

"It is not good to pass so slightly over  
 "Some great events unlookt for, which discover  
 "In humane businesses a hand Divine, (shine.  
 "Which through a cloud of seeming chance doth  
 "For Heav'n with Earth will not familiar be,  
 "Nor face to face talk with Mortalitie.  
 "But those great wondrous things which us amaze,  
 "And on blind chance the more blind vulgar lays,  
 "Are but Heav'n's voice: the deathless Gods affect  
 "To speak to Mortals in that dialect.  
 "It is their language; mute unto our ears,  
 "But loud to him whose understanding hears.  
 "A thousand times most happy is that wight,  
 "That hath an understanding pitcht so right.)  
 "The good *Nicandro* (as thou gav'st command)  
 "Was ready now to bring the sacred Band,  
 "Whom I with-held by reason of a change  
 "That fell out in the Temple. Which so strange  
 "Event, comparing with what happen'd here  
 "At the same time to thee, 'twixt hope and fear  
 "I know not how, strook and amaz'd I stand:  
 "Whereof by how much less I understand  
 "The cause, so much the more I hope and fear  
 "Some happiness, or some great danger near.  
 "Mont. That which thou understandest not, I do  
 "Too well, and to my sorrow feel it too.  
 "What is there ought in hidden Fate can shun  
 "Thy all-divining spirit? Tir. O my Son!  
 "If the Divine use of Prophetick light  
 "Were arbitrary, it would then be right

"The gift of Nature, nor of Heav'n. I find  
(Tis true) within my undigested mind,  
That there is something hidden in the deep  
Bosom of Fate, which she from me doth keep,  
And this hath mov'd me to come now to thee,  
To be inform'd more clearly who is he,  
That's found to be the Father of the youth  
To die now; if *Nicandro* told us truth.

*Mont.* Thou know'st him but too well, *Tirenio*;  
How wilt thou wish anon that thou didst know  
Or love him less? *Tir.* "I praise thee, O my Son,  
"For taking pity and compassion  
"On the afflicted: 'tis humanity.  
Howe'er let me speak with him. *Mon.* Now, I see  
Heav'n hath suspended in thee all that skill  
In Prophecy, which it was wont to instill.  
That Father whom thou seek'st to speak withal,  
Am I. *Tir.* Art thou his Father, that should fall  
To *Dian* now an Immolation?

*Mont.* The wretched Father of that wretched Son.

*Tir.* Of that same Faithful Shepherd, who to give  
Life to another, would himself not live?

*Mont.* Of him, who dies his Murtherers life to save  
And murders me, who unto him life gave. (The

*Tir.* But is this true? *Mont.* Behold the witness, *Car.*  
Which he hath told thee is most true. *Tir.* And who  
Art thou that speak'st? *Car.* *Carine*, thought to be  
Till now the young mans Father. *Tir.* Was that  
The Flood took from thee long ago? *Mont.* Yes, yes  
*Tirenio.* *Tir.* And dost thou stile for this

Thy self a wretched Father. "O how blind  
 "Is an unhallow'd and terrestrial mind!  
 "In what thick mists of error, how profound  
 "A night of Ignorance are our souls drown'd,  
 "Till thou enlighten them, from whom the Sun  
 "Receives his lustre, as from him the Moon!  
 "Vain men, how can ye boast of knowledge so  
 "That part of us by which we see and know,  
 "Is not our virtue, but deriv'd from Heaven,  
 "That gives it, and can take what it hath given.  
 "O in thy mind, *Montano*, blinder far  
 "Than I am in mine eyes! What Juggler,  
 "What dazling Devil will not let thee see,  
 "That if this noble youth was born of thee,  
 "Thou art the happiest Father, and most dear  
 "To the immortal Deities, that e'er  
 "Begot Son in the world? Behold the deep  
 "Secret, which Fate did from my knowledge keep!  
 "Behold the happy day, with such a flood  
 "Expected of our tears, and of our blood  
 "Behold the blessed end of all our pain!  
 "Where art thou man? come to thy self again.  
 "How is it that thou only dost forget  
 "That famous happy Oracle that's writ  
 "In all Arcadian hearts? How can it be,  
 "That with thy dear Son's lightning upon thee  
 "This day, thy sense is not prepar'd and clear,  
 "The thunder of that heav'nly voice to hear,  
 "Your *Wo* shall end, when two of Race Divine  
 "Love shall combine—

(Tears of delight in such abundance flow  
Out of my heart, I cannot speak.) *Your Wo*—

*Your Wo shall end when two of Race Divine  
Love shall combine:*

*And for a faithless Nymph's apostate state,  
A faithful Shepherd supererogate.*

Now tell me thou: This Shepherd here of whom  
We speak, and that should die, is he not come  
Of *Divine Race* (*Montano*) if he's thine?

And *Amarillis* too of *Race Divine*?

Then who I pray but *Love* hath them combin'd?  
*Silvio* by parents and by force was join'd

To *Amarillis*, and is yet as far

From loving her, as *Love* and *Hatred* are,

Then scan the rest, and 'twill be evident,

The fatal voice none but *Mirtillo* meant.

For who indeed, since slain *Aminta*, hath

Express'd such *Love* as he? such constant *Faith*?

Who but *Mirtillo* for his Mistress wou'd

Since true *Aminta*, spend his dearest blood?

This is that work of *Supererogation*:

This is that *Faithful Shepherd's* expiation

For the *Apostate* false *Lucrina's* fact.

By this admir'd and most stupendious Act,

More than with humane blood the wrath of Heaven

Is pacified, and satisfaction given

Unto eternal Justice for th' offence

Committed 'gainst it by a woman. Hence

It was, that he no sooner came to pay

Devotions in the Temple, but streightway

All monstrous Omens ceas'd; No longer stood  
Th' eternal Image in a sweat of blood,  
The earth no longer shook, the holy Cave  
No longer stank, and shrieks no longer gave;  
But such sweet harmony and redolence  
As Heav'n affords (if Heav'n affect the sense.)  
O Providence eternal! O ye Powers  
That look upon us from yon azure Towers!  
If all my words were souls, and every soul  
Were sacrific'd upon your Altars whole,  
It were too poor a Hecatomb to pay  
So great a blessing with: but as I may  
(Behold!) I tender thanks, and with my knee  
Touching the earth in all humility,  
Look up on you that sit inthron'd in Heav'n,  
How much am I your debtor, that have giv'n  
Me leave to live till now! I have run o're  
Of my live's race a hundred years and more,  
Yet never liv'd till now, could never deem  
My life worth keeping till this instant time.  
Now I begin my life, am born to day,  
But why in words do I consume away  
That time that should be spent in works? Help, Son,  
To lift me up: Thou art the motion  
Of my decayed limbs. *Mont. Tirenio,*  
I have a lightness in my bosom so  
Lockt in, and petrifi'd with wonder, that  
I find I'm glad, yet scarcely know at what,  
My greedy soul unto her self alone  
Keeps all her joy, and lets my sense have none.



O miracle of Heav'n! far, far beyond  
 All we have seen, or e'er did understand!  
 O unexampled Bounty! O the great,  
 Great mercy of the Gods! O fortunate  
*Arcadia*! O Earth, of all that e'er  
 The Sun beheld or warm'd, most blest, most dear  
 To Heav'n! Thy weal's so dear to me, mine own  
 I cannot feel, nor think upon my Son,  
 (Twice lost and found) nor of my self buoy'd up  
 Out of the depth of sorrow, to the top  
 Of bliss, when I consider thee: but all  
 My private joy, set by the general,  
 Is like a little drop in a great stream  
 Shuffled and lost. O happy dream! (no dream,  
 But a Celestial vision. Now again  
 Shall my *Arcadia* (as thou said'st) be in  
 A flourishing Estate: But why dost thou  
 Stay here, *Montano*? Heav'n expects not now  
 More humane sacrifice from us. No more  
 Th'are times of wrath and vengeance! (as before)  
 But times of grace and love; glad nuptial bands,  
 Not horrid sacrifices at our hands  
 Our Goddess now requires. *Th.* How long to night?  
*Mont.* An hour, or little more. *Th.* We burn day  
 Back to the holy Temple let us go;  
 There let the Daughter of old *Thira*  
 And thy Son interchange their Marriage-vow  
 To become man and wife, of Lovers now.  
 Then let him bring her to his Fathers straight,  
 Where 'tis Heav'n's pleasure, that these fortunate

Descen-

Descendents of two gods, should henceforth run  
 United in one stream.———Lead me back, Son:  
 And thou, *Montano*, follow me: *Mont.* But stay:  
 That faith which formerly she gave away  
 To *Silvio*, she cannot now withdraw  
 And give *Mirtillo*, without breach of Law.

*Car.* 'Tis *Silvio* still, *Mirtillo* was call'd so  
 At first, (thy man told me) and *Silvio*  
 By me, chang'd to *Mirtillo*, to which he  
 Consented. *Mont.* True: (now I remember me)  
 And the same name I gave unto the other,  
 To keep alive the memory of's Brother.

*Tir.* 'I was an important doubt. Follow me now,  
*Mon*, *Carino*, to the Temple too come thou.  
 Henceforth *Mirtillo* shall two Fathers own:  
 Thou hast a Brother found, and I a Son.

*Car.* To thee a Brother in his Love, a Father  
 To him, a Servant (in respect) to either  
*Carino* will be always: And since I  
 Find thee to me so full of courtesie,  
 I will the boldness take to recommend  
 Unto thy love my second self, my Friend.

*Mont.* Share me between you. *Car.* O eternal gods,  
 "Between our pray'rs slow-winding paths, what odds  
 "There is (by which we climb to Heav'n) and those  
 "Direc'ter lines by which to us Heav'n bows!

SCENA

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Corisca, Linco.*

*Cor.* SO it seems, *Linco*, that coy *Silvio*  
 When least expected, did a Lover grow,  
 But what became of her? *Lin.* We carry'd her  
 To *Silvio's* dwelling, where with many a tear  
 (Whether of joy or grief I cannot tell)  
 His mother welcom'd her. It pleas'd her well  
 To see her Son now married, and a Lover;  
 But for the Nymphs great grief she did discover.  
 Poor Mother-in-law! ill sped, though doubly sped:  
 One Daughter-in-law being hurt, the other dead.

*Cor.* Is *Amarillis* dead? *Lin.* 'Tis rumour'd so:  
 That's now the cause I to the Temple go,  
 To comfort old *Montano* with this news,  
 One Daughter-in-law he gains, if one he lose.

*Cor.* Is not *Dorinda* dead then? *Lin.* Dead? would thou  
 Wert half so live and jocund as she's now!

*Cor.* Was't not a mortal wound? *Lin.* Had she been  
 With *Silvio's* pity she had liv'd again. (flain

*Cor.* What art so soon could cure her? *Lin.* I will tell  
 Thee all the cure. Listen t' a miracle.

With trembling hearts, and hands prepar'd to aid,  
 Women and men stood round the wounded Maid;  
 But she would suffer none to touch her save  
 Her *Silvio*; for the same hand which gave,

She

She said, should cure the wound. So all withdrew  
Except my self, he, and his mother: two  
T' advise, the third to act. Then *Silvio*  
Removing first from her blood-dapled snow  
Gently the cleaving garments, strove to pluck  
The arrow out, which in her deep wound stuck.  
But the false wood (forth coming) gave the slip  
To th' iron head, and left it in her Hip.  
Here, here the lamentable crys began:  
It was not possible by hand of man,  
Or iron instrument, or ought beside  
To get it out. Perchance t'ave open'd wide  
The wound b'a greater wound, and so have made  
One iron dive after another, had  
Effected the great cure. But *Silvio's* hand,  
Too pitiful, too much with Love unman'd  
The Surgeon was, so cruelly to heal.  
Love searches not with instruments of steel  
The wounds he makes. As for the love-sick Maid,  
In *Silvio's* hands her wounds grew sweet, she said.  
And *Silvio* said (not yet discouraged)  
Thou shalt out too, thou shalt, curst Arrow-head,  
And with less pain than is believ'd: the same  
Who trust thee in, can pull thee out again.  
By using hunting I have learn'd to cure  
This mischief which my hunting did procure.  
A plant there is much us'd by the wild Goat  
When there's a shaft into her body shot:  
She shew'd it us, and Nature shew'd it her:  
(Remembred happily!) nor is it far

From

From hence, Streight went he to the neighb'ring Hill,  
 And there a flasket with this Plant did fill;  
 Then came again to us: thence squeezing out  
 The juice, and mingling it with Cent'ry-root  
 And Plantain-leaf, thereof a pultise made.  
 O wonderful! as soon as that was laid  
 Upon the sore, the blood was stanch'd streight,  
 And the pain ceased; and soon after that,  
 The Iron coming without pain away,  
 Did the first summons of the hand obey:  
 The Maid was now as vigorous and sound,  
 As if she never had receiv'd the wound.  
 Nor mortal was't; for th'arrow having flown  
 (As hap't) betwixt the muscles and the bone,  
 Pierc'd but the fleshy part. *Cor.* Thou hast display'd  
 Much vertue in a Plant, more in a Maid.

*Lin.* What afterwards between 'em happened,  
 May better be imagined than sed:  
 This I am sure, *Dorinda's* well again,  
 And now can stir her body without pain:  
 Though thou believ'st, *Corisca*, I suppose,  
 H'ath giv'n her since more wounds than that: but  
 As they are made b' a diff'rent weapon, so (those  
 Themselves are of a diff'rent nature too.  
 And such a trick this cruel Archer has,  
 Of hitting all he shoots at since he was  
 A Huntsman; that to shew he's still the same,  
 Now he's a Lover too, he hits the Game.

*Cor.* Old *Linco* still! *Lin.* Faith, my *Corisca*, still  
 If not in strength, I'm *Linco* in my will.

Nor

Nor yet, though my leaf's wither'd, am I dead,  
But all my sap into the root is fled.

*Cor.* My Rival thus dispatch'd, I'll now go see  
If I can get my dear *Mirtillo* free.

## SCENA OCTAVA.

*Ergasto, Corisca.*

*Erg.* O Day with wonders fraught! O day of mirth!  
All love! and blessings all! O happy earth!  
O bounteous Heav'n! *Cor.* But see! *Ergasto's* here:  
How opportunely doth he now appear!

*Erg.* At such a time let every living thing,  
Heav'n, Earth, Air, Fire, the whole world laugh and  
To Hell it self let our full joys extend, (sing.  
And there the torments of the damn'd suspend.

*Cor.* What rapture's this! *Er.* Blest woods! whose mur-  
When we lamented did lament, rejoice (muring voice  
At our joys too, and wag as many tongues  
As you have leaves now dancing to the songs  
Of the pleas'd Birds, and musick of the Air  
Which rings with our delight. Sing of a pair  
Of noble Lovers the felicity  
Unparallell'd. *Cor.* He doth speak certainly  
Of *Silvio* and *Dorinda*. Every thing  
I see, would live. "How soon the shallow spring  
Of tears dries up with us! but the swollen River  
Of gladness tarries with the longer liver.

Of

Of *Amarillis*, who is dead, there's now  
 No more discourse: the only care is how  
 "To laugh with them that laugh; and 'tis well done:  
 "Each man hath too much sorrow of his own.

Whither (so glad) *Ergasto*, dost thou go?

Unto a Wedding happily? *Erg.* I do.

Indeed. Hast heard *Corisca* then, the wonder

O'th' two blest Lovers? was't not strange? *Cor.* I under-

stood it of *Linco* now with joy of heart,

Which my great grief doth mitigate in part

For the sad death of *Amarillis*. *Erg.* How!

Whom dost thou speak of, or speak I think'st thou?

*Cor.* Why, of *Dorinda* and of *Silvio*.

*Erg.* What *Silvio*? what *Dorinda*? Dost not know

Then what hath past? My joy its lineage draws

From a more high, stupendious, noble Cause.

Of *Amarillis* and *Mirtillo* I

Discourse, (the happiest Pair that this day fry

Under the torrid Zone of Love.) *Cor.* Is not

Then *Amarillis* dead, *Ergasto*? *Erg.* What

Death? She's alive, glad, beauteous, and a wife,

*Cor.* Thou mock'st me, shepherd. *Erg.* No, upon my life.

*Cor.* Was she not then condemn'd? *Erg.* She was,

But presently she was acquitted too. (true)

*Cor.* Do I dream this? or dost thou dreams relate?

*Erg.* Stay here a little, thou shalt see her straight

Come with her faithful and most fortunate

*Mirtillo*, from the Temple (where they're now,

And interchanged have their Nuptial vow)

Towards *Montano*'s: of the bitter Root

Of their long loves to gather the sweet fruit.



O hadst thou seen mens joys spring in their eyes I  
 If thou hadst heard the musick of their cries I  
 The Temple's still as full as it can hold  
 Of numbers numberless: Men, women, old,  
 Young, Prelates, Laymen, are confounded there  
 Together, and distracted cannot bear  
 Their joy. With wonder every one doth run  
 To see the happy couple, every one  
 Adores them, every one imbraces them.  
 Their pity one extols, another's theme  
 Their constant faith is, or those graces giv'n  
 To them by Nature, or infus'd from Heav'n  
 The laund, the dale, the mountain, and the plain,  
 Resound *The Faithful Shepherd's* glorious name:  
 O happy, happy Lover, to become  
 From a poor Swain, almost a God so soon  
 From death to life (whilst I speak this) to pass,  
 And change a winding-sheet (which ready was)  
 For a remote despair'd of Nuptial,  
 Though it be much, *Corisca*, is not all.  
 But to enjoy her, whom he seem'd t' enjoy  
 In dying for her, her who would destroy  
 Her self, not to excuse, but share his Fate,  
 His Mate in life, and not in death his Mate!  
 This is such joy, such ravishing joy is this,  
 It doth exceed all we can fancy bliss.  
 And dost not thou rejoice? and apprehend  
 A joy for *Amarillis*, that's thy Friend,  
 As great as that which I do for my true  
*Mistillo*? *Cor.* Yes, dost thou not see I do?

Erg. O! if thou hadst present been  
 Amarilla to have seen,  
 As the pledge of Faith which she  
 Gave her hand to him, and he  
 As the pledge of Love did either  
 Give or receive (I know not whether)  
 A sweet inestimable kiss,  
 Surely thou hadst dy'd of bliss.  
 There was Scarlet, there were Roses,  
 All the colours, all the posies,  
 Art or Nature e'er did mix,  
 Were excell'd by her pure cheeks;  
 Cover'd with a waving shield  
 By her blushing beauty held,  
 Stain'd with blood, which did provoke  
 From the striker a new stroke,  
 And the coy and nice in show  
 Seem'd to him, that she might so  
 With more pleasure meet the blow,  
 Leaving it in doubt, if that  
 Kiss were ravish'd, or not.  
 With such admirable Art  
 'Twas in part bestow'd, in part  
 Snatch'd from her: And that disdain  
 Which she did so sweetly gain,  
 Was a willing No; an Act  
 Mixt of Conquest and Compact,  
 Such a coming in her flying,  
 As shew'd yielding in denying.  
 Such sweet anger as th' abuse  
 In forcing her, as forc'd him use

Tha

That force again, such art to crave  
The thing she would not, yet would have  
As drew him the faster on  
To snatch that which would be gone.  
O heav'nly Hymen! *Corisca*,  
Can no longer hold; God buy.

"I'll marry too: The Pow'rs above  
"Give no true joy to men, but Love.

*Cor.* If he (*Corisca*) have told truth, this day  
Quite cures thy wits, or takes them quite away.

SCENE NONA.

*Chorus of Shepherds, Corisca, Amarillis, Adirilla*

Cho. **H**oly Hymen bear our Pray'r  
And our Song! The Earth hath got  
A more happy loving pair:  
Both of them Divinely got;  
Pull, holy Hymen, pull the destined knot.

*Cor.* Ay me! *Ergasto* told me true (I see)  
This is the fruits (wretch) of thy vanitie.  
O thoughts! O wishes! as unjust, as vain  
And fond. Would I an innocent have slain  
To compass my unbridled will! So blind,  
So cruel was I? Who doth now unblind  
Mine eyes? Ah wretch! what do I see! my sin  
With the mask off, just as 'tis here within.

Cho. *Holy Hymen bear our Pray's*  
*And our Song! The Earth hath not*  
*A more happy loving pair*  
*Both of them Divinely got*  
*Pull, holy Hymen, pull the destin'd knot.*  
 See (thou Faithful Shepherd) where  
 After many a briny tear,  
 After many a stormy blast,  
 Thou art landed now at last!  
 Is not this (behold her!) She  
 Heav'n and Earth deny'd to thee?  
 And thy cruel Destiny?  
 And her Icy Chastity?  
 And thy degree so far beneath?  
 And her Contract? and thy Death?  
 Yet *Mirtillo* (lo!) she's thine.  
 That sweet face, those eyes divine,  
 Brest and hands, and all that thou  
 Seest and hear'st, and touchest now,  
 And so often hast in vain  
 Sigh'd for, now thou dost obtain,  
 As thy constant Love's reward:  
 Yet thy lips hath silence barr'd?  
*Mirt.* Cannot speak: I do not know  
 Whether I'm alive or no:  
 Or if these things real be  
 Which I seem to hear and see.  
 Sweetest *Amarillis* mine,  
 (For my soul is lodg'd in thine)  
 I from thee would gladly know,  
 (Tell me Love) are these things so?

Cho.

Cho. Holy Hymen, hear our pray,  
And our Song! The Earth hath not  
A more happy loving Pair  
Both of them Divinely got,  
Pull, holy Hymen, pull the destined knot.

Cor. But why do you, you still about me stay,  
Arts to deceive the world, Arts to betray  
(The body's robes but the soul's rags.) For one,  
I'm sure she's couzen'd by you, and undone.  
Pack hence: and as from worms ye had your birth,  
Return to worms; and fire your Grandame Earth.  
Once ye were weapons of last night's Love,  
But now the trophies of false Vertue prove.

Cho. Holy Hymen, hear our pray,  
And our Song! The Earth hath not  
A more happy loving Pair:  
Both of them Divinely got,  
Pull, holy Hymen, pull the destined knot.

Cor. What stick'st thou at, dost thou still stay?  
Of Pardons this: then ask without delay.  
What dost thou dread, what punishment what fear  
Can fall so heavy, as thy fault lies here.  
Fair, and happy Pair, (the Love  
Of us here, and those above)  
If all Earthly Pow'r this day  
To your conquering Faces give way,  
Let her likewise homage do  
To your conquering Fates and you,  
Who all Earthly Pow'r employ'd:  
To have made their Ordinance void.

*Amarillis* (true it is)

He had mine, who had thy heart!

But thou only hast gain'd his,

'Cause thou only worthy art;

Thou enjoy'st the lovely Lad

Living, and ~~lovely~~ thou

The best Nymph the world e'er had

From the birth of Time till now:

I the tough stone was to both,

Try'd her chastity, his worth;

But thou, *Courteous Nymph* before

Thou on me thy eyes did turn,

Look but on thy Bridegroom's Face:

Something thou wilt see therein

That will force thee to love grace;

As it forced me to sin.

For so sweet a Lovers sake,

Upon Love no vengeance take

But since thou the flames dost prove,

Pardon then the fault of Love.

~~As I do not only pardon, but respect~~

Thee as my friend, regarding the effect,

And not the cause, ~~For poisons if they make~~

"Us well, the name of Sovereign Med'cines take"

"And painful lincings for that cure and ease:"

So whether friend or foe, or whatsoever

Thou wert to me in purpose and intent

Yet my Fate us'd thee as her instrument

To work my bliss, and that's enough for me

'Twas a good Traxom, a blessed Fallacy

I'm



I'm sure: And if thou please to grace our Feast, I  
And to rejoice with us, thou art my guest.

Cor. Thy pardon is to me a better Feast:  
A greater joy, my conscience now at rest.

Mir. And I all faults gainst me can pardon well,  
But this long stop. Cor. Joy on you both: Farewell.

Cho. Holy Hymen, hear our prayer  
And our Song! The Earth hath not

A more happy loving Pair:

Both of them Divinely got.

Pull, holy Hymen, pull the destin'd knot.

SCENA DECIMA

Mirtillo, Amarillis, Chorus of shepherds.

Mir. **A** M. I so wedded then to grief and anguish,  
That in the midst of joy too I must languish?

Was not this tedious pomp enough delay,

But I must meet too my old Remora

Corisca? Am. Thou art wondrous hasty. Mir. O

My treasure! yet I am not sure; but go

In fear of robbing still, till as my Spouse

I do possess thee in my Fathers house.

To tell thee true, me thinks I fare like one

Who dreams of wealth, and ever and anon

Fears that his golden sleep will break, and he

Be wak'd a beggar. I would gladly be



Resolv'd by some more pregnant proof, that this  
Sweet waking now is not a dream of bliss.

Cho. : Holy Hymen, bear our Pray'r  
And our Song! The Earth hath not  
A more happy loving Pair;  
Both of them Divinely got;  
Pull, holy Hymen, pull the destin'd knot.

### Chorus.

O Happy Couple! that hath sown in Tears  
And reap in Comfort! What a foil your fears  
Prove to your joys! Blind Mortals, leary from hence,  
Learn (ye effeminate) the difference  
Betwixt true goods and false. All is not joy  
That tickles us: Nor is all that annoy  
That goes down bitter. "True joy is a thing  
That springs from Heart after suffering."

F I N I S.



PRESENTED TO  
**His Highness**  
The PRINCE of  
**W A L E S,**

At his going into the West, *Ann. 1645.*

Together with

**CÆSARS COMMENTARIES.**

SIR,

Now that your Father, with the world's applause,  
Implements your early Valour in his Cause;  
Sets *Cæsars* glorious Acts before your fight,  
And know the man that could so *do* and *write*,  
View him in all his postures, see him mix  
Terror with Love, *Morals* with *Politicks*,

That

That courage, which when fortune ebb'd, did flow,  
 Which never cumber'd on a prostrate foe,  
 Adore and emulate. Before he fought,  
 Observe how *Peace* by him was ever sought;  
 How bloodless Victories best pleas'd him still,  
 Grieving as oft as he was forc'd to kill.  
 How most religiously he kept his word;  
 And conquer'd more that way, than by the sword.  
 In whom was all we in a King could crave,  
 Except that *Right* which you shall one day have,  
 Yet think (Sir) it in goes you to make good  
 With all his worth the Title of your Blood.

W A L L E S

At the end of the World, June 1045.

Together with

CAESARS COMMENTARIES.  
 PRESENTED

215

Now that your Father with the world's applause,  
 Employes your early Valour in his Cause;  
 And know the man that could so do and write  
 View him in all his postures, see him mix  
 Turn with Love, and with Torment.

That

Presented to

# His Highness

In the WEST, Ann. Dom. 1646.

**C**Row, *Royal Plant*, born for your Countries goods  
The hoped Cure of our great Flux of Blood,  
That *Union*, and that peaceful *Golden Age*,  
Which to your Grandfire \* ancient *Bards* presage,  
And we suppos'd fulfill'd in Him, appears  
By Fate reserved for your riper years.  
And *Thou*, self-hurt since that *half-Union* more  
Than ever, *Britain*, thou hadst been before,  
Lift thy dejected Head, bind up thy Hair  
With peaceful Olive, all those things repair  
Which Fire and Sword deface, and call agen  
To their Spoil'd Mansions thy fled Husbandmen.  
They need not fear to come, this *Prince's Stars*  
Promise an end to all our *Civil Wars*.

\* *Buchanan* in his *Orbicular* or *King James*, out of which  
this is taken.

Never

Never shall *English Scots*, nor *Scots* again  
 Infest the *English* with dire feuds, and stain  
 Their swords in brothers blood, thy towns lay waste:  
 But their hands (prompt to war) henceforth make  
 To clasp in an eternal League, And *Ton* (haste  
 (Blest Parents of a blessed Son) add to  
 His great *Birth* equal *Breeding*; *Civil Arts*  
 To *Arts of War*, and *Piety* to *Parts*.  
 No Ship the Rudder so much turns and winds,  
 As *Princes* manners do their *Peoples* minds.  
 Not *Prisons*, *penal Laws*, sharp *Whips*, *severe*  
*Axes*, with all the instruments of fear,  
 Can so constrain, as the dumb Eloquence  
 Of *Vertue*; and the love and reverence  
 Of a well-govern'd Scepter shall persuade  
 Their wills, by great *Examples* easily sway'd.  
 As when th' Arabian *Phoenix* doth return  
 From his perfumed Cradle, (his Sires Urn)  
 Where-e'er he flies the feather'd people throng  
 With acclamations to salute the young  
 Admired King, not for his Purple Sears  
 And Golden Pounce, (the *Regal Marks* he bears)  
 Nor that he's rarely seen; but cause he brings  
 His Fathers honour'd Ashes on his wings,  
 And Funeral Odours, that it may be known  
 He climb'd not till his death his Spicy Throne:  
 (This *Piety*, a *Vertue* understood  
 By brutes, attracts them; such a sense of good,  
 Nature that heav'nly Steward doth dispense  
 To every living thing that hath but sense)

So do the *People* fix their eyes upon  
The *King*; admire, love, honour *Him* alone.  
In *Him*, as in a *Glass*, their manners view  
And frame, and copy what they see *Him* do.  
That which the murd'ring *Cannon* cannot force,  
Nor plumed *Squadrons* of *Steel-glittering Horse*,  
*Love* can. In this the *People* strive t' out-do  
The *Kings*; and when they find they're lov'd, love too.  
They serve, because they need not serve; and if  
A good *Prince* slack the reins, they make them stiff;  
And of their own accords invite that yoke,  
Which, if enforc'd on them, they would have broke.  
And *He* again, with this more tender grown,  
More *Father of his People*, on his own  
Shoulders assumes their burthens, beats the way  
Which they must tread, and is the first t' obey  
What he commands; to pardon others prone,  
Inexorable to himself alone.  
Neither in Diet, Cloathes, nor Train will *He*  
Exceed those banks should bound ev'n *Majesty*;  
Nor rush like beasts to *Venus*, but confine  
His chaste desires to his own genial *Vine*.  
Who will with Silks his manly limbs un-nerve,  
That sees domestick *Wool* his *Sovereign* serve?  
Who can the Married Bed too narrow think,  
Which holds a *King*? or drown himself in Drink  
Under a *Faber Prince*? Who'll dare t' import  
Beyond-Sea Vices to infect a Court,  
And make his body with excess and ease  
A sink to choak his soul in, when he sees

A Monarch curb his pleasures, and suppress  
 Those weeds which make a Man a Wilderness:  
 Such Golden Tiber saw the peaceful Throne  
 Of holy *Numa*, that of *Solomon*  
*Palmy Esphrates*. 'Twas not the keen blade,  
 Or the thick-quilted numerous Legion made  
 Those Thrones secure: 'Twas not the warlike Steel  
 Nor the sythe-armed Chariots furious speed:  
 But *Wisdom*, *Mercy*, (which no harm will cause)  
 And *Majesty*, fenc'd with *unarmed Laws*.  
 Whilst that great Captain, who the World had quell'd  
 And those proud Lords that *Rome* in bondage held,  
 By Steel or Poyson ended their short date  
 Of Pow'r, and Blood with Blood did expiate.  
 Frank Nature never gave a better thing,  
 Nor ever will to men, than a good King;  
 In whom his own true Image God doth place.  
 This, whether Kings shall in themselves deface  
 By ugly Vice, or other men by Wit  
 Or force demolish, God will punish it  
 As a high Sacrilege, and will not see  
 Himself abused in Effigie.  
 So cruel *Nero*, fierce *Domitian* so,  
 And the *Sicilian Tyrants*, whilst they throw  
 Dirt in their Makers face with their black deeds,  
 Are from the earth cut off, they and their Seeds,  
 So those *Rebellious Servants* that durst join  
 Against their Lords, and impious *Catiline*  
 That strove to wrest the Sword from them to whom  
 It was committed by the *Laws of Rome*,

Pursu'd



Pursu'd to fury and despair, did make  
Hard shift by a most wretched death to shake  
Their loathed lives off, leaving on their name  
The blot and brand of never-dying shame.  
These *Lessons* let his tender years receive ;  
His riper, *practice* ; And let him believe,  
Tis not so much both *Indies* to command,  
As first to rule *Himself*, and then a *Land*.

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F I N I S.

---

And to my and despair did make  
 And thus by a most wretched death to make  
 Their loathed lives off leaving on their names  
 The blot and brand of never-dying shame  
 These Efforts let his tender years receive  
 His proper practice; And let him believe  
 It not to much both wisdom to command  
 At first to save himself, and then a Land

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F. I. M. I. S.

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T H E

*Additional* P O E M S.

## An ODE,

Upon occasion of His *Majesties*  
 Proclamation in the Year 1630.  
 Commanding the Gentry to reside upon  
 their Estates in the Countrey.

NOW War is all the World about,  
 And everywhere *Erynnis* raigns,  
 Or else the Torch so late put out,  
 The stench remains,

*Holland* for many years hath been  
 Of Christian Tragedies the Stage,  
 Yet seldom hath she play'd a Scene

Of bloodier rage.

P

And

And *France* that was not long compos'd  
 With civil Drums again resounds,  
 And ere the old are fully clos'd,

Receives new wounds

The great *Gustavus* in the West,  
 Plucks the Imperial Eagles wing,  
 Than whom the earth did ne'er invest

A fiercer King,

Revenging lost *Bohemia*,  
 And the proud wrongs which *Tilly* dud,  
 And tempereth the *German* clay

With *Spanish* blood

What should I tell of *Polish* Bands,  
 And the bloods boyling in the North?  
 'Gainst whom the furied *Russians*

Their Troops bring forth

Both confident: This in his purse,  
 And needy Valor set on work;  
 He in his Axe; which oft did worse

Th' invading *Turk*

Who now sustains a *Persian* storm:  
 There Hell- (that made it) suffers Schism:  
 This War (forsooth) was to reform

*Mahometism*

Only the Island which we sowe,  
 (A World without the World) so far

From

From present wounds, it cannot show  
An ancient scar.

White Peace (the beautifull'st of things)  
Seems here her everlasting rest  
To fix, and spreads her downy Wings  
Over the Nest;

As when great *Jove* usurping Reign  
From the plagu'd World did her exile,  
And ty'd her with a golden Chain  
To one blest Isle;

Which in a Sea of plenty swam  
And Turtles sang on ev'ry Bough,  
A safe retreat to all that came  
As ours is now.

Yet we, as if some Foe were here,  
Leave the despised Fields to Clowns,  
And come to save our selves as 'twere  
In walled Towns.

Hither we bring Wives, Babes, rich Cloaths  
And Gems; Till now my Sovereign  
The growing evil doth oppose:  
Counting in vain

His care preserves us from annoy  
Of Enemies his Realms t'invade,  
Unless he force us to enjoy  
The peace he made.

To rowl themselves in envy'd leasure,  
 He therefore sends the Landed Heirs,  
 Whilst he proclaims not his own pleasure

So much as theirs.

The sap and blood o' the Land, which fled  
 Into the Root, and cloakt the Heart,  
 Are bid their quickning pow'r to spread

Through ev'ry part.

O ! 'Twas an Act, not for my Muse  
 To celebrate, nor the dull Age,  
 Until the Countrey Air infuse

A purer rage !

And if the Fields as thankful prove  
 For benefits receiv'd, as seed,  
 They will, to quite so great a love,

A *Virgil* breed.

A *Pyrus*, that shall not cease  
 Th' *Augustus* of our World to praise  
 In equal Verse, Author of Peace

And *Halcyon* days,

Nor let the Gentry grudge to go  
 Into those places whence they grew,  
 But think them blest they may do so.

Who would pursue

The smoky glory of the Town,  
 That may go till his native Earth,

And

And by the shining Fire sit down  
Of his own hearth,

Free from the griping Scriveners Bands,  
And the more biting Mercers Books;  
Free from the bait of oyled hands  
And painted looks.

The Countrey too ev'n chops for rain:  
You that exhale it by your power,  
Let the fat drops fall down again  
In a full showre.

And you bright beauties of the time,  
That waste your selves here in a blaze,  
Fix to your Orb and proper Clime  
Your wandering rays.

Let no dark corner of the Land  
Be unimbellisht with one Gem;  
And those which here too thick do stand  
Sprinkle on them.

Believe me Ladies you will find  
In that sweet life, more solid joyes,  
More true contentment to the mind  
Than all Town-toys.

Nor Cupid there less blood doth spill,  
But heads his shafts with chaster love,  
Nor feathered with a Sparrows quill,  
But of a Dove.  
There



There shall you hear the Nightingale  
 (The harmless Syren of the Wood)  
 How prettily she tells a tale

Of Rape and Blood.

The Lyrick Lark, with all beside  
 Of Natures feathered quire: and all  
 The Commonwealth of Flowers in'ts pride  
 Behold you shall,

The Lilly (Queen) the (Royal) Rose,  
 The Gilly-flower (Prince of the blood)  
 The (Courtier) Tulip (gay in Cloaths)  
 The (Regal Bud)

The Violet (purple Senator)  
 How they do mock the pomp of State,  
 And all that at the surly door  
 Of great ones wait,

Plant Trees you may, and see them shoot  
 Up with your Children, to be serv'd  
 To your clean Boards, and the fair'st Fruit  
 To be preserv'd:

And learn to use their several Gums,  
 'Tis innocence in the sweet blood  
 Of Cherry, Apricocks and Plums  
 To be imbru'd.

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I have been thinking of you very much lately  
and wondering how you are getting on  
I hope you are well and happy  
I have been very busy lately  
but I have managed to find some time  
to write you a few lines  
I have been thinking of you very much lately  
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In *Ædes magnificas* quas *Philippus*  
*Secundus Hispaniarum Rex* *Escuriis* ædifi-  
 cavit, & *Sancto Laurentio* dedicavit.

*S* *Ideria* turres, & proxima machina mundo,  
 Cui natura loci dat inexpugnabile saxum  
*Temporibus, desueta movent in carmina mentem.*  
*Hanc molem fecere manus? quot jugera tecti!*  
*Ordo quis! & simplex immani corpore forma!*  
*Tu semper Regina, & nescia relinquere fasces,*  
*Tali nihil nova Roma vides, nec prisca videbas.*

*Hac tibi (Laurenti) posuit dirissima Templas*  
*Postquam qua fuerant Quintinus Marte Philippus*  
*Dejecet, trepidis quoniam latuere sub aris*  
*Inclusi muris hostes, & numine frustra;*  
*Cui Rex; hic etiam liceat mihi sumere panas,*  
*Et gentem Hostilem sacris sepolire ruinis;*  
*Sanguine fas temerare focos, majora datur.*  
*Protinus Escurias concepit: & undique jussit*  
*Ferre viros, quorum sp. lior natura dediscet*  
*Artificemve manum, aut divina mentis ideam.*

## The Escorial.

**A** Fabrick is the subject of my Verse,  
 The best and greatest, but the Universe :  
 Whose massie Towers to Heaven seem to climb,  
 And scorn the idle battery of old time.  
 How thick the Courts! how smooth the pavements lie!  
 Of what vast parts, what perfect Symmetry!  
 That Phoenix *Rome*, which burnt by barbarous Foes,  
 More glorious since out of her Ashes rose,  
 Yet did not, doth not, such a Building see,  
 In her youths pride, or ages Majesty,

*Spain's* King unto *St Lawrence* vow'd this place,  
 When at *St Quintins* siege he did deface  
 The Temple of that Saint, because his Foes,  
 After the Town no longer could oppose,  
 Intrencht them there, whilst vainly they rely  
 On the Walls strength, or *Philip's* piety.  
 Who with the Saint besieged thus did treat;  
 Let it not be prophaning of thy fear,  
 If with bold Arms ev'n here I wreak my fury,  
 And Enemies with holy ruines bury,  
 Thy *Altars* quencht with blood, for which I swear  
 Loud fame shall to the farthest Nations bear  
 The news of an eighth wonder, when in *Spain*  
 I raise thee fairer shrines, a prouder Fane.  
 Forthwith conceiv'd he in his Princely thought  
 Th' *Escorial*. From every part are sought  
 They to whom Heaven a rich Idea gave,  
 Or that by Art more skill in working have.

The occasion  
 of  
 building  
 this house,  
 and dedi-  
 cation of  
 it.

- All

*Cuncti ergo, quot vel Regio longinqua, vel ipsum  
 Junctas esse domos, odiis disjunctis iniquis,  
 Contribuunt operi magno, miscenque labores.  
 Missus ab Occiduo properat niger incola munda,  
 Captivique Arabes; Alter venit Indus ab Ortu;  
 Quis Batayi fecere latius; flavique Sicambri;  
 Danus adest Græco, nativum Gallus Iberum  
 Adjuvat, Atque Anglus dotatis, & Itala pubes  
 Fortibus Hispanis verso jam subdita fato.  
 Omnis terra coit. Nec vox diversa Piorum  
 Interrumpit opus. Nunc aequat machina nubes  
 Divisa in ternas partes. Hinc Limina dantur  
 Devoto vitæ meliori, animæque supernas  
 Contemplanti arces resupinâ, ad cætera cæco.*

*Inde nec angusto Collegia limite surgunt,  
 Fingere molle lutum, & formandis apta Pupillis  
 Artibus, & vitâ. Reliquam sibi Regius Author  
 Vendicat, & totum capit Angulus ille Philippum;  
 Exerat alta caput mediæ Ecclesia rectis.*

*Nec minor augusto prudentia munere Regis  
 Quâ largas disponit opes, & partibus aptat  
 Quæ decet ornamenta; Modo non fingit eodem  
 Heroas Sanctosque, & acutâ mente Sophistas.*

*Quâ Monachi vivunt, Res Sacra! nihilq; prophani  
 Religio*

All therefore whom the distance of the Clime  
 Or Neighborhood it self ( which is oft-time  
 The greatest bar ) at further distance set,  
 In the great labour with joint Forces met.  
 The fallow late found *Indian* comes to work  
 From a new World, from *Fesse* the captive *Turk*,  
 The other *Indians* from the East repair,  
 All which with mingled *Germans* chequer'd are  
 And *Flemmings* white. The *Greek* and *Dane* combine,  
 And *Frenchmen* with the native *Spaniard* join.  
 The fine *Italian* there doth emulate  
 Our *English* join'd with *Spain* by marriage late.  
 All tongues are met, yet no confusion there,  
 Because this Pile to pious end they rear.

'Tis up. And like the *Spanish* Geryon,  
 Hath three proportion'd bodies join'd in one :  
 First there's a *Covent* for the man whose whole  
 Devotion is above, whose Dove-like Soul  
 Seal'd with an Angels quill, hath eyes to find  
 The way to Heav'n, but to the World is blind.

A *Colledge* next its fair dimensions spreads,  
 To mould soft Clay, and settle tender heads  
 With knowledge and with virtue. What remains,  
 The *Founder* for his Royal Court retains.  
 One corner holds the King, amidst the rest  
 A Church extends on high its towred crest.

Nor was the wise contrivance of the King  
 In ordering his gift, less than the thing;  
 Who gave each part his due, and gravely weigh'd,  
 That *Saints*, *Clerks*, *Worthies*, are not one way made.  
 Within the *Covent* every thing is pure,  
 No ornament prophane into that door

The Monas-  
 tery and  
 Church.

May

*Religiosa domus irrumpit limina ; vitas  
 Sanctorum narrat paries, & plurima servat  
 Arca Sacerdotum vestes, auroque nitentes  
 Et gemmis ( mundum Sponsæ ) cum sancta supellex,  
 Reliquiæ, quas Rex divinos cogit in usus,  
 Omne sacrum rapiente manu. Quæ tanta Tabellæ  
 Dicere lingua potest, numero pretioque carentes,  
 Omnes Cæcicolas, quos inter Christus ubique est !*

*Hic verbum caro fit, præbent præsepia cunas.  
 Doctores docet hic magni sapientia Patris ;  
 Ecce flagellat opes Templo ! Miracula cerne !  
 Nunc Sacram instituit mensam ; Nunc orat in horto.  
 Jam vinctus recipit penecilli verbera crudi,  
 Jam necti sibi vult, jam rumpit vincula mortis.*

*Omnis ibi est. Et juncta illi (quod & ipse jubebat)  
 Ponè lavans digitos mastiffima Magdalena,  
 Quam benè docta manus, pectus perfecit eburnum ?  
 Accensaque pudore genas ? Aurumque capilli  
 Fusile ! At, O ! tantos poterat ars fingere fletus ?  
 Haud equidem falsi apparent, & plurimus illos  
 Peccator cupit esse suos. Sed quid vetitum Arti,  
 Si letas animas, si non imitabile fulgur  
 Gloriæ, & humani voti depingere summam*

Solera



May press, nor History but of some Saint  
 Stain the Religious Wall with blushing paint.  
 There, holy *Vestments* many a Coffer fill,  
 Rich in the matter, richer in the skill

(To deck the *Sponse*) there, *Reliques* are (to set  
 Her off with patches) which the King did get  
 From Graves and Ruines. Above all behold  
 The Pictures there, too numerous to be told,  
 Too precious ! And they all are of the best,  
 And all *Christs* Acts are lively there exprest.

The Pi-  
 ctures  
 there.

Behold him born a Man, or God exil'd !  
 The Doctors taught their Lesson by a Child  
 (His Fathers wisdom ! ) See the Temple purg'd  
 (The Money-changers from their Tables scourg'd ! )  
 Lo there his Miracles successively !

Lo here his Supper, there his agony !  
 Ah ! how the bloody Pencil here doth wound  
 His sacred Body to the Pillar bound !  
 There Crucifi'd ( alas ! ) he yields his breath,  
 And here he triumphs over Hell and Death.

You have him all. And by him ( as was meet )  
 The *Magdalen* that bath'd his blessed feet,  
 How well the Painter to the life exprest

The soft and swelling Ivory of her breast ?  
 Her flashing cheeks ? Her long bright hair unroll'd,  
 And spilt upon the ground like molten gold ?

But oh ! her tears ! and could he paint them too ?  
 ( A sinner wisht them his they seem'd so true )

Yet what so hard, but Art made proud essays ?

When Heav'n it self ( whose outward beauties daze  
 Mans feeble eyes, but from whose inward light,  
 The Angels with their wings must screen their sight,

When

*Solertius dextra volet? Quæ, quamvis excidit ausa,  
Nescio quid Cælestæ tamen præstrînget ocellos,  
Incantat mentem, cælorum accendit amores.*

*Istæ Monasterium decorat Collegia libris  
Bibliotheca duplex. Impressos continet una,  
Una Manuscriptos; Quorum pars magna (character  
Quos Arabum signat) Turcis crepta, Trophæi  
Martis, olivifera sunt instrumenta Minervæ.  
Ora virum circum pingunt, quos vindicat umbra  
Ingenii lux clara sui, & virtutibus aqua  
Posteritas.*

*Fessi tandem successimus Aulæ.  
Res alia est: Mauras stupens longo ordine pugnas.  
Id nigræ campis agmen, comitante Megaræ,  
Cristata galeâ, & nudo plus ore, tremendos.*

*Heu! frustra, Heu! pugnas Rodorice, & præteris ipsæ  
Mavortem luctans fato. Cùm virgine rapta  
Vertebas in te arma Ducis, Populumque trahebas  
Exemplo, vitis nimum Regalibus, aptum;  
Tum tua Sceptra dabas, quæ virtus fera reposcit.  
Olim (longa tamen veniet post sæpura tempus,)  
Cum solitas poteris renovare Hispania vires;  
Cum redeat nitor antiquus, sætisque Leonum  
Excrecant ungues, & veller a sulva jabayum.*

When in the dreadful presence they do stand )  
 Is there decyphered by bold *Titian's* hand :  
 Where, though it fail'd, yet something heav'nly takes  
 Our sense, our soul, and love of Heav'n awakes.

*Titian's*  
 Glory.

Such is the *Convent*. On the other side  
 The *College* is with *Libraries* supply'd,  
 One stor'd with printed Books, another fraught  
 With *Manuscripts* from divers *Conuntries* brought,  
 But most ( which in *Arabick* Letters writ  
 Contain the deepest mysteries of Wit )  
 From the *Turks* hands the *Christians* did gain.  
 So *Mars* his spoils adorn *Minerva's* Fane.  
 And round their Pictures are plac'd properly,  
 Whom their great learning from the dark doth free,  
 And that which robs from none his envy'd praise  
 Posteritie.

The Col-  
 ledge with  
 the Libra-  
 ries.

Here breathe—unto the Palace then proceed,  
 There other *Paintings*, other objects feed  
 The Honour-starved mind. The horrid Wall  
 Shews how the conquering *Moor* made spoil of all.  
 The black Troops hide the field, fear'd when they wore  
 The plumed Cask, but fear'd without it more.

Pictures  
 there.

In vain thou fights *Rodrigo* with thy fate,  
 Doing such Acts as *Mars* might imitate.  
 No ; when thy *General* to new Alarms  
 Thou drav'st by's Daughters Rape, turning thy Arms  
 Against thy self, and didst thy Land betray  
 By *Royal Vice*, then, then, thou gav'st away  
 Thy Crown, which too late Virtue would recall.  
 Yet time shall be ( long hence ) when *Spain* shall fall  
 To her old Lords, her Lyons nails grow out,  
 And all her with' red glories freshly sprout.

The Kings  
 Palace,  
 with the  
 Pictures  
 therein.  
 The inva-  
 sion of  
 Spain by  
 the Moors.

The

*Hic, aliàs veluti cum noctem Pictor opacam  
Vult usurpati decedere limite Mundi,  
Arte fugam tenebrarum, & candida castra diis  
Exprimit, ingenuos dextrâ miscante colores ;  
Sic procul expulsis cernes albescere Mauris  
Picturam : Nox atra comis, ut montibus, heret.*

*Parte aliâ Austracum videas bellare Johannem.  
Concurrere Rates : sonitu loca lata fremebant  
Fulminis humani, plenumque cadavere multo  
Jam mare sanguineo, veluti Leo, rugiit ore.  
Æolus invidit magnus de rupe ruinis.  
Vos autem quæ damno salo ? Quis inane veretur  
Murmur anhelantum ? raro perit una carina  
Obruta naufragio, quam jam damnaverat Orco  
Victorisve Scelus, sua vel quia venerat hora.  
Obruit hic Classes oriens ex navibus ipsis  
Tempestas, & major hyems. His intonat antro  
Rancus, & ignavis homines, Pater, exprobrat Euriis  
Semper tuta fides : Christi victoria velis  
Tandem sistit aquâ madidis & sanguine pennis.  
Hec animos illi Juveni dare tanta valebat  
Ut sceptrâ, & Magna thalamos speraret Elizæ.  
Jamque opus exactum est. Longis jam debita votis  
Templa vocant sanctum, qui non quasiverat isse ;*

*Scilicet*

The Painter shifts his Scene, as when he'll make  
 A morn against the night possession take  
 O'er the usurped world, the darkness hies  
 Before the light, *Days* purple Ensigns flies:  
 So may you see, when as the *Moors* are gone;  
 The Picture dawn, and black is us'd alone  
 About the hair, as when (though now 'tis light)  
 Yet on the cloudy hills there hangs some night.

The expul-  
 sion of the  
*Moors*.

Another Chamber at full length display'd  
 The cruel fight before *Lepanto* made,  
 The Gallies shockt, the Ocean roar'd that day  
 Like a full Lyon blooded with the prey;  
 And all the shoars, and all the billows round,  
 With noise of Mortals I'hunder did resound;  
 From either Battel rose confused cries,  
 Whil'st *Eolus* such monstrous wrecks envyes,  
 And thus the lazy Tempests doth upbraid,  
 What Tragedy art thou? or who's afraid  
 At your vain noise? you drown (perhaps) a few  
 Craz'd Barks, condemn'd before to vengeance due,  
 Because some guilty Passengers they bear,  
 Or whom ripe Fate overtakes at Sea; But here  
 Whole Navies perish without rocks or shelves,  
 By greater Tempests from the Ships themselves.  
 Thus storm'd he; whil'st uncertain Victory  
 Between both Fleets did long time wav'ring fly;  
 At length upon the Christians Fleet she stood,  
 Her wings being clog'd with water and with blood.  
 This glorious day made the brave *Austria* seem  
 Worthy a Crown, and *Englands* Martial Queen!

The battel  
 of *Lepanto*

So now the work is finished, and fit  
 To have the Saint invoc't & inhabit it.

Who

*Scilicet ingens illa tellure calores  
Craticulamque novam (tectorum ea forma) timebat,  
Vanos esse metus verum experientia monstrat;*

*Nam cum sumat humum, rabiaturque Canicula flammis  
Hispanos per agros; illuc placidissimus horror  
Frigida membra quatit. Facit hæc, qui creber anhelat  
Ventus vicini dura ad fastigia montis,*

*Et Marmor calcatum, & Fons, & lumen ademptum.*

*Quid Mors interea? Quæ te clementia capit!*

*(Rumpere surgentes aliquid facientibus annos  
Importuna soles, & magnis invida rebus,  
Segnibus indulgens canos & inutile tempus)  
Hic res magna agitur: Quid præpetis impedit alas?*

*Visceribus terra tenuis quo semita ducit,  
Speluncam non fessa manus post omnia format.  
Formatam gemmis ornant: & Jaspide compta  
Frangit avernales obscurâ luce tenebras,  
Ornatam sacrant dira (Palatia) Morti:  
Hoc expectatis donum, quod maluit illa  
Quam lacrymis populi, & saturari funere Regis.*

*O! pretiosa licet, licet acrem flectere Parcam  
Divitiis poteras, & te cinis ipse superbit)  
Haud capias Dominum, Nec tantus fudet in urna,  
Qui fecit totum scelus est in parte locari.  
Sis Tumulus Regum; Tumulus Domus ipsa Philippi est.*

Who, loth, approacht. He fear'd that Climates ire,  
 And Gridiron House. *The burnt Child dreads the fire.*  
 But glad experience satisfies his doubt :

For when the furious *Dog star* raves throughout  
 The *Spanish* soil which smokes like kindled flax,  
 And with the anguish of his biting cracks,  
 Here pleasing Honor through each limb doth shoot,  
 Caus'd by the Marble freezing under foot,  
 And the cold Springs, and by the Wind which still  
 Breaths freshness, panting up the Neighboring Hill.

Where then was *Death* wandring about the Earth ?  
 ( He strangles great foundations in the birth,  
 Anticipating in his best of years

The busied man, whilst Drones attain gray Hairs,  
 And their superfluous life to length is spun ; )  
 Where wert thou envious *Death* whilst this was done ?

Beneath the Building is a darksom Vault,  
 Which after all th' unwearied Workman wrought,  
 Then deck it sumptuous, and a glim'ring light  
 From the rich *Jasper* breaks the thicker night.  
 It is *Deaths Palace*, their *Kings burying place*,  
 Where ovet Crowned Heads he waves his Mace.  
 The hungry Monster waited for this bit.

To feasting on a King preferring it,  
 And unto Gen'ral Blacks. But precious *Cave*  
 ( Though Dust it self grow proud of such a Grave.  
 Which brib'd even Fate ) yet do not thou presume  
 To croud the *Founder* in a narrow Tomb.  
 Though thou alone may'st all their Kings content,  
 The house is ( all ) but *Philip's Monument*.



Ad eximiæ magnitudinis Navem sub  
auspiciis Caroli Magnæ Britanniae Regis  
constructam. Anno Dom. 1637.  
Cui postea nomen

## REGINA MARIUM.

**E**Scuriale Maris, quod jam post secula multa  
Ars pariebat Anus, plus & te diligit anam  
Mater, quam cunctas quas fecerat ante Carinas:  
Te Thamesis vix ipse capit tumefactus; Abyssus  
Divitius Menstrumque novum: Tibi flumina Betis  
Nil equale vident, Rodanusve capacibus undis,  
Aut septem-gemini navalia barbara Nili  
Alite digna Ratis qui te, gaudente volatu,  
Maoniôque canens tollat super Æthera versu.  
Digna tuo Domino, cujus Freta-clausa corona  
Parent: Injustis qua si quis liberat Armis,  
Uni jam tantum tibi fas considerare litem.  
Grandis in Oceano jam pandes carbasa parvo,  
Carbasa qua prisce Sæclum mernere Noachi,  
Cum mundus fuit Oceanus, cùm cuncta creata  
Sulcavere Fretum, Navi contenta minore.  
Quis te jallat Anus? Qua sacra Robora sylva  
In tantum crevere latius? spoliisque triumphas

Multorum

On His MAJESTIES great Ship  
 lying almost finisht in *Woolwich Dock*,  
*Anno Domini 1637.* and  
 afterwards called

# *The Sovereign of the Seas.*

**E** *Scurial of the Sea*: which art (now grown  
 After long practice, to perfection )  
 Made for her ages comfort, and doats more  
 On thee alone, than all she built before.  
 Fairer than all which the rich Billows keep  
 From greedy eyes ; New wonder of the deep.  
 For which the *French Garoon*, *Nyle's* sev'nfold streams,  
 The *Spanish Betis*, do envy the *Thames*.  
 Worthy a better quill thy worth to raise,  
 Worthy that King whom so much Sea obeys,  
 On whose force only he might rest that plea,  
 For which the Ocean's but a narrow Sea ;  
 Which hadst deserv'd ( for larger scope and sway )  
 Thy pompous Sails, and Streamers to display  
 In *Noah's* age, when the whole world was main,  
 And a less Ship all creatures did contain.

What Pedigree dost boast thee? From what wood,  
 Whose sacred Oaks so long uncouth had stood,

Q 3

Sprung

*Multorum memorum? Genuit tam fortia mala  
Anglia? vel Daa montes? vel Suevia, duras  
Erudiens tolerare nives puerilibus annis,  
Et savas Borea flatus mollire gemendo.  
Ut tandem agnoreas superent assueta Procellas?*

*Quis Titulus te deinde manet? Qua nomina magna  
Aqua rei? Tu Navis esis? siue insula Deli  
Errans per tumidum vulsis radicibus aquor?  
Quis Titulus formamque tuam, Palmasque futuras  
Pauci litterulis (vates) comprehender in auro?*

\* Nomina  
Navium  
primæ  
magnitu-  
dinis.  
\* Apud  
Anglos.

*Princeps esse velis? sed quantum \* Principe major?  
Serviet ille tibi, solitus non ferre \* priorem.  
Regis nomen aves? sed jam tibi Carolus illud  
Præripuit, Magnus poteris tu Carolus esse.*

*Ant tua vis Prisco deberi nomina Regi  
Qui vinctum terra pelagus, Sceptraque iridentem,  
Noluit avelli, gladio tutatus utrumque?  
Vix equidem dubito; celsâ nam conspice. Proa  
Ut micat auratis fortissimus Edgar in armis!  
Vendicat ense Fretum, & pedibus prostrata superbis  
Agnoscunt Dominum septem Regalia colla.*

\* Monar-  
chus An-  
gus qui  
fabulose  
dicitur pi-  
gisse olim  
cum Dia-  
bolo uti  
Britanni-  
am muro  
aheneo  
cingeret.

*Inter vicinas O Insula clara coronas  
Quam Rex Classe sua circumdedit ipse quot annis!  
Non tam tuta fores si Damonis arte \* Baconus  
Mania carule a junxisset ahenea Fossa.  
Quantas & ille fuit septem qui remige Regum  
Impulit exigua, conducent ipse, Carinam  
Fluminibusque intravit evans Cestrensis Templâ,  
Jura mari dedit inde simul, normamque regendi  
Imperiis quæ stare volunt; Quibus unctâ gubernat*

Majestati

Sprung thy huge Masts? Or was't from more than one?  
 Did *British* Forests yield these Ribs alone?  
 Or *Denmark*, or cold *Normay* bring them forth,  
 Inur'd betimes to Tempells of the North,  
 And then at length allow'd to be a Ship  
 When they had serv'd a stormy Prentiship?  
 Then tell me, thou, that seem'st a floating Isle,  
 What name dost thou aspire to, what great stile,  
 Which in a few gold Letters may comprize  
 All beaury, and presage thee Victories?  
 Since thou art so much greater than the *Prince*  
 Which to thee only says, I serve, and since  
 The meaner *Charles* takes the Kings name in vain.  
 What canst thou be, except *The Charlemaigne*?  
 Or will thy Royal Master Christen thee  
*The Edgar*, to revive his memorie  
 Who so long since o'r Land and Ocean reign'd,  
 Scepter and Trident (join'd) with Sword maintain'd;  
 Upon thy gorgeous Beak when I behold  
 That warlike King completely arm'd in Gold;  
 Whil'st at his feet sev'n Vassil Kings do throw  
 Their crowned heads, methinks it must be so (stand,  
 How bright 'mongst neighb'ring Crowns did *Britain*  
 When once a year her King sail'd round the Land,  
 Which with that wooden Wall securer was  
 Than if it had been girdled in with Brass?  
 And what a brave Procession must that be,  
 When to proclaim his Empire o'r the Sea,  
 Steering the Gally which those Kings did row,  
 To *Chester* Church in triumph he did go?  
 It did both seal his claim, and represent  
 The image of a perfect Government,

Majestas, lentant magnates Remige, Miles  
Bellica, Sacra sacri, tractant Fabrilia Fabri.

*Aut nullo officio, nullo qui munere vita  
Instituit fungi, dormit super aquora vector  
Ægrotans, Patriæque incumbit inutile pondus.*

Sed Naxis nos ipsa vocat: quam Rector aquarum  
Deperit, infandam volvens sub pectore curam.  
Fervet avens, totisque petit Te fluctibus; Ipse  
Rauca voce rogat properes, Zephyrusque susurro,  
Bisque die indulget lachrymis, mandataque Amantis  
Ferique refertque assus, Thamensis qua per ostia carri,  
Scire jubet qua forma Ratis est, Qua causa morandi,  
Quando venire velis, quando velis agmina mitti  
Undarum Domino Sponsam ductura potens,  
Eluctuat expectans, positaque in montibus altis  
Adventum speculantur aqua Rectoris Aquarum.

Ecce venit! cultu splendens ut Regia virgo!  
Anchora pendet iners, Crux Anglica purpurat auras.  
Albam pone stolam ( Regum de more vetusto )  
Excipit ancillans turgens flamine ventus.  
Tu magnis opibus, magnoque superbe decore,  
Incedis leno passu Regina Profundi,  
Eximiumque decus Forma, motusque venustos,  
In speculo componis aqua placitura Marito.  
Amens sed Thamensis tanta letatus Alumna  
Nunquam tam tumido currebat flumine, nulla  
Oceano Patri cantum dedit unda, tributum.

*Agmine*

Where, sitting at the helm the Monarch steers,  
 The Oars are labour'd by the active Peers,  
 And all the People distributed are  
 In other offices of Peace and War.  
 Whil' st he that in the Commonwealth doth bear  
 No calling, is the Sea-sick Passenger.

But to our Ship, for which loud Neptune raves,  
 And seems too long to dance her on his waves.  
 Boyling with love, he sends Gale after Gale,  
 To sigh into her shrowds his amorous Tale.  
 Twice every day into Thames Channel run  
 His watry Posts to know when she'll be done,  
 And when he may dispatch a full Spring-tide,  
 To wed as (Proxy) his betrothed Bride,  
 And bring her where from Hills of Frost on green,  
 The Seas look out to spie their coming Queen.

Behold she comes, deckt like a Royal Maid!  
 Her Anchors are tuckt up, her Flags display'd,  
 Which fan the Air, and offer in a scorn,  
 Waves to the River, Purple to the Morn,  
 Her chaste white Sail is born up by the wind,  
 Which, like a nimble Page, waits close behind.  
 She mixing her much beauty with due state,  
 Moves soberly with a Majestick gate,  
 And o'r the chrystal stream, her Lord to please,  
 A thousand graceful gestures practises.  
 But frantick Thames never so proudly ran,  
 Did never River pay the Ocean  
 So great a Tribute. The old Sea-gods throng  
 In scaly flocks to wait on her along,  
 And froathing a high Circuit round about,  
 Their grey curl'd heads above the waves thrust out.  
 O, wel-

*Agmine jam nitido Proceres glomerantur Aquarum  
Undique stipantes Dominam, canosque capillos  
Exertere senes latè spumantibus undis.*

*Progrèderis, placidisque volans illaberis undis.  
Sic ratis at vitreum semper venias elementum.  
Sicut Bellageras, atque horrida fulmina mittas,  
Roborem complens armato milite ventrem,  
Ut Trojanus equus trepidos ruiturus in hostes :  
Mollibus aut spoliis Pacisq; dicata Triumphis,  
Angliacas mittere Rosas aliena per arva  
Spargendum, lacrymis que crescant undique nostris :  
Sive magis latè velis ventoque secundo  
Regali puero Parilem ductura Maritam.*

*At, Mare per multas postquam bene rexeris annos,  
Cum vita tibi Portus adest, Requiesque laborum  
Ultima, non percas infelix Naufraga Puppis,  
Nec te jam fractam Pelaga, seraque senecta,  
Hostibus imbellis prodat jactantibus etas ;  
Lenta nec ignavo consumant otia Portu,  
Nec Thesea Ratis partes renovata per omnes,  
Illudas Fato, Fato ludibria fias :  
Sed tu fideas Nova Constellatio sedes  
Ascendas dono divum ( felicia Nautis  
Numina fluctu vagis ) & Cœlo naviga in Alto.*



O! welcome to the chrystal Element !  
 To *Neptune* alwayes welcome ! whether bent  
 To Martial proofs thou pour on hostile Lands  
 (As from *Troy's* wooden Horse) bright armed Bands,  
 And thund'ring with thy hoarse Artillery  
 Against their Castles like a Castle lie ;  
 Or giv'n to foster Triumphs of fair Peace,  
 Thou plant in Foreign Soils the sweet increase  
 of *Englands Royal Roses*, when they go  
 Dew'd with the Subjects tears to make them grow ;  
 Or that with gladder Sails and fuller pride,  
 Thou fetch for our young Prince a Princely Bride.

When running in the *Ocean* thy last stage,  
 Being then to end thy watry pilgrimage,  
 Let it not be by wrack ; nor, feeble grown  
 With years, by any Foe be overthrown ;  
 (Too proud a Victory ! ) Nor pine away  
 Of slow consumption in inglorious Bay ;  
 Nor like patcht *Thesens* Ship ( whereof the name  
 Of what it was only remain'd the same )  
 Be mending still, and by that fallacy  
 Affect a perishing eternity ;  
 But, lodg'd b' a happy storm upon some Sphere,  
 Be launcht a sailing Constellation there.  
 And thence ( as *Am'ral of the World* ) hang forth  
 A brighter star than that which from the North  
 Lights the benighted Seaman through the Mayn,  
 So *Charles* his ship shall quite eclipse his wayn.

Written

## Maius Lucanizans.

**V**ivis (Io!) Lucane sacra revocantur ab urna  
 Purpurei manes, & noto major Imago:  
 Cæsareo turgent exhaustæ crimine vena,  
 Dum melior Cæsar Capitolia, vindice versu,  
 Conspersit moriens; ipsumque cruore Tonantem.

Hoc tu Maie facis, divini pectoris hares,  
 Linguarumque potens; \* Patrio seu carmine reddit  
 Quæ peregrina suis cantavit Musa Quirinis;  
 Seu, Duce jam raptò procedere longius audes,  
 Angliacæque ferens vittricia signa Camæna  
 Quæ Romana jacent, \* ceptis ingentibus addis:  
 Sive, \* tui Interpres, quæ paucis auribus ante  
 Bella caneantur, Roma Romana remittis.  
 Nota vacillantem describit Lingua Catonem,  
 Qui moritur toto Mundi spectante Theatro.

Auctorem, teque exuperas & utroque potius  
 Culmine Parnassi, Doctis Plebique lægeris,  
 Quò recinente feros variatæ voce triumphos  
 Ad fluvium Thamefis, ripas tula verberat ambas,  
 Hinc Romana sonans, respondens inde Britanna:  
 Angli Lucanum jactant, Maiumque Latini.

O nobis, O plura refer! Quot Prælia restant  
 Exornanda tibi? Quos Musa sepulcrat Amores?  
 Hæu! quantæ pateris non semper vivere Mortes?

Pleb

\* Versio  
 Lucani in  
 Linguam  
 Anglican-  
 nam.  
 \* Supple-  
 mentum  
 ejusdem in  
 Lingua  
 Anglica-  
 na.  
 \* Supple-  
 menti ver-  
 sio in Lin-  
 guam La-  
 tinam,

Plebem iracundam, & Bruti miserabile lethum,  
 Uxorisque fidem, meritam non morte probari;  
 Hæc nimiam sociata viro! nimium amula Patris!  
 Atque ipsum dira proscriptum lege Senatum,  
 Et Ciceronem ipsum, Libertatisque (Tyrannis  
 Jam tribus oppressæ) supremam audire querelam,  
 Te recitante juvat. Prima Cleopatra Camana  
 Dicta tibi, summe poscit jam carmine dici,  
 Nondum tota micat, media plus parte laborat  
 Luminis, & privata mori, Regina veretur,  
 Altisno properes nisi tu succurrere versu  
 Exæqueque animos dictis, anguesque ministros.  
 Formam pinget Ducum victricem; Haud tempore victam  
 Pinge Ducem, molli vinctam fera colla cathena:  
 Asiaticas acies; Tyroni ubi gloria cana  
 Cessit. Sæpe Virum retraherat conscia virtus  
 Sæclerum veterum, Martisque innata Cupido,  
 Navali sed enim pugna plus posse probavit  
 Equoream Venerem. Fugiens quam vincere posset,  
 Victricem sequitur fugientem: Et parte recedens  
 Imperii, laxas Augusto tradit habenas.  
 Hic suspende Tubas. Hic cum Nasone Maronem,  
 Et Flaccum, dulcesque choros agnosce Tuorum.  
 Eregius Victor pacato carmine Munda  
 Auscultat, totamque Hederis indulgeat Olivam.  
 Emeritis vates agat otia grata sub illo.

Ex

Written by Mr T. C. of His Majesties  
Bed-Chamber.

1.

Tell me, *Eutresia*, since my Fate,  
And thy more powerful Form decrees  
My heart an Immolation at thy Shrine,  
Where it is ever to incline,  
How I must love, and at what rate,  
And by what steps, and what degrees  
I shall my hopes enlarge, and my desires confine?

A.

First when thy flames begin,  
See they burn all within,  
And so, as lookers on may not descry  
Smoke in a light, or sparkle in an eye,  
I'd have thy love a good while there  
Ere thine own heart should be aware,  
And I my self would choose to know it,  
First by thy care and cunning not to shew it.

2.

When my flame thine own way is thus betray'd,  
Must it be still afraid?  
May it not be sharp-sighted too as well,  
And know thou know'st that which it dares not tell.  
And by that knowledge find it may  
Tell it self o'r a louder way?

Let

Ex Lingua Anglicana,  
Methodus Amandi.

1.

**D**ic (quoniam Fatumq; meum, tuaq; optima Forma  
Fato omni major, cor hoc tibi destinat olim  
Non extinguendis carpendum (ut victima) Flammi)  
Quomodo amare decet, quantumque indulgeam amor?  
Quid sperare jubet, vel desperare? quibusque  
Frana spei laxem gradibus, ponantve Furori?

A.

Cum nata est nova Flamma tibi, tota ardeat intus:  
Ut non indicium det spectatoribus ullum  
Scintillante oculo, vel dum suspiria fumant:  
Quin ipse insolitos ignoret pectoris aestus,  
Affectumque diu proprium; monstretque latentem  
Prima meis oculis ars ipsa & cura tegendi.

2.

More modoque tuo cum sic mea prodita flamma est,  
Num trepidabit adhuc? oculos sibi sumere quondam,  
Non & amor poterit? nec te scire hoc sciet ille  
Quod narrare pudon venat? audacterque vel inde  
Audebit fari, tacitus quod dixerat ante?

Paulum

## B.

Let me alone awhile,  
 For so thou must beguile  
 My heart to a consent  
 Long ere it meant.  
 For whil'st I dare not disapprove,  
 Lest that betray a knowledge of thy love;  
 I shall be so accusom'd to allow,  
 That I shall not know how  
 To be displeas'd, when thou shalt it avow.

## 3.

When by loves powerful secret sympathy  
 Our Souls are got thus nigh,  
 And that by one another seen,  
 There needs no breath to go between,  
 Though in the main agreement of our Breasts;  
 Our *Hearts* subscribe as *Interests*,  
 Will it not need  
 The tongues sign too as *Witness* to the deed?

## C.

Speak then, but when you tell the tale  
 Of what you ayle,  
 Let it be so disorder'd, that I may  
 Guess only thence what you would say,  
 Then to speak sence  
 Were an offence,  
 And 'twill thy passion tell the subtlest way  
 Not to know what to say.

B.

Paulum concedeas: sic illaqueata gradatim  
Quam vellem citius concedam forsam amorem:  
Quippe tacere & ego nimio persuasa pudore,  
Nec culpam tuam, videar ne noscere Flammam:  
Pest ubi jam constet, jam concecisse videbor,  
Speremque pudore datam non confirmare pudebit.

3.

Cum propè se nostra, Magnete potentia Amoris,  
Contigerint Anima:  
Vocem nec indigeant, vanoque Interprete (vento)  
Jam conspecta sibi per hiantia vulnera, corda  
Quamvis alternis rata sint & iusta medullis  
Fadera, non Linguas testes (de more) vocemus?

C.

Pare agendum: sed cum trepida depinxeris ore  
Penam animi, tam abruptus eat, sine & ordine sermo,  
Ut vix eliceam dictis quid dicere veller.  
Hic foret eloquium malefani crimen Amoris,  
Et nil posse loqui facundia major Amantis.

R

Bj

Bj



*By Mr. T. C. likewise.*

**F**arewell fair Saint, let not the Seas and wind  
 Swell like the eyes and hearts you leave behind.  
 But smooth and gentle as the looks you bear  
 Smile in your face, and whisper in your ear.  
 May no bold Billow venture to arise  
 That it may nearer gaze upon your eyes,  
 Lest wind and waves enamor'd of your form,  
 Should croud and throng themselves into a storm.  
 But if it be your fate (vast Seas) to love,  
 Of my becalmed breast learn how to move.  
 Move then, but in a gentle Lovers pace,  
 No wrinkle nor no furrow in your face.  
 And you (fierce winds) see that you tell your tale  
 In such a breath as may but fill her Sail.  
 So whilst you court her each your several way,  
 You may her safely to her Port convey,  
 And lose her by the noblest way of wooing.  
 Whilst both contribute to your own undoing.

*Domine*

# Domine Navigaturæ

Ex Lingua Anglicana.

**O** Diva, O Formosa, vale tibi nobis ventus & Equos  
 Cordibus intus amant, oculisque simillima nostris:  
 Sed vultus imitanda tuos, pectusque forentem,  
 Mulceat Aura Aures, blandumque ardeat & Equos:  
 Nulla proci in insurget aqua undatibus unda,  
 Ut sic nempit per propriis mittitur Orillas:  
 Ne formæ vase tuâ venisq; Fræsumq;  
 In rapidam sese impellant glaucerentque procellam.  
 Sed si Fata voluit ut ames vos (Fræta Vassa)  
 Discite Frænatos nostro de pectore motus.  
 Ergo movere (linam) sed Amantem more moveat;  
 Non sulcus sit Fronte minax, non ruga senilis.  
 Et Tu (Vento ferox) nimio ne Flamine Flammam  
 Inspires moneo, sed tantum ut vela tamescant.  
 Sic dum flatis Aqua, dum Venti flatis Amorem,  
 Illa petet Pontum Flactu Flatuque secundis:  
 Dumque aliena salus propria sic emptya ruina est;  
 Nobiliore modo Vos amittetis Amatam.

**R a A Canto**

## A C A N T O

OF THE

## Progress of LEARNING.

**T**ell me, O Muse, and tell me *Spencers Ghost*,  
 What may have bred in knowledge such decay,  
 Since ancient times, that we can hardly boast  
 We understand those grounds they then did lay?  
 Much I impute to th' shortning of the day,  
 (Our life, which was a stride, being shrunk t' a span)  
 Yet sure there are besides some rubs i' th' way,  
 Say then how *Learnings Sun* to shine began?  
 And by what dark degrees it did go back in man?  
 Then thus when seeds of all things (from the womb  
 Of pregnant *Chaos* sprung) were perfected;  
 Another *Chaos* (yet to be overcome)  
 Out of the Reliques of the former bred,  
 With Ignorance this infant world overspread;  
 And having drown'd Reason's diviner Ray  
 In the dull lump of flesh, made men (the head)  
 Companions of their slaves: The Beasts and they  
 Promiscuously fed, promiscuously lay,  
 As now they are, things were not sorted then;  
 Nor by division of the parts did breed  
 The public harmony. For how should men (weed?  
 Manure the Ground, their minds being choakt with  
 Obscure the least hand, which themselves did need?  
 Woods yet unto the Mountains did not pass,  
 Nor Herds beneath in grassie Meadows fed,

Nor

Nor Corn in rich the middle grounds; but Grass,  
And woods, and stufed corn, were shuffled in one mass.

When thus sad Nature did her case deplore,  
Why is the best of Creatures poor whilst I am more  
Abound in wealth: or what avails my store  
Heapt in a common field? O how deny  
Thy fruitless gifts, or else gleaze reasons eye,  
And grant that they possess those gifts alone, won by  
In whom that Reason most shall fructifie,  
For still for worth some difference be shewn:  
Twixt man and man, twixt man and beast there will be

Have heard: nor chose to blame her murmur'ing pray'r,  
But remedy the cause, by sending Wit  
(Which is the use of Reason.) To his care.  
Th' unpolisht mind of man he did commit, Y  
As with a Diamonds point to fashion it.  
Bidding him gently glide into his heart  
By such convenient means as he could get,  
And that as Sovereign Lord he should impart  
Kingdoms and Provinces to them that took his part.

A pregnant spirit short instructions serve  
So buckling to his task he did survey  
All Creatures in this world, and might observe  
To break from Womans eye a brighter day  
Than that which rising Phœbus did display  
On this frail Basis the great work begun:  
The lesser World which yet in darkness lay,  
With weeds and brambles wildly overrun,  
To purge that second Chaos found this second Sun.

For whilst man gaz'd in the bewitching light,  
 An unknown passion entred at his eye,  
 Which, struggling with his reason, did excite  
 Her languisht spark through secret sympathy  
 Of flames that were ingendred mutually.  
 His narrow Soul grew larger with her Guest,  
 And furnish'd to crush in a Deity  
 Who now with language his new love exprest, [rest,  
 And now with thousand tropes his smooother language

"Love is that fire which wise *Prometheus* caught  
 "From Heav'n itself, to forge man's Soul anew,  
 " (Which severs with it, and dead paleness brought  
 " Instead of health) repose, and lively hew  
 " When all these Goods out of the Basket flew,  
 " *Hope* only to the bottom did remove.  
 " Yet had we rather this sweet Hope pursue  
 " Than have our former state. And some approve  
 " With loss of all those Goods even a hopeless Love.

Say you by whom this kindly flame's reprov'd,  
 Who laid the first stone of civility? [lov'd,  
 Whilst men sought sweet converse with them they  
 And for advice in the new malady,  
 With others too, which let in *Amity*;  
 Who did the Organ first for reason fit,  
 As by experience to this day we see:  
 " For properly Love ripens the *Fools* Wit;  
 " But turns some wise men fools by over-ripening it."

Men thus conversing, soon the *Arts* were made,  
 And, that which all included, *Poetry* :

Under

Under whose veil were mistickly convey'd  
 The solid Grounds of all *Philosophy*,  
 Ev'n to the homely Rules of *Husbandry*,  
 Which with such sugred Eloquence were dress'd,  
 And coucht in such delightful Harmony,  
 That they who could not crabbed Texts digest,  
 To hear those flowing numbers, without number prest.

And now had *Wit* his noble task perform'd :  
 For what could more for Mortals be desir'd,  
 Than to be decently sustain'd, and form'd  
 With all the ornaments their minds requir'd !  
 So to his Contemplations he retir'd,  
 Leaving the Countries in propriety  
 To such as were by him for Rule inspir'd,  
 Who us'd them with a *Liberality*  
 That little differ'd from the old Community.

But *Nature* was not so content, whose thought  
 Is vast, and ever covetous of more :  
 For though to such a rare perfection brought,  
 She held all nothing that was done before,  
 And therefore farther to improve her store,  
 Her wily head a counterfeit did frame,  
 Who in his looks *Wit's* perfect likeness bore,  
 And by that stolen title dar'd to claim [name.  
 The Government of things. But *Craft* was his right

So well could he his subtle Pick-locks file,  
 That in most minds his entrance he had made,  
 Partly deceiv'd with his pretended stile,  
 And partly from their due Allegiance swaid

With *Gifts* of a strange force before them laid,  
Which in the Oceans unknown waves did lie,  
(Now sail'd and div'd into) which earth display'd  
Forc't by a thousand tortures to descry. [Eye  
Where her bright gold was hid from *Phaëton* envious

His precepts are, *From every thing to get:*  
*And each from other.* But with legal show.  
(For that, he saith, is living by his wit)  
But the true *Wit* which all these things did owe,  
From his just right he wrongfully did throw.  
That only Title hath a solid Plea  
Which he confirms, if he did not bestow  
He is Lord Paramount of Land and Sea,  
And all the World is held of *Craft* in Capite.

O Wit! next *Jove* Creator of *Mankind*,  
Where dost thou now in secret corner sit,  
Counting the stars with avaricious mind,  
Or brooding some immortal work of Wit,  
Whereby thou maist affected glory get,  
Whilst thy poor Clients, outed of their right,  
For nobler Sciences are made unfit.  
"Since Lamps that have no oyl can give no light,  
And folly were to shine when men have lost their sight?"

Thus some, who well affected did remain,  
To the old learned age. Yet each of these  
Had learnt a *Craft* his livelihood to gain;  
And learnt withall the liberal Sciences,  
Forc't to give half obedience for his ease,  
To the new Government. But if his soul

(Not



(Not needing the dull world) herself might please,  
 She then would pass directly to her Gole,  
 And spurn the golden apples that before her rowl,

These Cryes fetcht *Wit* from the retired shade  
 Of a delightful solitary Grove;  
 Who (wondring) saw what spoil his Foe had made  
 Of the most precious goods. He cry'd to *Jove*,  
 On *Nature* cry'd, that could such change approve.  
 Then learnt he first to be Satyrical,  
 (Whose bitter'st argument before was Love)  
 And let some words of hard construction fall,  
 And ev'ry drop of Ink was mingled with some gall.

At last demands the Law. And he will try  
 By publick Justice before *Natures* Bar,  
 To whom the world pertains most rightfully.  
*Craft*, (though possession were his surer far)  
 His plea of Merit would not seem to marr,  
 But nam'd a day his title to abet;  
 On it the Creatures all assembled are,  
 Ranged by *Natures* Marshal as they met,  
 And all on the success their expectation set.

First *Wit* with copious Language did dilate  
 Those benefits which Man to him did owe,  
 Whom from a poor dishonourable state,  
 He made with blessings of all sorts to flow.  
 He said, whom he made Rulers first did know  
 To rule themselves. And if the world new clad  
 With a few glitt'ring trifles, (but for show)  
 Which *Crafts* with damage of true goods did add,  
 Seem'd now to have more wealth, it then more honor  
 (had,  
 Here

Here ceas'd his speech. Then *Craft* reply'd to all  
 With such a boldness as not blusht to flighr  
 Th' immortal works of *Wis*, which he did call  
 Chymera's of the fancy, vain and light,  
 And urg'd the *Learned* had renounc't their right  
 In earthly things, as he could represent  
 By divers Instruments themselves did write,  
 Knowing they were unfit for Government,  
 As wholly unto idle Contemplations bent.

But that they did not truly Gold condemn  
 (Which all that have their eyes must needs admire)  
 Only in boasting Writings did condemn  
 The thing which in their hearts they most desire.  
 Nor could the World his perfect State acquire,  
 Whilst not a Metal was in earth suppress't,  
 But a fifth Element more bright than fire,  
 Which Poets ev'n denying had confest,  
 Stiling the *Golden Age* what they would have the best.

That he found out, And *Gems* of wond'rous price.  
 Like which their Mistress eyes, teeth, lips, they feign,  
 As things which have most virtue to entice.  
 And last, said he, *Tis hamm'ring in this brain,*  
*To turn all things I rough to golden vein.*  
 This clos'd his speech, but left such stings behind  
 In *Nature*, biting greedily at Gain,  
 That (seeming first to spoil it in her mind) [fin'd.  
 She judg'd the World to *Craft*, which *Wisdom* the de.

Her over-partial doom, she colour'd o're  
 With this pretext, that the Worlds rule (now grown  
 More

Philoso-  
 phers  
 Stone.

More intricate through its encreased store )  
 Requir'd a *Drudge* to tend that work alone,  
 But *she* had many things to study on,  
 Then ended with a smooth-fac'd Complement,  
 How *Him* she held in high opinion,  
 Whom breaking up the Court, she from her sent  
 As infinitely prais'd, as not a jot content.

For his stout heart felt deep disgraces wound,  
 And hardly could dissemble injury,  
 Who, having long survey'd the creatures round,  
 Leapt lightly on an *Eagle* perching by,  
 And cry'd, *the earth to me she may deny,*  
*But not the Heav'n.* So, without making plain,  
 Directs his flight to fair *Eternity*.

(*The Muses Horse his nimble joints doth strain,*  
*When he is spur'd with Love, or vex'd with disdain.*)

His active Circles crown *Sol's* glorious Sphere :  
*Heav'n* op'ning still new beauties to his eye  
 As he gets up, whil' *st* earth doth less appear,  
 Where some presage his fall to *Poverty*,  
 The height will turn his brain, some others cry ;  
 Some few in judging eare his raptures poise,  
 [Who like a Lark doth singing mount the skies]  
 They bear him up with their applausive noise,  
 At which in secret heart he not a little joyes.

But the faint *Bird* is not relieved so,  
 Although her Rider cheer'd her what he might,  
 To whom the whole terrestrial Globe below,  
 Seem'd a mean Quarry to debase his flight,

Yet

Yet foret ere long for a small bait to light,  
 The hunger of his *Animal* to stay,  
 Though oft he cuffs it first, and oft doth slight.  
 But need commands, and flesh must needs obey,  
 So at the last he stoops and seizes the scorn'd prey.

As in a Torch we see the bating flame  
 Unto its heav'nly Countrey doth aspire,  
 But the Wax softly shrinking from the same,  
 Makes it for food from Heaven to retire,  
 And tend to earthward with descending fire :  
 So *we* is forc'd (some maintenance to get)  
 To stoop to earth against his own desire ;  
 But soon again the fruitful earth doth quit,  
 To soar in empty air : (Heav'n send me better wit !)

Yet when this Eagle shall have cast her Bill,  
 And mew'd her mortal plumes, some think that he  
 Shall then attain the top of Heavens hill,  
 And coeternal with his Writings be,  
 Taking peculiar felicity  
 In penning Hymns of his Creators praise ;  
 (That is the genuine use of *Poetry*)  
 And for reward of those Celestial Lays

That be'ring Cherubins shall crown him with fresh bays :

— *Non est mortale quod optat*

*Cum sit mortalis. —*

### *The Ruby.*

**H**ail ! whom the Diamonds proclaim their King ;  
 Crowning as Peers, as Guards environing ;

Hail !

Hail! whom the rising Sun where thou wert born,  
Invested in the purple of the Morn,  
And his own beams, whilst thee my Verse displays  
Thou swell'st at once, and blushest at thy praise.

Like a red Sea thy trembling Mount of blood  
Stands off 'th' air; and threatens a crimson flood  
Over the golden banks, whilst our dimm'd light  
Mistakes for flowing waves thy floating light.

Or as in wine the subtil spirits move,  
Making ev'n Temperance her self in love;  
So rowles thy fiery and bewitching eye,  
Able to shake a vow of Poverty.

But oh! how like my cruel fair thou art?  
Thy panting stone is her obdurate heart  
Peg'd in with Diamonds: or signifies  
Her lip, severely guarded by her eyes.

### *A Friends Wedding.*

**T**His day my friend is ty'd  
With pleasing chains to a sweet Bride?  
So well the Turtle Loves,

So well are coupled *Penn* Doves;  
Which her blithe Son hath broke  
With rods of Mirtle to her yoke.

Out of thy lazy Bed,  
Get up my Muse, and lay thy head  
With thy fair friend the Morn,  
This happy Marriage to adorn.

Why art thou yet so dull,  
When thou shouldst quaff *Cassia* full

To th' health of the fair *BRIDE*,  
 In which her *LOVERS* is implid,  
 Nor yet? Then fetch the Sack;  
 I'll put thee to the gentle wrack.  
 Find me a way to show  
 What happiness I wish these two.  
 Of *PORCIAS* Love relate,  
 How constant she was to her Mate,  
 And hearing *Brutus* death,  
 By stopping it expir'd her breath:  
 And then of *ORPHEUS* tell,  
 And of a Husband that lov'd well;  
 Through Heav'n, Hell, Earth and Sea,  
 He cry'd his lost *Euridice*,  
 That the Rocks groan'd again,  
 Helping the Widower to complain,  
 And Hell it self lamented,  
 And fates their cruelty repented.  
 Then with this couple here  
 May prove as faithful as they were,  
 But never their fate prove,  
 And only imitate their Love.  
 Not yet? Is this a day  
 For silence? Or doth silence say,  
 "Deep streams run without noise,  
 And those that sound are hollow joyes!"

### A Rich Fool.

**T**Hee, senseless Stock, because thou art richly gilt,  
 The blinded people without cause admire,  
 And

And Superstition impiously hath built  
Altars to that which should have been the fire.

Where shall my tongue consent to worship thee,  
Since all's not Gold that glisters and is fair;  
Carving but makes an Image of a Tree;  
But Gods of Images are made by Prayer.

*Sabea* Incense in a fragrant Cloud  
Illustriously suspended o'r thy Crown  
Like a Kings Canopy, makes thee allow'd  
For more than man. But let them take thee down,  
And thy true value be once understood,  
Thy dull Idolaters will find th' art wood.

### Hope.

**T**O hope is good, but with such wild applause  
Each promise *Fabius* thou dost entertain;  
As if decreed thee by fates certain Laws,  
Or in possession now it did remain.

Wisdom is arm'd against all that can succeed,  
Times changes and his stratagems: for such  
His nature is, that when his wings are need,  
He will come creeping on his halting Crutch.

Do not, if wise, then to thy self assure  
The future, nor on present goods rely.  
Or think there's any time from time secure:  
For then when patience fees her Harvest nigh,  
That mocking Tyrant in an instant rears  
A wall between the sickle and the ear.

*Constancy.*



## Constancy.

**C** *Loris* i'dh' Sun proyning her Locks, did sit  
 With lilly hand and comb of Ivory,  
 But scarce could you discern the comb in it,  
 Nor see the Sun, Eclips'd when *those* were by.

Whilst the rich fleece about her shoulders playes,  
 And the pure Brook (whose Margent is her Bed)  
 Sucks from her two bright Suns delicious rayes  
 Through clouds of Gold with which they're sh-  
 (dowed)

Thus *Corydon* (chiding the flying hours,  
 With such a voice as made them faster flie )  
 Invokt the pow'r which doth subdue all pow'rs :  
 In vain ( O Love ) is my felicity.

If the sweet flames, thy feathered shafts began,  
 To kindle, thy wings feathers do not fan.

## The Fall.

**T** He bloody trunk of him who did possess  
 Above the rest a hapless happy state,  
 This little stone doth seal, but not depress,  
 And scarce can stop the rowling of his fate.

Brass Tombs which justice hath deny'd t' his fault,  
 The common pity to his virtues payes,  
 Adorning on imaginary Vault,  
 Which from our minds time strives in vain to raze.

Ten years the world upon him fallily smild,  
 Sheathing in fawning looks the deadly knife  
 Long aimed at his head; that so beguiled  
 It more securely might bereave his life:

Then threw him to a Scaffold from a Throne,  
 Which Doctrine lies under this little Tomb.

### A Rose.

**B**low in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon;  
 What boots a life which in such hast forsakes thee?  
 Th' art wondrous frolick being to dye so soon:  
 And passing proud a little colour makes thee.

If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,  
 Know then the thing that swells thee is thy bane;  
 For the same beauty doth in bloody Leaves  
 The sentence of thy early death contain.

Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flow'r  
 If by the careless Plow thou shalt be torn:

And many *Herods* lie in wait each hour  
 To murder thee as soon as thou art born:

Nay, force thy bud to blow; their tyrant breath  
 Anticipating life, to hasten Death.

### A Picture.

**B**ehold how *Marius*, from *Minturnian Lake*,  
 Flying through *Africk* late by him o'rethrown;

A pitiful comparison doth make  
 Between high *Carthage* ruins and his own.

Thy

Thy Prides just fall which thou must one day mourn,  
 In this dumb Picture *Celia* thou hast read,  
 For so doth age, Loves Empire too overturn,  
 And pull down thrones in hearts established.

[Grace  
 Thy Glas, where oft thou wast each wounding  
 Will shew thee better far the History  
 Of *Marius*, and raz'd *Carthage*, in thy face:  
 And then, one trophy of times victory,

Shalt then confess, to equal scorns expos'd,  
 Thy beauty was a tyrant soon depos'd.

*Sonnets Translated out of Spanish.*

*A River.*

**T**HOU clearer Honour of the chrystal Main,  
 Sweet Rivulet, compos'd of liquid Plate,  
 Whose waters glide through this enamel'd Plain  
 With sound harmonious, with stately gate;

Since she is standing on thy happy brim,  
 Who both enflameth and congeals my blood,  
 Whil' Love with admirable skill doth Lim  
 Her Portraict on thy smooth and quiet flood;

Move on thus gently still, and do not slack  
 The waving Reins unto the foaming Bite  
 With which thou now art pleas'd to pull back  
 Thy head-strong current: For it is not fit

*Neptune* with all the treasures he doth hold,  
 Should so much beauty in his arms infold.

*A Nightingale.*

**V**ith such variety and dainty skill [song,  
 Yon'd Nightingale divides her mournful  
 As if ten thousand of them through one Bill  
 Did sing in parts the story of their wrong.

Nay she accuses with such vehemence  
 Her Ravisher, I think she would incline  
 The conscious Grove thereof to have a settee,  
 And print it on the Leaves of that tall Pine.

Yet happy *he*, who may her pain declare  
 In moving notes, and wand'ring through the woods  
 VVith uncut wings, by change divert her care!  
 But let *Him* melt away in silent floods,

VVhom his *Medusa* turn'd into a stone,  
 That he might neither change, nor make his moan.

*A Cupid of Diamonds presented.*

**B**anisht from Life to seek out Death I go,  
 VVhich through the world so long I will pursue,  
 Till desp'rate Grief at least have made men know  
 My soul fears no divorcement but from you.

To think to mollifie you now were vain,  
 For if my present services could not  
 VVork the least feeling in your cold disdain,  
 VVhat should I hope for absent and forgot?

Yet take this Gem, which, as my melting eye  
 My soft *affection* did at parting prove,  
 May cipher to you now my *Constancy*.  
 Wear't in your bosom, 'tis the *God of Love*.  
 And once I'll try, if (as in Goldsmiths art)  
*A Diamond Love can cut a Diamond Heart.*

### The Spring.

**T**Hose whiter Lillies which the early Morn  
 Seems to have newly woven of sleav'd Silk,  
 To which (on banks of wealthy *Tagus* born)  
 Gold was their Cradle, liquid Pearl their Milk:

These blushing Roses, with whose Virgin Leaves  
 The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,  
 Whil'st from their rised wardrobe he receives  
 For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes.

Both those, and these, my *Calia's* pretty foot  
 Trod up. But if she should her face display,  
 And fragrant breast, they'd dry again to th' root,  
 (As with the blasting of the mid-dayes ray)

And this soft wind which both perfumes and cools,  
 Pass like the unregarded breath of fools.

T H E

THE  
FOURTH BOOK  
OF  
VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS  
On the Loves of  
DIDO and ÆNEAS.

*The Argument of the three preceding Books,  
By way of Introduction.*

Æneas bound for Italy, is tost  
By raging Seas to Lybia's guarded Coast,  
VWhere Dido builds fair Carthage with that wealth  
She with her self convey'd from Tyre by stealth;  
For which Pigmalion her dear Husband slew,  
And for the same sought her destruction too.  
Pious Æneas, and his valiant train,  
The Royal widow there doth entertain. [stood;  
VWho, though Grass grows where conquer'd Troy had  
Makes it her pride to come of Trojan blood.  
Yet thoughtful Venus, who the punie saith  
and Rival walls in great suspicion hath,  
Fearing a change from Interest of State,  
Or some new Plot from Juno's ancient hate  
To those of Troy, which made her raise that storm:  
Sends Cupid, maskt in young Ascanius form,

To seize the *Fortress Royal* ( the *Queen's* breast )  
 And make *Her* first a Prisoner to her *Guest*.  
*She* with a hundred questions strait began  
 Of *Troy*: Then asks the story of the *Man*  
 From first to last. He paints his *Town's* sad fall  
 ( *Belieg'd* ten years : ) His own flight ( last of all, )  
 On his broad shoulders bearing through the fire  
 His *vanquish'd* Gods, and his decrepid *Sire* :  
 His poor *Wife* tripping after, and his *Boy*  
 With shorter steps ( the growing *Hope* of *Troy* )  
*She* mist ; how back amongst the *Swords* he flies,  
 And in the flames his lost *Creusa* cries :  
*Not found* ; resum'd his venerable *Load*  
 With heavier cheer, and forward ( weeping ) trod.  
 Then tells his sev'n years *Travels* ; in which *He*  
 Was tost no less upon the *Land* than *Sea* :  
 Meeting his greedy *Auditors*. But how  
 It wrought with *Dido*, this next Book will show.

THE



THE  
FOURTH BOOK  
OF  
VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS  
On the Loves of  
DIDO and ÆNEAS.

**B**Ut the mho Love long since had swallowed down,  
Melts with hid fire; her wounds doth inward weep:  
The Mans much worth, his Nations much Renown  
Runs in her mind: His looks and words are deep  
Fixt in her breast: Care weans her eyes from sleep;  
The Morn with Phoebus lamp the earth surveyd  
And drew heav'ns vail through which moist stars did  
When thus to her dear sister (sick) she said [creep;  
Anna what frightful dreams my wavering soul invade!

**V**Who is this Man that visits our Abodes?  
How wise! how valiant! what a face he has!  
Well may he be descended from the gods.  
Fear shews ignoble minds: But he (at us)  
Tost with what fates: through what wars did he pass!  
Were I not well resolv'd never to wed  
Since my first Love by death bereft me was:  
Did I not loath the Nuptial torch and bed,  
To this one fants perchance, perchance I might be led.

274 *The Fourth Book of Virgil's Æneis,*

For since my poor Sicheus's fatal hour  
 (Our household gods besmear'd by brothers steel)  
 This onely man ( I must confess ) had power  
 To shake my constant faith, and make a reek:  
 The footsteps of that ancient flame I feel.  
 But first earth swallow me, or ( thunder slain )  
 Jove nail me to the shades, pale shades of Hell,  
 And everlasting night, before I stain  
 Thee ( holy Chastity ) or thy fair Rites profane.  
 He took my love with him ( and let him keep't  
 Cold in his Grave ) to whom I first was ty'd.  
 This said, her bosome full of tears she wept.  
 O dearer than my life ! ( Anna reply'd. )  
 VVilt thou for ever live a dead mans Bride ?  
 Nor pretty Babes ( Rewards of Venus ) know ?  
 Are Gholts pleas'd, or Ashes satisfi'd  
 VVith this think'st thou ? VVhat if before ( thy woe  
 Yet green and fresh ) no husbands down with thee would go !  
 Woe Lybia's King ( Jarbas ) scorn'd in Tyre  
 Besore, with other Chiefs whom Africk high  
 Inwattle breeds ? VVilt thou quench Loves sweet fire ?  
 Nor yet consider whom thou'rt planted nigh ?  
 Here ( a fierce people ) the Getulians lie,  
 Bitless Numidian Horse, and Quicklands dire ;  
 There mad Bargeans block thee up, and dry  
 Deserts. VVhat speak I of the bloodier ire [Tyre !  
 A wolf turn'd brother breaths, and gathering clouds from  
 Auspicious Heav'n's, and Juno's care of thee,  
 The Trojan Navy hither ( doubtless ) led.  
 O ( sister ) what a City will this be !  
 How shalt thou see thy Scepter flourish ! wed  
 To Troy, how will the punic glory spread!

Ask

*On the Loves of Dido and Aeneas* 275

Ask but Heav'n's leave, thy Guest then (feasting) keep,  
Pretending 'tis unsafe to sail in winter,  
When ships are tost, and *Pleiades* do weep,  
And ominous skies forbid on Seas to venter:  
These words blew love t' a flame; for doubts hope  
And stancht her blushes: first in solemn wise (lent her  
To *Phœbus*, *Bacchus*, *Ceres* (Laws Inventer)  
Selected Lambs i' th' fane they sacrifice,  
But *Juno* most atone who favors Nuptial ties.

The Queen herself (more beauteous in those Rites)  
Between the Crescent of a milk white Cow  
The Liquor pours: or passing in their sights,  
Unto the Gods with rev'rend Grace doth bow,  
Consults the panting Lites, and payes her vow.  
Alas, vain mysteries! blind Priests aread,  
Which is the Sacrifice is offer'd now!  
Soft flames upon the Off'ers marrow feed,  
And her concealed wound doth freshly inward bleed.

Poor *Dido* burns, and stung with restless Love,  
Runs raving to and fro through every street,  
Runs like a Hind, which in some covert Grove  
Where she securely Graz'd in fruitful *Orete*,  
A Woodman shooting at far distance hit,  
Drunk in her veins the feather'd Iron lies,  
Nor he who made the wound doth know of it,  
She through *Dislean* woods, and pastures highs,  
But carries in her side the arrow which she flies.

She takes *Aeneas* with her up and down, (Tyre,  
And shews him the vast wealth she brought from  
The goodly streets and bulwarks of her Towns,  
No less a thousand times did she desire

To

276 *The Fourth Book of Virgil's Aeneid,*

To shew unto him too her am'rous fire;  
And oft began; but shame repress her tongue.  
At night unto their banquets they retire;  
And *Troy's* sad fall again she must have sung,  
And at his charming lips again she fondly hung.

When every one was parted to his rest,  
And the dim Moon trod on the heels of day,  
And setting stars shew'd it high time to rest,  
*She* in the empty house languish'd away,  
And on the Couch, which he had press'd, lay  
Absent she sees him whom her thoughts admire,  
Him absent hears, or on her Lap doth stay  
*Aeneas* the true Picture of his Sire,  
As if she so could cheat her impotent desire.

All works are at a stand; the youth for war  
Provide no forts, nor training exercise;  
Huge beams, and arches, which half finish'd are,  
Hang doubtful in the air, to fall, or rise,  
And *Tow'rs* do threat at once both earth and skies  
Whom when *Asfoes* dear wife perceiv'd so drown'd  
In witchcrafts, and that *same*, with loudest cries,  
Could not awake her from the pleasing swoond,  
She thus accosted *Venus*, and her mind did sound.

Great Glory sure, and goodly spoils ye gain  
You and your Boy: a doughty enterprize  
Ye have achiev'd, and worthy to remain  
In lasting marble, if two *Deities*  
By subtlety one woman do surprize.  
Nor am I ignorant, that to defend  
Your Race from fear of future enemies,  
Y' are jealous of my walls. But to what end  
Should so near friends as we eternally contend? Nay

May rather let us knit eternal Love,  
And bid the Peace more strong with *Hymens* cord,  
Ye have the thing for which so much ye strove,  
*Eliza* with Loves fiery shaft is goar'd;  
Then rule we this joint Town with one accord,  
And who shall aid it most be now our strife.  
Once let a Queen obey a *Trojan* Lord,  
And *Tyrrians* (to preserve a Lovers life)  
Call thee their Patroness, as dowry of his wife:

*Venus* (who saw her drift was to translate  
To *Carthaginians* those Imperial dues  
Which were reserv'd for *Italy* by fate)  
Made this reply. Who madly would refuse  
So advantageous match, and rather choose  
To war with you. If but the fair event  
According to your wise forecast ensues,  
But fates I fear me, nor *Jove* will consent  
That *Tyrrians* and *Trojans* in one Town be pent.

And yet perchance, you lying in his breast,  
With a wifes Rhet'rick may his counsels sway;  
Then break the Ice, I'll second the Request.  
Leave that to me (said she) and for a way  
T'effect our wishes, mark my plot I pray.  
To morrow, when the Sun shall be descry'd  
To Gild the mountains with his early't ray,  
*Aeneas* and the Love-sick Queen provide  
To have a solemn Hunting in the forest wide.

Now I, when here they beat the Coppice, there  
The Horsemen flutter, on their Heads will pour  
A pitchy cloud, and Heaven with thunder tear.  
Their followers, for shelter from the shower,

By

278 *The Fourth Book of Virgil's Æneis,*

By several paths along the Plain shall scowr;  
Maskt in dark night, unto one Cave they two  
Shall come: there I will be, and (add your pow'r)  
Tye such a Knot as only Fates undo,

I'll seal her his. Good *Hymen* shall be present too.  
*Venus* seems nodding, to consent, and smiles

To see Dame *Juno's* craft. Mean while the Morn  
Arose: and the choice youth, with subtle toyles,  
Sharp hunting Spears, fleet Steeds in *Barbry* born,  
And sure nos'd Hounds run'd to the Bugle-horn,  
Are gone before. The Lords at door expect  
Whil' st the Queen staves within her self t' adorn.  
Her Palfrey stands with Gold and Skarlet deckt,  
And champs the foaming bit, as scornng to be checkt.  
At length she comes, with a huge troop, her Gown  
Of *Tyrian* dye, bordred with flow'rs of Gold:  
A Quiver by her comely side hung down,  
Gold Ribbing her brighter hair enroll'd,  
Gold Buttons did her purple vesture hold.  
The *Trojans* too, and blithe *Julus* went  
Above the rest, far goodliest to behold;

*Æneas* self his gladding presence lent,  
And with his darkned train did *Dido's* train augment.  
As when *Apolla* leaves his winter seats  
Of *Lycia* and *Xanthus* floods, to see  
His Countrey *Delos*, and his feast repeats;  
About his altars hum confusedly  
*Creeks*, *Dryopes*, and ruddy Nymphs: but he  
On *Cynthia* rides, and pleating doth enlace  
His flowing hair with Gold, and his lov'd tree:  
His shafts shog at his back. With no less Grace  
*Æneas* marcht. Such rayes display'd his lovely face.

When

On the Loves of Dido and Aeneas 279

When in the mountains now engag'd they were  
And pathless woods, lo Goats from Summits cast  
Run tumbling through the bushes: Herds of Deer  
Another way come hurrying down as fast,  
And raise a cloud as through the dust they haste,  
Hot-spur *Julus* on his mett'l'd Horse  
Out-cracking all, now these, now those men pass,  
And wisht 'mong those faint beasts, & without force,  
Some Lyon, or tusk'd Boar would cross him in his course.  
Mean while loud thunder Heav'n's pavilion tears,  
Making a passage for th' ensuing rain:  
The *Trojan* youth, and *Tyrian* followers,  
And *Venus* Dardan-Grandchild through the Plain  
Seek sev'ral shelters: Rivers, like a Main,  
Rush from the mountains round: one cave that Lord  
Of *Troy*, and she who did in *Carthage* reign,  
Lighted upon. Earth gives the signal word,  
And *Juno*, Queen of Marriage, doth their hands accord.  
The guilty Heav'n's, as blushing to have been  
An instrument this meeting to fulfill,  
With flashing lightning shone: the Nymphs were seen  
To weep with all their streams, and from each Hill  
Were heard to murmur the presaged ill.  
That day did usher Death, and *Dido's* shame:  
For now she's arm'd, let men say what they will,  
Nor seeks, as erst, to hide her am'rous flame:  
She calls it wedlock, gives her fault an honest name.  
Fame strait through *Lybia* goodly towns doth post,  
Fame a fleet evil, which none can outflie:  
Most strong she is when she hath travel'd most,  
First small through fear, but grown so instantly,

That



280 *The Fourth Book of Virgil's Æneid;*

That standing on the Ground she'll reach the sky.  
She was the last birth Mother earth did bring,  
When her proud anger did the Gods defie,  
The Giants sister, swift of foot and wing,  
A huger never was, nor a more monstrous thing.

Most strange! there's not a plume her body bears,  
But under it a watching eye doth peep,  
As many tatling tongues, and listning ears.  
By night 'tween earth and Heaven she doth sweet  
Skreeching, nor shuts her lids with balmy sleep.  
And all the day time upon Castle Gates,  
Or Steeple-tops, she doth sit & watches keep,  
And frights great Cities with her sudden baits,  
And with one confident both truths and lyes relates.

She, glad of such a prey whereon to plume. (sent  
Through peoples minds truths mixt with falsehood  
How one *Æneas* came from *Troy*, with whom  
Fair *Dido* deign'd to wed; and now they spent  
In Revels the long winter, wholly bent  
On brutish Love, drowning affairs of State;  
These things she sow'd in mens rank mouths: then  
To King *Jarbas*, and did irritate (went  
His mind with tales; and his old wrath exasperate.

An hundred temples built to *Jove* had he,  
(Who unto *Hammon* bore't *Gramantis* bore)  
An hundred Altars burning constantly,  
(The Gods eternal Centinels) each floor  
Painted with blood of beasts, with flower's each doer  
Who mad with Love, and with the bitter news,  
Before the Altars, and the Gods before,  
Kneeling, with hand upheav'd to *Jove*, doth use  
Great supplications, and in this manner sues. *Jove*

to whom Moon rich wine on Carpets drink,  
Seest this? or when thy arm doth Lightning shake  
Giv'st thou false fire & a cloud to make fools wink?  
And, when it thunders, dost thou onely make  
A rumbling o'r our heads, at which we quake?  
Astray, to whom our self (being hither fled)  
Hir'd a small barren Plat, for pity sake  
With some restraints, refus'd with us to wed,  
And *Dido Aeneas* takes unto her Crown and Bed.

And now this *Paris*, with a quose to stay  
His Beard and powdred Locks, and's Beaver train  
Of the-men, Gluts himself upon the Prey;  
Whil'st we with Gifts on Gifts enrich thy Fane,  
And make our person glorious in vain.  
Th' all-pow'rful heard these pray'rs, and cast his eye  
On the new walls where th' am'rous pair remain  
Careless how desp'rate sick their fame doth lie,  
Then spake, and gave this charge to winged *Mercury*.

Go Son, as swift as winds in *Cerberus* light,  
Tell *Venus* Son, whom lostring there thou'lt see  
Unworthy of that fate which he doth slight,  
That his fair Mother painted him to me  
Another man; and therefore twice did free  
From *Grecian* swords; one, who with stiddy rein  
Should manage proud and warlike *Italy*,  
And prove himself of *Troiers* haughty strain,  
And the triumphed world under his Laws maintain.

Not at all this him with Glory fires,  
Nor care of his own Greatness he doth show,  
Why should he grudge his Son the *Roman* Spire?  
What makes he here? what seeks he from a foe?

*Latium*

*Latium*, and them who there expect to grow:  
 From him, let him regard: Let him away.  
 This is th' effect, from me this let him know:  
 At once *Jove* ended, and the son of *Mars*.  
 His greater Sires commands prepar'd himself to obey.  
 First golden wings unto his feet he binds,  
 Which over Lands, and over Seas that swell  
 Bear him aloft, as speedy as the winds.  
 Then takes his rod. With this he calls from Hell  
 Pale Ghosts, sends others in sad shades to dwell,  
 Gives sleep, and takes it from the drowzy brain,  
 And seals up eyes with death. He doth repel  
 By pow'r of this the Heav'ns which part in twain,  
 And through the watry clouds he sails as throw a Main.  
 He soaring the lank sides, and Crown discloses  
 Of craggy *Atlas*, whose neck props the sky,  
*Atlas*, whose piney head to storms expos'd,  
 Is bound about with clouds continually.  
 Thick on his aged back the Snow doth lie,  
 And down his drivel'd chin pour plenteous spring.  
 His beard in *icy* grows hoar'dly.  
 Here sits the God poss'd on his hovering wing,  
 Towards the Sea from hence his body headlong flings  
 Like to a Bird, which round the shores doth glide,  
 And flimsy fecks, skimming along the Bay,  
 So flies 'tween earth and heaven, and doth divide  
 The wind and sandy Coast of *Lybia*,  
 Leaving his mothers Sire, the Son of *Mars*,  
 Who landing where the Sheep coats lately were,  
 Sees how *Aeneas* doth the works survey.  
 Here building Towers, and adorning Turrets there,  
 He by his side a Sword all star'd with Gems did wear.

*On the Loves of Dido and Aeneas.* 283

Upon his shoulder to the Air display  
A Robe of *Tyrian* purple seem'd to flame;  
Which *Dido* with her own fair hands had made,  
And edg'd the seams with gold. Here you do frame  
(Said *Hermes*) hindring your own crown and fame,  
High Towers of *Carthage*, and, uxorious, raise  
Fair Walls, whereof another bears the name:  
Mark now what *Job* himself, whom Heav'n obays,  
And earth, by his wing'd messenger unto you says.

What make you here loytring in *Lybia*?  
If Glory of great Actions fire not you,  
Nor your own interest, nor fame you weigh;  
Seek your *Heirs* good, *Julus* hopes pursue,  
To whom the *Latian* Crown and *Rome* is due.  
This having said, *Cyllenius* vanish quite  
From mortal eyes, and back to Heaven flew.

*Aeneas* at the vision shakes with fright, [right.  
His tongue cleaves to his jaws, his hair stands bolt up-

He is on fire to go, and flie that Land  
Of sweet enchantments, being skar'd away  
By no less warning than the Gods command.  
But (ah!) what shall he do? How dare t' assay  
With words the am'rous Queen? what should he say  
For Introduction? His swift-beating thought  
In doubtful balance thousand things did lay,  
And this way cast them, and then that way wrought,  
At last this seem'd the best when all ways he had sought.

He call'd *Sergestus*, *Muræus*, and the stout  
*Clauthus*, bids them sit immediately  
Their Fleet, and draw their Companies about  
The Port, their Arms prepar'd, not telling why;

T

Mean

284 *The Fourth Book of Virgil's Aeneid,*

Mean while himself ( when no least jealousie  
To the good *Queen* should thought of breach betray  
In so great Loves ), an entrance would espy,  
The season of soft speech, and dextrous way,  
With readines and joy they do him all obey.

But *Dido* found their Plot ( what's hid from Lovers? )  
Herself, who doubts ev'n safe things, first doth see:  
And the same tatling fame to her discovers,  
That *Trojans* are departing with their Fleet.  
She's mad, stark mad, and runs through ev'ry street,  
Like *Bacchus* She-Priests, when the God is in,  
And they to do him furious Homage meet,  
*Citheron* yelling with their midnight din:  
Then thus t' *Aeneas* speaks, nor stays till he begin.

Didst thou hope too by stealth to leave my Land,  
And that such treason could be unbetray'd?  
Nor should my Love, nor thy late plighted hand,  
Nor *Dido*, who would dye, thy flight have staid?  
Must too this Voyage be in Winter made?  
Through storms? O! cruel to thy self, and me,  
Didst thou not hunt strange Lands, and Scepters  
By others, if old *Troy* reviv'd should be, [sway'd  
Should *Troy* it self be sought throw a tempestuous Sea?

Me fly'lt thou? By these tears, and thy right hand,  
( Since this is all's now left to wretched me )  
By marriages new joyes, and sacred band,  
If ought I did could meritorious be,  
If ever ought of mine were sweet to thee;  
Pity our House, which most with my decay  
Give early period to its soveraignty;

And

*On the Loves of Dido and Aeneas.* 383

And put I do beseech thee, far away  
This cruel mind, if cruel minds hear them that pray.  
For thee the *Lybian* Nations me despise;  
The Kings of *Syria* hate me, and my *Tyre*;  
For thee I lost my shame, and that, whereby  
Alone I might unto the stars expire.  
The chaster fame which I did once acquire,  
To whom my Guest [for Husbands out of date]  
Dost thou commit me ready to expire.  
Why stay I? Till *Pigmalion* wait my state?  
Or on *Jarbas* Wheels, a captive Queen, to wait?  
Yet if before thou fledst out of this place,  
Some Child at least I unto thee had born;  
If in my Court resembling but thy face,  
Some young *Aeneas* plaid, I should not mourn  
As one so quite deluded, or forelorn.  
Here ceased *She*. But he whom *Jove* had ty'd  
With strict commands, his eyes did no way turn;  
But hourly did his Grief suppress, and hide  
Under his secret heart. Then thus in short reply'd:  
For me, O Queen, I never will deny  
But that I owe you more than you can say;  
Nor shall I stick to bear in memory  
*Elixa's* name, whilst these limbs doth sway;  
But to the point, I never did intend  
[Pray charge me not with that] to steal away;  
And much less did I Wedlock Bands pretend;  
Neither to such a Treaty ever condescend;  
Would Fates permit me mine own way to take,  
And please my self in choosing of a Land,  
None out of her ashes I would take;

286 *The Fourth Book of Virgil's Æneis,*

And glean my earths sweet reliques, *Troy* should stand  
(The vanquish'd Troops replanted, by my hand)

And *Priam's* Towers again to Heav'n aspire.

But now have I the Oracles command

To seek great *Italy*; The same require

The Destinies. My Country's this; This my desire.

If you of *Tyre* with *Carthage* Towers are took,

Why should our seeking *Latian* fields offend?

May not the *Trojans* too new mansions look?

As oft as night moist shadows doth extend

Over the earth, and golden stars ascend,

My Fathers chiding Ghost afrights my sleep:

My Son, on whom the Realm is to descend,

And those dear eyes do freshly seem to weep;

Complaining that from him his destined crown I keep.

And now *Jove's* Son (by both their heads I swear)

Was sent to me, my self the god did see

In open day, and with these ears did hear:

Then vex not with complaints your self and me,

I go against my will to *Italy*.

Whil' it thus he spake, she lookt at him askew,

Rowling her lightning eyes continually,

And him from head to foot did silent view, [ensue.

When, being throughly heat, these thundring words

Nor goddess was thy mother, nor the source

Of thy high blood, renowned *Dardanus*,

But some *Hircanian Tygres* was thy Nource,

Out of the stony loyns of *Cantafus*

Descended, cruel and perfidious.

For with what hopes should I thy faults yet cover?

Did my tears make thee sigh? Or bend, but thus,

Thine



On the Loves of Dido and Æneas. 287

Thine eyes? Or sadness for my Grief discover?  
Or if thou couldst not love, to pity yet a Lover?

Whom first accuse I since these Loves began?

*Jove* is unjust, *Juno* her charge gives o're;

Whom may a Woman trust? I took this man

Homeless, a desp'rate wrack upon my shore,

And fondly gave him half the Crown I wore:

His ships re-built, t' his men new Lives I lent,

And now the Fates, the Oracles, what more?

(It makes me mad) *Joves* son on purpose sent,

Brings him forsooth a menace through the firmament:

As if the gods their blissful rest did break

With thinking on thy voyages. But I

Nor stop you, nor confute the words you speak.

Go, chase on rowling billows Realms that flie,

With fickle waves uncertain *Italy*.

Some courteous Rock (if Heaven just curses hear)

Will be revenger of my injury:

When thou perceiving the sad fate draw near,

Shalt *Dido*, *Dido*, call, who surely will be there.

For when cold death shall part with dreary swoon

My soul and flesh; my Ghost where-e're thou be,

Shall haunt thee with dim torch, & light thee down

To thy dark conscience: I'll be Hell to thee,

And this glad news will make Hell Heav'n to me.

Here, falling as far from him as she might,

She fainted e're her Speech were finished:

Leaving him tossing in his tender spright

What he should say to her, or leave unsaid,

288 *The Fourth Book of Virgil's Æneis,*

Her Maids convey her to her Iv'rie Bed.  
But good *Æneas*, though he fain would prove  
To wuage her Grief, and leave her comforted,  
Pierc'd to the Soul with her so ardent Love,  
Yet goes to view his Elcet, obedient unto Love.

I, now the *Trojans* fill to work for good,  
And hale their Vessels down from all the shoars,  
The charkt Ships are on stote, and from the Wood  
They bring whole O'ks unwrought, and leavy Oars  
For haste to flie away.

Through ev'ry Gate they pack and trudge amain:  
As when the Emerssally abrough earths pores,  
To sack, for hoard, some Barn full stufte with Grain,  
Remembring barren Winter must return again:

The black troops march, and through the meadows bear  
The booty by a narrow path, some hale  
The heavy Corns, others bring up the Rear,  
And prick them forwards that begun to fall,  
The busie Labourers ev'ry path engrail.  
What sights gav it thou now *Dido*, looking out  
From thy high Tower? How did thy senses quail  
Seeing the shoars so swarm'd, and round about  
Hearing confused showings of the *Nautick* Rout?

O Tyrant Love; how absolute thou art  
In humane breasts! Again she's f'or't to fly  
To tears and prayers, and bow her prostrate heart  
To the subduing rassion, glad to try  
All Cures before the last, which is to die.  
Sister, said she, thou seest they all repair  
To th' Port, and only for a Wind do lie,

Invi-

On the Loves of Dido and Aeneas. 289

Inviting it with streamers way'd i'th' air:  
Had I but fear'd this blow, I should not now despair.

Yet try for me this once: For only thee  
That perjur'd Soul adores, to thee will shew  
His secret thoughts: Thou, when his seasons be,  
And where the *Man's* accessible dost know.  
Go sister, meekly speak to the proud Foe.  
I was not with the *Greeks* at *Audis* sworn  
To raze the *Trojan* name, nor did I go  
'Gainst *Ilium* with my Fleet, neither have torn  
*Anchises* ashes up from his profaned Urn.

Why is he deaf to my intreaties? Whicher  
So fast? It is a Lovers last desire  
That he would but forsake me in fair weather,  
And a safe time. I do not now aspire  
To his broke Wedlock vow, neither require  
He should fair *Latium*, and a Scepter leave:  
Poor time I beg, my passions to retire;  
Truce to my Woe; Nor Pardon, but Reprieve;  
Till Griefs, familiar grown, have taught me how to  
[grieve.

For sisterhood, for sense of my distress,  
Let me this last boon, e're I dye, obtain.  
This *Dido* spake. The sad Ambassadors  
Carries her tears, and brings them back again,  
[As brackish Tydes post from and to the Main]  
But not an Ocean of bitter tears  
Can alter him, nor will he entertain  
The flatter'ing force of words, he only hears [ears.  
The Fates and *Jove's* command, which dams up his mild

As an old Oak ( but yet not weak with Eld )  
 Which showers and blasts to overthrow contend,  
 It cracks, & (the trunk shook) leaves strow the field,  
 That sits in rocks, whose roots tow' rds hell descend  
 As far as towards Heav'n the boughs ascend :  
 So stands the *Heros*, beat with wind and rain,  
 His stout heart groans, and his affections bend ;  
 Shook with their sighs, but his resolves remain  
 As unremov'd as rocks, tears rowl their waves in vain.

Then doth unhappy *Dido*, given ore  
 By her last hope, desire to dye. The light  
 Is irksom to her eyes. To confirm more  
 Her purpose to embrace eternal night,  
 Placing on th' Incense burning Altars bright  
 Her Gifts, the holy water she beheld  
 Converted to black Ink ( portentous sight ! )  
 And the pour'd wine to roasting blood congeal'd ;  
 This thing to none, not to her sister, she reveal'd.

A Marble Fane too in the House she had  
 Where lay her first Lords ashes, kept among  
 Her most adored Reliques : 'twas with sad  
 Dark Yew-tree, and the whitest fleeces hung.  
 Hence in the night she heard her Husbands tongue  
 Call her, she thought. And oft the boading Owl  
 Alone on the House-top harsh dirges sung,  
 And with long noats quay'rd a doleful howl,  
 Besides old Prophecies, which terrifie her Soul,  
 Cruel *Æneas* ev'n her sleeps torments :  
 And still she dreams she's wandring all alone  
 Through a long way with sleep and dark descents,  
 Calling her *Tyrians* in a Land, where none

But

But some pain'd Ghost eccho's her with a Groan.  
As when mad *Pentheus* Troops of furies fright,  
Who sees a twofold *Thebes*, and double Sun:  
Or when *Orestes* flies his mothers sight, [light  
Hunting his bloody track with Hell-hounds by Torch.

Sunk then with Grief, possess'd with Furies, bent  
On death, she plots the means, and in her Eye  
A feign'd hope springing, hiding her intent,  
Accosts sad *Annæ*. Partake thy sisters joy,  
I've found a way to make him burn as I,  
Or turn me cold like him. Near *Phæbus* set  
At the Lands end doth *Æthiopia* lie,  
Where on great *Atlas* neck, the Heav'n thick set  
With glorious Diamond-stars hangs like a Carkanet.

Of a great Sorceress I have been told  
There born, who did th' *Hesperian* Temple keep,  
The Dragon fed, and sacred fruit of Gold  
Watcht on the Tree which she for dew did steep  
In Honey, and moist Poppy causing sleep.  
She undertakes to cure the Love-sick breast,  
And whom she list to plunge in Love as deep,  
The waters course in Rivers to arrest, [from rest  
And call down Stars from Heav'n, and call up Ghosts

Under her tread thou shalt perceive earth Groan,  
And Oaks skip from the Hills; I swear to thee  
( Calling the gods to record, and thine own  
Sweet head ) that forc't to these black Arts I flee.  
Thou on some Tow'r a Stack build secretly,  
Lay on it the mans Cloaths, and Sword which lies  
Within, and, that which prov'd a Grave to me,

My

292 *The Fourth Book of Virgil's Æneis,*

My Wedding Bed. So doth the Witch advise,  
 Ev'n that I blot out all the Traytors memories.  
 This said, grew pale. Yet thinks not *Anne* that she  
 With these new Rites her Funeral doth shade,  
 Nor fears such Monsters, or worse extasie  
 Than at *Sycheus* death's. Therefore obey'd.  
 But *Dido* a great Pile of Wood being made,  
 The place with flow'rs, and fatal Cypress crown'd,  
 There on his cloaths and sword bequeathed laid,  
 His Picture on the Bed, the mystick Ground  
 Known only to herself. Altars are placed round  
 With hair dispread like a black falling storm,  
 Th' Inchantress thunders out three hundred names,  
*Orchus*, and *Chaos*, *Hecate*-triform,  
 Which Virgin *Dian*'s triple-pow'r enseams,  
 She sprinkled too *Avernus* fabulous streams,  
 And herbs were sought for, sprouting forth ripe bane  
 With brazen sickles cropt in the Moons beams,  
 And puld from new born colt, that lump, which came  
 From the Dams mouth, no Love r' her Issue doth re-  
 main.  
 Herself in a loose Vest, one Foot unshod,  
 With Mad impious hands near th' Altar drew,  
 Witness ye guilty Stars, and every God,  
 (Saith she) I'm forc'd to dye. Invokes them too  
 Who care of Lovers take (if any do)  
 Unequally. 'Twas night, and conqu'ring sleep,  
 With wear'd bodies the whole earth did strew,  
 When Woods are quiet, and the cruel deep  
 When Stars are half way down, when fields still silence  
 Keep

*On the Loves of Dido and Aeneas.* 293

And Beasts and painted Birds, which liquid Springs  
Inhabit, or which bushy Lands contain,  
Nuzzling their cares beneath sleeps downy wings,  
Do bury the past dayes forgotten pain;  
All but the haplesse Queen, she doth refrain  
From rest, nor takes it at her eyes or heart.  
After long seeming dead, Love rose again  
And fought with wrath as when a Tides doth warr,  
Whilst thus her big thoughts roll and wallow to each  
[part,  
What shall I do? Shall I a Suitor be  
To my old Suitors, scorned by the new,  
And wooe those Kings so oft despis'd by me?  
What then? Shall I the *Trojan* Fleet pursue,  
And share all his mans fates? Yes, he doth shew  
Such sense of my first aids: Or, say I wou'd,  
Whom he hath mockt, will not his proud ships tro  
Reject? Ah Fool, by whom the perjur'd brood  
Of false *Laomedon* is not yet understood!  
Grant they'd admit me, shall I flie alone  
With Mariners! Or chace him with the power  
O'rth' emptied Town, and Servants of mine own,  
And whom I scare from *Tyre* by the roots up tore,  
Compel to plow the horrid Seas once more?  
No, dye as thou deserv'st, cure woes with woe.  
Thou sister, first, when I my tears did showre  
To quench these rising flames, thou didst them blow  
And out of cruel pity sold'st me to the Foe.  
Why might not I (alas I) have mourn'd away  
My widow'd youth, as well as Turtles do?  
Nor twice have made my self misfortunes prey,  
Or to *Sicbens* ashes prov'd untrue? These



394 *The Fourth Book of Virgil's Æneis,*

These words with sighs out of her bosom flew.  
*Æneas* slept aboard, all things prepared.  
 To whom again *Jove's* Son with the same hew  
 Divine, so silver voic'd, so golden hair'd,  
 So strait and lovely shapt, thus rousing him appear'd.  
 O goddess born, now dost thou sleep? nor know  
 How many dangers watch to compass thee?  
 Nor hear this good wind whispering thee to go?  
 Purpos'd to dye, great plots and dire broods the,  
 Who boils with rage like a high going Sea,  
 Flie whil'st thou maist flie. If the morning find  
 Thee napping here, the Sea will cover'd be  
 With ships, the shore with flames, fly with the wind  
 Trust that, but do not trust a womans fickle mind.  
 This said, he mixt himself with night: But then  
*Æneas* at these Visions fore agast,  
 Starts out of sleep, and cries, Up, up, O men,  
 Hoise up your Sails, flie to your Oars, Row fast;  
 Behold, a God from Heav'n again bids haste,  
 Cutting the wreathed Cable. O, who ere  
 We follow thee, obey'd as late thou wast  
 Most gladly. Aid what thou command'st, and Reer  
 With prosp'rous stars bespoken as thou fly'st through  
 [their sphere.  
 This said, whipt out his lightning Sword, and strook  
 The fastning ropes. Like zeal his pattern bred  
 In all. They snatcht, they ran, the shores forsook,  
 Their Sails like wings over the waves were spread;  
 They comb'd with oars gray *Neptunes* curled head.  
 And now *Aurora* scattered rosie light  
 Upon the earth from *Typhon's* purple Bed.

Whom

On the Loves of Dido and Aeneas. 295

Whom *Dido*, having scouted all the night, [white.  
Discover'd from the Watch-Tower by her Ensigns

Seeing the Fleet sail smoothly on, she knocks  
Three or four times her breast of Ivory,  
And tearing piteously her amber Locks;  
O *Jove*, but shall he then be gone, said she,  
And shall a stranger mock my Realm and me?  
Shall not my powers pursue him from the shore,  
And my tall Gallies man'd out instantly?  
Arm, Arm, ye men of *Tyre*, bring fire-balls store,  
Hoise in a trice the Sails, tug stoutly at the Oar.

What talk I? Or, where am I? Do I rave?  
Poor *Dido*, now you see his heart; before  
Could you not see it, when your Crown you gave  
To his dispose? Behold the faith he swore  
Who sav'd his gods, and his old father bore?  
I'll strow him on the waves, his men first kill'd,  
And spitted upon swords, and sawc't in gore,  
*Ascanius* to him his last meal shall yield,  
The fathers yearning bowels with his bowels fill'd.

Let this would be a doubtful Battel. Be't,  
What should the fear, whose wishes are to die!  
I will blow up the Hatches, burn the Fleet,  
Son, Sire, and Nation, in one Bonfire fry,  
And my self last to crown the Tragedy.  
O *Sol*, the Index of whose purging light,  
Doth all the works of skilful Nature try;  
And *Juno*, cause of this my woful plight, [night.  
And *Proserpine*, cry'd through the Towns in dead of  
And

And your revenging pow'rs, Gods which pertain  
 To dying *Dido*; All of you incline  
 Your Deities to this my prayer; both deign  
 Gently to hear, and lend me your Divine  
 Assistance, due to such high wrongs as mine.  
 If one so clog'd with Perjuries as he,  
 Must needs attain the Port he doth design;  
 And swim to shore, because his Destiny  
 So wills, and such is *Jove's* immutable decree:

Yet vext b' a warlike people, forc't to flie,  
 Torn and divorc't from his dear Sons imbrace,  
 Let him beg foreign aid, see his men dye  
 For crimes not theirs: And let him, when a Peace  
 Shall be concluded by him with disgrace,  
 Enjoy nor Crown, nor Life (then seeming good)  
 But be cut off in middle of his Race,

And un-interr'd float on the restless Flood:  
 Thus pray I, these last words I pour out with my blood.  
 Then you, *O Tyrians*, breed your Children in  
 Successive hate, so shall my wrong'd Ghost rest:  
 Let Peace or Faith with these be held a sin,  
 Some one of ours with Fire and Sword infect,  
 The proud *Aeneides* where-e'r they nest, [drive  
 And through the World once more the stragglers  
 Now or hereafter, when your strength serves best,  
 Be shores oppos'd to shores, let our Tydes strive  
 With theirs, and our late sons keep endless War alive.

This said, she cast to flie dayes loathed beams,  
 And calls *Sichens* Nurse (her own was dead.)  
 Good Nurse, go bid my sister, dash't with streams,  
 Come straight, and bring the Beasts I ordered.

*On the Loves of Dido and Aeneas.* 197

For Sacrifice: Do thou too bind thy head  
With holy Fillet, I will consummate  
Rites well begun, to *Dis*, and fire the Bed  
Where the mans Portraict's laid, t'annihilate  
All care; so she did Gallop at an old Wives rate.

But *Dido*, fearing what she wisht, sad doom,  
Rowling her blood-thro eyes, and in her face,  
The paleness of the death which was to come,  
With trembling spots, rusht to that secret place,  
And climbing the high Pile with furious pace,  
The *Dardan* Sword, not therefore given, unsheath'd  
Spying the cloaths, and well-known Bed, a space  
She paus'd, till some few tears she had bequeath'd,  
And leaning on that Bed her latest speech she breath'd.

Sweet pledges, whil'st the Fates and *Jove* so will'd,  
Receive this Soul, and free me from this woe,  
I liv'd, and my good Fortunes circle fill'd:  
And now my great Ghost to *Elizium* go;  
I built a famous City, saw it grow  
To the perfection which it boasts this day;  
Reveng'd my Husband on his Brother-foe:  
My too much happiness had lackt allay,  
If *Iliums* wandring Fleet had never past this way.

Then groveling on the Bed, but shall I die,  
And not reveng'd? Yes, die; what, so present  
My self to *Dis*? Even so. Drink with thine eye  
Fierce *Trojan* this flames Comet-like portent,  
And let my death bode thee a dire event.  
Here her Maids saw her with spread hands fall down  
Upon the reeking blade; A shrill cry went

To

298 *The Fourth Book of Virgil's Æneis,*

To the high roofs, and through th' astonish'd Town,  
Swift as a Thunderbolt the raging news was blown.

With sighs, laments, shrieks, and a female yell  
Earth sounds, & Heavens high battlements resound,  
As if, the Foe let in, all *Carthage* fell,  
Or mother walls of *Tyre* were brought to ground,  
And Fanes and Houses one flame did confound.  
Her frighted sister hears the baleful noise:  
She thumps her bosom, and with nails doth wound  
Her face, distracted through the press she flies,  
And *Dido*, *Dido*, O my sister *Dido*, cries.

Was this the business? Wouldst thou cozen me?  
Those Fires, Piles, Altars, hid they this beneath?  
Scorn'dst thou in Fate thy sisters company?  
I might have been invited to thy death,  
One sword, & one hour should have rest our breath  
Must I too build the Pile, and Heaven invoke  
For this? Thy cruel hand extinguisheth  
Thy self, and me, Senate and common folk, [stroke,  
And thy new raised Town, with one all-marth'ring

Tears bathe her wounds, suck her last breath my lips,  
If any about hers yet hov'ring stays.  
This said, she passes the high stairs, and clips  
Her half-dead sister, whom she sostring lays  
To her warm breasts, and as the breath decays,  
Sighs new, the Gore-blood with her Garment dri'd.  
She, striving her eyes heavy lids to raise,  
Fainted again, her wounds mouth gaping wide [side  
Vents by a nearer way her hearts Groans through her  
Thrice

*On the Loves of Dido and Æneas.* 299

Thrice on her arm she did her body stay,  
Thrice tumbled backward, and with rowling eyes  
Groapt for, and sigh'd to find the glaring day.  
Then ~~and~~ pitying her long agonies,  
And pangs of death, sent *Iris* from the skies,  
Her wrestling Soul from twisting Limbs t' untwine:  
For since of age nor malady she dies,  
But by despair nipt early, *Proserpine*  
Had not yet cut her Hair, and said, *This head is mine.*

So *Iris* her great Mistress Will obeys,  
Descending to the earth immediately  
On curious Wings, which the Suns oblique rays  
With Water-colours, painted variously:  
And standing right over her head (said she)  
*As I am bid, these vowed Looks I bear*  
*To Hells black Prince, and do pronounce thee free*  
*From bodies bonds.* This said, cut off her Hair,  
Heav'n left her, and th' uncaged soul flew through the  
[air:

*F I N I S.*

SAH A

v

Lib.

LIB. 10. EPIGR. 47.

Ad Julium Martialem.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatorem,  
Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt.

Res non parva labore sed relictæ ;

Non ingratus ager ; focus perennis ;

Lis nunquam ; toga rara ; mens quietæ ;

Vires ingenia ; salubre corpus ;

Prædens simplicitas ; panes amici ;

Convictus facilis ; sine arte mensæ ;

Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis ;

Non tristis torus & tamen pndicus ;

Somnus qui faciat breves tenebras ;

Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis :

Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

21 Y 17

A HAP



## A HAPPY LIFE

## Out of MARTIAL.

THE things that makes a life to please  
(Sweetest *Martial*) they are these:

Estate *inherited*, not got:

A *thankful* Field, *Hearth* alwayes hot:

City *seldom*, Law-suits *never*:

*Equal* Friends agreeing *ever*:

*Health* of *Body*, *Peace* of *Mind*:

*Sleeps* that till the morning bind:

*Wise* Simplicity, *Plain* Fare:

Not *drunken* Nights, yet *loos'd* from *Care*:

A *Sober*, not a *Sullen* Spouse:

*Clean* strength, not such as *his* that Plows:

Wish onely what thou *art*, to *be*;

*Death* neither *wish*, nor *fear* to *see*.

U 2

O N

On the Earl of

STRAFFORD's  
TRYAL.

THE Earl yet made a gallant stand, to be  
*Judg'd by one Kingdom, and arraign'd by three.*  
 He might have fled at first, or made his skreen  
 A Royal Master, or a Gracious Queen;  
 But this had been the *Touch-stone* to decline,  
 T'ingage in Mortals quarrels, Powers Divine.  
 As artless Poets *Jove* or *Juno* use,  
 To play the Midwife to their labouring Muse.  
 No, he affects a labour'd Scene, and not  
 To cut, but to untie the Gordian knot.  
 Then if 'twill prove no *Comedy*, at least  
 To make it of all *Tragedies* the best.  
 And that he'll do, I know not what past fact,  
 May speak him less, but for his lifes *last act*,  
*Times* shall admiring read it, and *this age*,  
 Though now it *hiss*, *claps* when he leaves the Stage;  
 So *stand* or *fall*, none *stood* so, or so *fell*:  
 This far fam'd *Tryal* hath no parallel.

But if 'th *Senate* *Cesar*, had been try'd,  
 As he was *stab'd* whilst with their hands fast ty'd,  
 The Armies had lookt on, and left the *Cause*  
 Of *Rome* to *Tully* only, and the *Laws*,  
 Thus had great *Julius* spoke, and lookt; distill'd  
*Pharsalia*, *Mundo*, *Thapsus* hard-fought Field

All

All into Speeches; and free *Cato* mov'd,  
( Though he could never fear ) yet then t' have lov'd,  
And p<sup>r</sup>is'd him: for mixt of *Peace* and *War*,  
He was a *Soldier* and an *Orator*.

A *Caesar*? Or a *Strafford*? He resolv'd,  
T' abide no *Trial*: *This*, to be absolv'd,  
Or *dye*. Herein more like to *Otho* far,  
Who gave his blood to quench a *Civil War*.

Nor shall he die, unless these broyles t' assuage  
A yet *more Civil war* himself shall wage,  
Turn ( what he us'd so well for his defence )  
Against *himself*, his conquering *Eloquence*.  
Spend his whole stock of favour too, to bring  
To the *three Kingdoms*, a *fourth* power, the *King*:  
A *fourth Estate* add to the *Parliament*:  
And to the *Royal* give his *own assent*.

So fell great *Rome* her self, oppress'd at length  
By the united *worlds*, and her *own* strength.

The Earls  
pathetical  
Letter to  
the King,  
which is to  
be seen in  
Print,  
wherein  
he begs of  
His Maje-  
sty, to pass  
the Bill for  
his death,  
to quiet  
the King-  
doms.

# Two Odes OUT OF HORACE,

Relating unto the  
*Civil Wars of ROME,*  
Against Covetous Rich Men,

*Carm. Lib. I II. Ode 24.*

THOUGH richer than unpoll'd  
*Arabian* wealth, and *Indian* Gold,  
 Thou with thy works shouldst drain  
 The *Tyrrhene* and whole *Pontick* Main;  
 Thou couldst not, when Death layes  
 On thee his *Adamantine* Mace,  
 Thy *Mind* from terror free,  
 Nor *Body* from *Mortality*.  
 Wiser the *Scythians*,  
 Whose Houses run on wheels like Wains,  
 And frozen *Getes*, whose field  
 Unbounded doth free *Ceres* yield ;

Nor

Nor is't the custom there,  
 To sow a Land above a year:  
 And when that Crop is born,  
 The rest relieve it each by turn,  
 There Women mingle not,  
 For Son-in-laws a poyson'd Pot;  
 Nor Govern: on their Dow'r  
 Presuming, or Adult'ers pow'r,  
 Their Dow'rs to be well bred:  
 And Chastity flying the Bed  
 Of others, their own trust  
 Persuading, and the price of Lust.  
 Oh! he that would assuage  
 Our bloodshed and intestine rage;  
 If he would written have,  
*His Countries Father on his Grave:*  
 Let him not fear t' oppose  
 Unbridled Licence to the Nose;  
 So shall he gain great praise  
 In after-times; since (woe the dayes!)  
 We envy living worth,  
 But miss it when 'tis laid in earth;  
 For what do our Laws stand,  
 If punishment weed not the Land?  
 What serves vain Preaching for,  
 Which cannot cure our Lives? If not  
 Those Lands which flames embrace;  
 Nor where the Neighb'ring Boreas,  
 Shuts up the Ports with cold,  
 And Snows fast nail'd to the Free-hold,  
 The Mariner repell:  
 If crafty Merchants learn to quell

The horridst Seas? the fear  
Of that crime (*Want*) making them bear,  
And do all things, and balk  
Severer virtues narrow walk.  
Would Heaven wee'd carry all  
Our wealth into the Capital!  
O! in the next Sea duck  
Our Jewels and pernicious muck,  
Fuel of all chat's naught!  
If we repent us as we ought,  
Strike at the root of ills;  
And mould we our too pliant wills  
To rougher arts: the Child  
Of Noble Linage cannot wield  
A bounding Horse of War,  
Nay fears to him more skill'd by far,  
To stride off the Greek bowle,  
Or the forbidden Dice to trowle,  
The whil'st his perjur'd Father  
Deceives his Partners trust, to gather  
For one that hath no wit.  
So ill got wealth grows fast, and yet  
Something still short doth come,  
To make it up *an even Sum.*

TO THE  
PEOPLE of ROME,

E P O D. 16.

*Commiserating the Commonwealth,  
in respect of the Civil Wars.*

NOW Civil Wars a second age consume,  
And *Rome's* own sword destroys poor *Rome*,  
VVhat neither neighbouring *Marsians* could devour,  
Nor fear'd *Porſenas* *Thuſcan* pow'r;  
Nor *Capua's* Rival Valor, Mutinies  
Of *Bond-slaves*, treachery of *Allies*;  
Nor *Germany* (blew-ey'd *Bellona's* Nurſe)  
Nor *Hannibal* (the Mothers curſe)  
We (a blood-thirſty age) our ſelves deface,  
And VVolves ſhall repoſſeſs this place.  
The barb'rous Foe will trample on our dead,  
The ſteel-ſhod Horſe our Courts will tread;  
And *Romulus* daſt (clos'd in Religious Urn  
From Sun and tempeſt) proudly ſpurn.  
All, or the ſounder part, perchance would know,  
How to avoid this coming blow.

Twere



'Twere best I think (like to the *Phoceans*,  
 Who left their execrated Lands,  
 And Houses, and the Houses of their Gods,  
 To Wolves and Bears for their abodes ; )  
 T' abandon all, and go where our feet  
 Bear us by *Land*, by *Sea* our *Fleet*.  
 Can any man better advice afford ?  
 If not, in name of Heav'n *Aboard* !  
 But you must swear first to return again,  
 When loosned Rocks float on the Main,  
 And be content to see your Mother-town,  
 When *Beris* washes the *Alpes* Crown ;  
 Or *Appennine* into the Ocean flies,  
 Or new Lust weds Antipathies,  
 Making the Hind stoop to the Tygers Love,  
 The ravenous Kite Cuckold the Dove ;  
 And credulous Herds, t' affect the Lyons side,  
 And Goats the salt Sea to abide.  
 This, and what else may stop our wisht return,  
 When all, or the good part have sworn,  
 Fly hence! Let him whose smooth and unsledg'd breast  
 Misgives him, keep the rifled Neast.  
 You that are Men, unmanly Grief give o're,  
 And sail along the *Thuscan* shore,  
 To the wide Ocean. Let us seek those Isles  
 Which swim in plenty, the blest Soils :  
 Where the earths Virgin-womb plow'd is fruitful,  
 And the unpruned vine still youthful :  
 The *Olive tree* makes no abortion there,  
 And *Figs* hang dangling in the Air ;  
*Honey* distills from Oaks, and *Water* hops  
 With creaking feet from mountain tops.

The gen'rous Goats without the *Milkmaids* call,  
Of their full Bags are prodigal.

No evening Wolf with hoarse alarms wakes

The flocks, nor breeds the up-land Snakes.

And farther (to invite us) the plump Grain,

Is neither drunk with too much Rain,

Nor yet for want of mod'rate wat'ring dry;

Such the blest temper of the sky.

Never did *Jason* to those Islands guide

His *Pirate*ship, and whorish Bride.

*Sydonian Cadmus* never toucht these shoars,

Nor false *Ulysses* weary Oars.

No murrain rois the *Sheep*, no star doth scorch

The *Cattel* with his burning torch.

When *Jove* with Brass the Golden age infected,

These Isles he for the pure extracted.

Now Iron reigns, I like a Statue stand,

To point good *Men* to a good *Land*.

---

A Sum-

*A Summary Discourse of the Civil Wars  
of Rome, extracted out of the best  
Latine Writers in Prose and Verse.*

To the Prince his Highness, upon occasion of the preceding ODES.

*Most excellent Prince,*

**W**Hen by the subversion of *Carthage*, *Rome* had lost her two spurs, *Emulation* and *Fear*, she sunk presently in her virtue, I mean all her virtues, except her *Fortitude*; there was but too much of that left still to do her self mischief withall: yet upon no unreasonable presumption that this also might languish with her much ease, and dissolving herself in pleasures, an *insurrection* there was in the neighboring Province of *Spain*; but this *abroad*, though manag'd with so contrary fortune to the *Romans*, that two of her Generals, one after another, were forced to condescend to most dishonorable *Pacifications*, would have done her little hurt, had it not been the accidental occasion of those factions and divisions *at home* that were not so easily extinguished, as either the *Firebrand* that kindled them (*T. Gracchus* the Tribune) by *Scipio Nasica*, or as the occasion it self (the potent City of *Numantia*) was by that other *Scipio*, who had done as much before to *Carthage*, of which unhappy Divisions, thus *Paterculus*.

*T. Grac-*  
*chus.*

*Hot*

*Hoc initium in urbe Roma civilis sanguinis, gladio-  
rumque impunitatis fuit, &c.*

Pater-  
Franc.  
Impres.  
p. 184

This was the beginning of Civil War, and impunity of  
Swords in the City of Rome, thenceforth Might over-  
came Right, and the most powerful was held the best man;  
and the discords of the Citizens, used to be healed by Ac-  
commodations, were decided by the Sword; and Wars  
were entered into, not for the Cause, but according to the  
Pay: which is not to be wondered at, for examples do not  
stop where they began, but though they get in at a little  
cranny, make themselves a wide breach to come out  
at. And when once the Rule is forsaken, we run amain  
down the hill; nor doth any man think that dishonest in  
him, which hath been profitable to another.

In pursuance of this fury, about ten years after, *Caius  
Gracchus* stepped into action (as the *Irish* call it) to play the  
second part of his Brother; equal in virtues, equal in  
error, equal in punishment, in wit and eloquence far supe-  
rior; of both which Brothers it is said, that if any  
moderate things could have contented them, they  
might have had those honours cast upon them in a quiet  
State, which they sought for in a troubled. The next that  
came upon the Stage from contrary doors, were *Cynna*  
and *Marinus*, these were rough Gamesters (it was now  
grown past the power of the Pulpit (though from  
thence the first fire was flung abroad) to do either  
good or harm in the matter) originally they had been  
of opposite Factions, but being expelled the City for  
several causes, they united their Forces to enter it (as  
they did immediately one after the other) upon a joint  
design, to feast there at once their spleen and avarice, the  
latter of which was by them then made the vice of the  
times.

C. Grac-  
chus.

Cynna and  
Marinus

Omnia

Pat. p. 32.

*Omnia erant precipitia in repub. nec tamen  
adhuc quisquam inveniebatur, &c.*

*All things were in extreme in the Commonwealth, nei-  
ther yet was any man found, that either durst give, or had  
the face to ask the goods of a Roman Citizen; after-  
wards that also was added, that Covetousness should  
minister fuel to Cruelty, and that the proportion of men's  
offences should rise to the proportion of their money, so  
that whosoever was rich, should consequently be guilty, and  
every one become the price of his own danger, nor any thing  
seem dishonest that was gainful.*

Sylla.

*By this means the Game play'd it self alone into the  
hands of Sylla, who having begun a Set with Marius  
some years before, and left it off when he had much  
the better of it, to prosecute a foreign War in Asia  
and having been never to be withdrawn from that, to  
play out his first Game, and mingle in the Civil broils  
until he had happily finished the foreign War, found  
the hearts of men thereby, (whether as an argument  
of the goodness, or of the greatness of his mind) won-  
derfully prepared to receive him, whom they now look  
upon.*

Pat. p. 34.

*Non ut Belli vindicem, sed Pacis Autorem.*

*Being  
himself a  
Nobleman  
and the  
Favorite  
of the  
Common  
People.*

*Not as a part of the War, but as an Author of Peace.*

*Which opinion of him, his quiet march, with a sin-  
gular care of the Fruits, Corn, Men and Cities, and his  
endeavor to compose things by just Laws and equal  
conditions, looking with one eye upon the Nobility, and  
with the other eye upon the Commonalty, did exceed-  
ingly confirm,*

Cresc.

*Crescebat interim indies Sulla exercitus,  
Confluentibus ad eum optimo quoque & sanctissimo.*

By which means the Army of Sylla increased daily,  
through the confluence of the best and soundest-bettered  
men unto him.

Ibid.

But He, who was never unhappy till he assumed the  
surname of Happy, that is, till he had overcome.

*Ex successu animum sumens,*

(Changing his mind upon success.)

Par. p. 227

Began to exercise those execrable cruelties and op-  
pressions which are not to be parallel'd in any story, ei-  
ther before or since that time, for the greatness and ge-  
nerality of them: his new invented horror of proscrip-  
tions, not distinguishing betwixt turbulent and quiet  
spirits, nor scarcely betwixt friend and enemy, which  
if he could have forbore, and managed his unlimited  
power with the same sort of moderation by which he  
got it, he might have both kept it to himself, and also  
have cut off a long tail of mischiefs that were to come  
on his Country.

*Validantur finem Belli civilis mala, cum Sulla crude-  
litate aucta sunt.*

Par. p. 35.

The mischiefs of civil War seem'd ended, when by the  
cruelty of Sylla they were increased.

If Your Highness demand the issue; this was too hot  
to hold his power in his fingers, and he was glad of  
himself to let it go, finding it more safe to live a private  
man, and disarm'd amongst those very men whom he  
had so highly provoked (obliging them now with that  
volun-

Par. p. 35.

voluntary resignation of his exorbitant power) than with it to go on still hated and fear'd in the midst of his Legions.

For brevity sake, I skip over that which they call'd *Bellum Italianum*, as an external Association; that of the Bond-slaves, as a *Mutiny*; and that of *Cataline*, as a *Conspiracy*, rather than properly *Civil wars*: and come to what is of a piece with the former.

Caesar and  
Pompey.  
P. p. 32.

Amongst the proscribed of *Sylla* was *Julius Caesar*, then very young, who escaped that *Inquisition*, to act afterwards the longest and greatest part in the Tragedy of these *Civil wars* against *Pompey* and his *Sons*. The Father and he were at *Daggers drawing* long before they came to blows; for notwithstanding that there was ambition enough in the best of them to have engaged them sooner: The one not valuing an equal, nor the other a superior; yet the most of them had love and piety enough to his Country, and good nature enough to his Ally, at least whilst the Bond lasted (they were Father and Son in law) to come unwillingly to that work: To which may be added, that though both were enough conscious, and confident too enough, of their own valor and conduct, yet neither of them found any thing to despise in his Adversary: But

*Cum iustissimus quisquis & a Cesare, & a Pompeio velles dimitti exercitus.*

When every good man would have had both *Caesar* and *Pompey* to have disbanded their Armies.

C. Curio

C. Curio tribunus pl. subiecit facem, vii. Id. of Oct.  
C. Curio



C Curio a Tribune of the people gave fire, a man, &c. Describing a third Gracchus. *Ad ultimum saluberrimas & coalescentis conditiones pacis, quas & Cæsar iustissimo animo postulabat, & Pompeius æquo recipiebat, discussit; ac rupit unice cavente Cicerone concordia publica.*

Ibid.

In fine, those most wholesome and healing Conditions of Peace, which both Cæsar justly demanded, and Pompey as fairly entertained, this Curio shook in pieces, and broke off, not a man, but Cicero, labouring for Peace.

The conclusion of this War is sufficiently known; having crown'd Cæsar with that absolute Victory, which he using with a clemency and moderation; that Sylla could not light on, made Rome for a time very happy, and the name of Cæsar to this day an Imperial Title; although it is true that he miscarried in his own person, by the conspiracy of a few men, some out of a good intention, and some out of a bad, when the people in general were now at the last infinitely satisfied with his Government, which opened the sluices to a new civil war. This was the conjuncture in which Horace (living in that age) thought it high time for him, and all that lov'd their Countrey, to cry, *Fire, fire,* and bring every one his Bucket to quench it.

Hor. Carm.  
Lib. 1.  
Ode 14.  
To the  
Commons  
wealth re-  
newing  
the Civil  
War.

(1) O mare  
non refe-  
rent in  
mare se  
novi flu-  
tus.

(2) O quid  
agis.

(3) Forti-  
ter occupa  
Portum.

(4) Nomen

(1) *What again to Sea?* (quoth he in his allegori-  
cal allusion, to a ship newly escaped from wrack:)  
(2) *What a Gods Name dost thou mean?* (Art thou  
mad?) (3) *Hug thy Port,* (make much of the  
Peace thou enjoyest:) (4) *Dost not thou see how thy*

Oarman

- vides ut nudum remigiolatus? (5) Et malus celeris faucibus Africo. (6) Antennaque gemant? (7) Ac sine funibus vix durare carina possint imperiosius Aquor, &c. (8) quamvis Konica pinus, &c. (9) Tunisi ventis debet Ludibrium caute, &c. (10) Inversus a nives aquora Cycladas. Brutus and Cassius. Horat.
- Oarmen are wash'd from the Decks? (the number of the Soldiers impaired?) (5) Thy Main-mast spens? (Great Pompey slain?) (6) Thy Top-sail shot down? (Cæsar himself stab'd?) (7) And that wiry Ropes? (without money, the nerves of War?) Thou canst not possibly live in so high a Sea? with more to the same purpose: And wilt thou that art a Merchantman, drawing unto thee alone the Trade and Wealth of the whole World, turn Man of war again, to rob upon thy own coast? (8) Be not, be not over-confident of the thickness of thy sides (thy walls or frontiers) to bear out all storms. (9) If thou hast not a longing to be made a Tennis-ball to the winds (if thou hast not a mind neighbouring Nations should laugh at thee, if the Devil do not owe thee a shame) take heed, (10) take heed how thou embayest: But all this will not serve the turn, embayed they are, and embark'd in a new civil War: Brutus and Cassius, against Octavius and Anthony; which makes the Poet now despair of the fortune of the Commonwealth to that degree, as to think of nothing but going to a Plantation in the second of the foregoing Odes; for why?
- Rusticus expectat dum defluat annis, at ille, Labitur & Laborat in omne volubilis ævum.*
- It was his own description of a fool that stood gaping by a River side, to see when the water would be all run out. And he having seen and read how many Ages these miserable Wars had lasted (with some Holy-days between) and how many fair opportunities and overtures, which promised an end to their calamities;

(cf.

(especially this last) had proved ineffectual, resolved he would not prove such another fool himself. Yet though this War went on, and being determined by the Battel at *Philippi*, another as dismal sprang out of the ashes of it, between the Victors themselves; this same despairing *Horace* did live to see, and particularly to enjoy other very different times, when the Commonwealth, after the defeat of *Mark Anthony* at the Battel of *Actium*, being now quite tired out with civil wars, submitted herself to the just and peaceful Scepter of the most Noble *Augustus*.

Anthony.  
*Tacit. p. 1.*  
Qui cuncta discordiis civilibus fessa nomine principis sub imperium accepit.  
*Augustus.*  
*Virg. Æn. lib. 6.* in the person of *Anchises* Ghost, shewing *Æneas* his future progeny.

Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,  
*Augustus* *Cæsar*, divum genus, aurea conder  
Sæcula, qui rursus *Latio*, regnata per arva  
*Saturno* quondam, super & *Garamantas* & *Indos*  
Proferet Imperium; jacet extra sidera *Tellus*,  
Extra anni, solisque vias, ubi *Cœlis* *Atlas*  
Axem humero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum.  
Hujus in adventum jam nunc & *Caspia* Regna  
Responsis horrent divum, & *Maotica* tellus,  
Et *Septem-Gemini* turbant trepida ostia. *Nisi*.  
Nec verò *Alcides* tantum te *Iris* obivit,  
Fixerit *Eripidem* cervam licet, aut *Erymanthi*  
Placuit nemora, & *Lernam* tremesceret arcu:  
Nec qui *Pampineis* Victor juga flectit habenis,  
Liber agens cello *Nysæ* de vertice *Tigres*.

This is that man of men *Augustus*, he [see,  
Whom (sprung from heaven) heaven oft hath promis'd  
That man shall to Italy restore  
The Golden Age which *Saturn* gave before,

*And to the Parthians and the Ind's extend  
His spacious Empire. As the worlds sag end,  
Beyond the Ocean, and the stars beyond,  
Out of the stars and the Suns way, a Land  
Dost lie, Where Heav'n on Atlas neck, thick set  
With Diamond stars, hangs like a Carknet;  
For fear of Him the Caspian Fanes resound  
With horrid Oracles; the Pharian Ground,  
And seven-fold Nile now hides his frighted Head,  
Nor Hercules so many strands did tread,  
Although the Erymanthian Boar he slew,  
The brass-boov'd Stag, and Lerna's Monster too;  
Nor Bacchus, who descending Nyssa checks,  
With Vine leaf-reins triumphing Tygers necks.*

I must confess Sir, I am now where I would be, and from whence I would not be removed a great while, but for troubling Your Highness with unmannerly length; for this *Mirror of Princes* I have above all others ever admired, not for his great *Victories* at home or abroad (these in themselves had been but *splendid Robberies*) but for this, that he directed all his *studies* and *actions* to *use*, and not to *ostentation* and *glory*; nor to his *own* use, but to the use and benefit of *mankind*; whom it was more his ambition to *civilize* and *make happy*, than to *subject* them to his authority. Hence it was, that when he could have been easily the *Prince of Roman Eloquence*, he affected a *plain style*, both in *speaking* and *writing*, and *such as became a Prince*. Hence, that when he could have reacht the top of *Military Glory*, yet contenting himself with so much *Soldiery* as was sufficient to assert his succession to the  
Empire

Empire against his Fathers Conspirators, and to tye the hands of a potent mad people, from doing farther mischief to themselves (for most of his foreign Conquests he made by his Lieutenants) he chose to be inferior to Julius only in Martial Arts, that he only might be superior to Julius in Civil. And hence it was, that he was heard often to deride the pride and folly of Alexander the Great, for enquiring after other Worlds to conquer, and such like expressions, as if it were not more honour and content to a truly great mind to govern one, or a little part of one well, and to the felicity and content of the Subjects, than to subdue a hundred. How dexterously and successfully he for his particular acted this part, having been but toucht upon in one word by Virgil, I must borrow Prose to explain:

*Nihil deinde optare a diis homines, nihil &c.*

Thenceforth there was nothing that men could desire from the Gods, nothing that the Gods can bestow upon men; nothing that can be conceived by our wishes, nothing that can be consummated with happiness; which Augustus (after his return to the City) did not bring to the people of Rome, and to the whole world. In the 20th year the civil wars were ended, foreign buried, the fury of Arms everywhere laid asleep; Force restored to the Laws, Authority to the Judges, Majesty to the Senate; the power of the Magistrate reduced to the former channel, (only to the eight Pretors, two more added) the old and ancient form of Government recalled, Culture returned to the Fields, Honour to things and persons sacred, Security to mens persons, to every one a certain possession of his

Pat. p. 79  
The publick happiness under Augustus.

*Estate, Laws profitably amended, wholesomely made;  
Election of Senators without rigidness, not without gra-  
vity; Persons of quality, and such as had been honoured  
with Triumphs, and gone through eminent commands, by  
the Prince himself were invited to be ornaments to the  
City.*

When I reflect upon all these things, methinks that  
Character which the same Virgil bestows a little after  
upon the Roman Nation in general, would have better  
fitted, and perchance also better pleased *Augustus*,  
than the former, as most insisting upon that excellency  
whereupon he valued himself most.

Vir. Æn.  
lib. 6.

*Excudent alii spirantia mollius Æra,  
Credo equidem: Vivos ducent de Marmore vultus,  
Orabunt causas melius, calique meatus  
Describent radio, & surgentia sidera dicent.  
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,  
( Ha tibi erunt artes ) pacique imponere morem,  
Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.*

Which I paraphrase to your Highness thus :

*Others may breathing Metals softer grave,  
Plead Causes better, and poor Clients save  
From their Oppressors: with an Instrument  
They may mete out the spacious Firmament,*

*And*

*And count the rising stars with greater skill,  
Reyne the proud Steed, and break him of his will,  
Better their Sword, and better use their Pen.*

*Breton remember thou to govern men,  
( Be this thy trade ) and to establish Peace,  
To spare the humble, and the proud depress.*

*The Prince of Peace protect Your Highness  
most excellent Life.*

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**F I N I S.**

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